THE

Merry Fellow;

OR

RICH^D. WARREN

Entertaining Magazine.

———Ego apis Matinæ
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem.
Plurimum——— HOR.

I, like a Bee, with toil and pain,
Fly humbly o'er the flow'ry plain,
And with a buſy tongue
The little ſweets with labour gain.

By LUKE LIVELY, Gent.

VOL. II.

DUBLIN:

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60
JUN

THE

Epiſtle Dedicatory.

To that luciferous and ſublime Lunatic, the Emperor of the Moon.

Lofty SIR!

I AM ſenſible your lucidity may very much wonder why I chuſe you for a patron, ſince we have abundance of quality under the lunary influence of your ſilver rays, who are my nearer neighbours; but to tell you the truth of the matter, ſince thoſe who enjoy the fat of our neather world, are grown ſo lean-ſpirited as to love their gold too well to be tickled out of it with a few extravagant compliments, or hyperbolical adulations. I thought I might as well take this opportunity of expreſſing my gratitude to your illuſtrious highneſs, for the wonderful favours I have often received, at late hours, from the refulgent horns of your revolving throne: for, many a ſtubborn adverſary, who has been miſchievouſly poſted at the corner of a ſtreet, have I happily eſcaped through the pleaſing benefit of your lucid rays, which often gave me a fore-ſight of thoſe dangers that I cannot but confeſs I ſhould be too apt to ſtumble upon, if totally deprived of your benign influence. Many a dirty aqua-duct have I ſtraddled over, by the means of your aſſiſtance, which, in all probability, would have exacted homage upon my hands and knees, had not the kind interpoſition of your diffuſive ſplendor conducted me with ſafety over the purling naſtineſs, which has been running full ſpeed into the ſoft embraces of ſome neighbouring common-ſhore, as a drunken leacher does into the ſinful arms of ſome more filthy ſtrumpet.

Upon theſe conſiderations, and ſome others in reſerve, I have humbly preſumed to addreſs this volume to your imperial inconſtancy, well conſidering, that though you always go armed with a buſh at your back, yet I bleſs my ſtars that they have placed me out of the reach of your longeſt faggot-bat: and as I expected nothing but your moonſhine to reward my labours, in caſe they are honoured with your highneſs's approbation, ſo I hope I ſhall have nothing but a dark night to puniſh me, when I need a light one, in caſe I have diſobliged you.

Though we cannot but allow that you have ſome ſpots in your lucid dominions, which are palpable diſſenters from your eſtabliſhed brightneſs; yet we, who are beneath you, cannot but admire your luſtre, notwithſtanding your inconſtancy, ſince we know you to be a favourer of revolution principles; for which virtue, as heretofore by the Perſians, you are now adored by thouſands who ought to have the precedency of,

Exalted, Sir,

Your moſt obſequious

And unchangeable humble ſervant,

LUKE LIVELY.

THE

THE

Merry Fellow.

From my REGISTRY.

To the READER,

AS the deſign of the compiler of this miſcellany is in itſelf laudable, being calculated TO IMPROVE, ENTERTAIN and DELIGHT; ſo will he, with the utmoſt gratitude, acknowledge every contribution from the INGENIOUS, the WITTY, and the HUMOUROUS, three claſſes of men which he highly honours. By this means, many excellent pieces will be preſerved, which, without ſuch a repoſitory, would ſink into oblivion.

To diſſipate the clouds of melancholy, and to divert the inſets and tidings of chagrin, is one of the principal ends of the MERRY FELLOW; and if he is ſo happy as "to keep the table in a roar," as the poet expreſſes it, he will think he has in ſome meaſure attained that ſalutary purpoſe.

Inſanire cum modo, "to be merry and wiſe," was a beloved maxim of Horace, which he has endeavoured to inculcate through all his inimitable writings; and to baniſh the ſpleen, with other gloomy intruſions of the imagination, when "ſicklied over with the pale caſt "of thought," is a fundamental point with the compiler. Theſe will be ſo naturally and ſo eaſily connected,

that references may be had to, and on any preſent or future occaſion, as they will readily preſent to the ingenious reader, the taſte and humour of our forefathers.

The plan of this work is not prematurely laid down, or inconſiderately entered upon; it has been the reſult of judgment and conception, and is to contain the ſprightly, and (if I may ſay) the off-hand thoughts of the choice ſpirits of the age we live in, as well as of that which is gone by. And as nothing pleaſes the human mind ſo much as variety, ſo this collection may well ſeem a feaſt, to which perſons of every gouſt are invited; before whom we ſhall now proceed to lay the bill of fare.

No pains or coſt ſhall be ſpared to procure the beſt old pieces of wit and humour, eſpecially ſuch as are now only in the libraries or the memories of the curious.

The art of pleaſing in converſation is ſo neceſſary a requiſite in every man's journey through life, that I have often wondered why the great maſters of antiquity, ſo negligently paſſed over this branch of a young man's ſtudy, while they took ſuch pains to impreſs upon the mind habits that unavoidably produce a quite contrary effect. An auſtere gravity and affected taciturnity were taught in the ſchools of the antients as the higheſt accompliſhments of thoſe born to command; while ſprightlineſs and loquacity, gay and enlivening ſallies of wit and humour, were thought to degrade high characters, and were admitted as tolerable only in thoſe of inferior rank.

This doctrine is not peculiar to the ſchools of the antients; the learned of our own times too often bring into ſociety the ſtiffneſs of the college; and, though they lay aſide the ſcholar's gown, diſdain to ſmooth the wrinkles of their brows, or to diſorder the ſtiffneſs and ſolemnity of their features, by the ſmiles of hilarity and the dimples of laughter.

Nor is this ſuperlative gravity confined to thoſe who converſe only with books, to the ſurly philoſopher, or to the ſolemn divine. Every one may find, among his acquaintance, perſons who are equally dull by nature, and

and moroſe by habit; who enter into company not to pleaſe by their converſation, but to check all mirth by an impertinent ſeverity; on whoſe countenances joy never ſparkles, and in whoſe breaſts the pleaſures of ſociety can have no place. Theſe behave to the world, as a maſter to his ſervants; and being ever upon the reſerve themſelves, neceſſarily lay every body elſe under the ſame reſtraint.

Characters of this ſtamp are by no means deſirable, ſince they excite no emulation, and ſince none who have aimed at popularity have ever endeavoured to imitate. On the other hand, the ſprightly, chearful companion, who is continually ſtriking out new ſubjects of mirth and good-humour, while he is joyous himſelf, diffuſes joy to every one about him. Such a facetious merry mortal is formed to amuſe, to enliven and divert; and as the pleaſure of others ſeems to be his ſole aim, their approbation is beſtowed as his neceſſary reward, and when approbation is once gained, affection, if it does not always accompany it, is ſeldom out of call. Whereever this man leads, his companions will follow. But as the brighteſt genius will ſometimes flag, and be incapable of exerting his powers, this magazine will afford innumerable ſeaſonable hints, and memory will ſupply the defects of imagination.

It is not every one, however, that can attain the happy talent of enlivening converſation. Sprightly ſtarts of wit, pleaſing ſallies of imagination, and all the quickneſs and ſmartneſs of repartee, are not to be acquired by rule. The wit indeed may inſpire wit, but his influences will laſt no longer than his preſence; and thoſe who attempt to *keep up the ball*, generally have cauſe to repent of their folly. The authors who have written upon this ſubject have already exhauſted the ridicule to which thoſe who affect to pleaſe, without the neceſſary requiſites, always expoſe themſelves, whenever they aſpire at any thing like pleaſantry; but though all cannot arrive at the art of pleaſing, they may at leaſt go ſo far as not to diſguſt.—They may do more, they may reap advantage from borrowed wit, and gain applauſe

from

from a tale of Swift, or add freſh ſprightlineſs to a languid converſation, by a jeſt of Quin.

But the perſons for whom the ANECDOTES in this magazine were principally written, are thoſe who diſtinguiſh themſelves in converſation by the agreeable way in which they tell a ſtory. Theſe by an archneſs in their manner, a droll turn of expreſſion, and the imitation of the peculiar accent of the country of the perſons they mention, conſtantly fix attention, and are liſtened to with pleaſure. By this happy art they lead the laugh, and whenever they pleaſe are ſure of gaining applauſe. But it has been obſerved, that theſe, more than any other, are liable to one great impropriety, and that is, ſeveral times repeating the ſame ſtory in the ſame company; an impropriety which the anecdote part of this work is directly calculated to remedy, by affording them a fund of new matter, by which their capacity of entertaining will be prodigiouſly enlarged.

That the power of pleaſing in converſation may be made more general than is uſually imagined, and that many who are unwillingly ſilent in company, may be furniſhed with the means of diſplaying their abilities to advantage, is a truth, that, I think, may eaſily be demonſtrated. The man of good-ſenſe who takes care to ſtock his mind with proper materials, though he may want the ſudden flaſh of wit, may yet ſhine with a bright and ſteady blaze, and by the force of good humour and the knowledge of men and things, may inſtruct and keep up the ſprightlineſs of converſation, and animate it with life and ſpirit, by illuſtrating his remarks with real characters, remarkable events, hiſtorical narrations, and incidents drawn from the lives of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſonages.

This accompliſhment was hitherto only to be attained by great reading, and the uſe of a number of books; but here, the Anecdotes in theſe volumes will anſwer the purpoſe of a library, as they are collected from a great number of the moſt celebrated works, and calculated to furniſh abundant matter for converſation, by enabling the judicious reader to introduce almoſt any ſubject, and to purſue and enliven it with ſome agreeable

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and pertinent ſtory, dignified with real characters, which do honour to the ſpeaker. This article of the MERRY FELLOW muſt be of the greateſt ſervice to every one who would ſhine in converſation, and we have taken all imaginable pains to render it as perfect as poſſible. The works of this kind have been conſtantly collected from performances of the ſame nature: but this will be compiled from the authors themſelves, the moſt celebrated Biographers and Hiſtorians, and there are added a variety of curious particulars relating to the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſonages, which have been preſerved in the cloſets of their friends, and were never before made public.

As to the Epigrams, Epitaphs, Songs, Adventures, and the other articles of the MERRY FELLOW, the firſt volume ſufficiently declares the plan we proceed upon with regard to them.

We muſt own our obligations to ſome of our ingenious correſpondents for ſeveral originals not yet uſed, who aſſure us of their beſt aſſiſtance; yet, we ſhall not omit to extract from the WORLD and CONNOISSEUR, papers now carrying on at London, and all the other well conducted pieces in vogue, that are thought worthy the peruſal of the moſt judicious. The WORLD, (which will be continued conſtantly and regularly in this Magazine as the papers arrive with the Britiſh packets) is a work of ſo much ſolid ſenſe, taſte and humour, that it has deſervedly extorted the praiſes of all.

As the title of the MERRY FELLOW, might, at firſt ſight, ſeem confined to a particular kind of writing, the compiler thought proper to add the words, ENTERTAINING MAGAZINE, which gives him what latitude he pleaſes.

The compiler has alſo paid ſome deference and regard to the purſes of his readers, having made the price eaſy to readers of every ſtate in life, by publiſhing it in weekly numbers, thirteen of which make a neat pocket volume; to which there will be given, as with that already publiſhed, a complete Table of Contents and ſatisfactory Index.

Such

Such is the plan of the MERRY FELLOW; a plan, which the compiler hereof has taken ſuch pains to execute well, that he humbly preſumes it will hit the taſte of all tempers and complexions.—— He now gives you leave to proceed to

BRACKENSTOWN.

A ſeat of the Rt. Hon. the Lord MOLESWORTH.

O BRACKENSTOWN! delightful ſeat!
O! oft frequented, dear retreat:
How ſhall I paint thy ſcenes of bliſs,
Thou lovely, ſecond Paradiſe!

O had my muſe of Lee the ſcope,
With all the nervous ſtrength of Pope;
Like Shakeſpear cou'd I nature draw,
Whoſe pencil ſcorn'd poetic law;
Immortal ſhou'd thy beauties flow,
At leaſt exiſt as long as Stowe. *

An antient rookery's ſocial noiſe,
Proclaims the hoſpitable joys
That Bacchus, join'd with Ceres, ſends
To bleſs the beſt of men, and friends.

Here may you unmoleſted rove,
Thro' flowery lawn, or moſſy grove,
Where art and nature ſtrongly vie,
And neither gain the victory.

Here thick'ning honeyſuckle bowers
Repell the rage of ſulky hours,
And court the mind to contemplate
The ſmiles and frowns of fickle fate.

As thick the walks, o'er which you paſs,
Are ſpread with cowſlips, as with graſs;
And ſportive birds, on every tree,
Enchant with vernal melody.

* The gardens of the Lord Cobham, ſo finely treated of by Mr. Pope.

Th'

Th' induſtrious bee exerts her ſtrength,
Indeed ſhe travels no great length;
For every ſweet that ſhe can crave,
In her own garden, ſhe may have.
Her labours here, intently view,
Twere not amiſs to copy too.

Here waves the elm's aſpiring head,
Beneath it creeps the ſtrawberry bed;
Promiſcuous grows each fruit, each flow'r,
As in the world's firſt happy hour:
Deck'd with a margin ever green,
A river bounds the charming ſcene.

The bleating ſheep, the lowing ſteer,
The browzing goat, the friendleſs hare,
Familiar, find a ſhelter here.
More to adorn the peaceful plain,
The well cut Viſta ſhews the main.

Adept in all, but to deceive,
Match't with the faireſt child of Eve,
Here Moleſworth dwells.—My taſk is done,
I fain wou'd ſoar, but dread the ſun.

ANECDOTE * CXXIV.

DEAN Swift having preached an aſſize ſermon in the country was afterwards invited to dine with the judges, and having in his diſcourſe conſidered the uſe and abuſe of the law, he had bore a little hard upon thoſe counſellors who plead cauſes which they know in their conſciences to be wrong; when dinner was over, and the glaſs began to go round, a young barriſter, who happened to be preſent, took occaſion to retort upon the dean, and after many altercations on both ſides, the counſellor at laſt aſked him, *If the devil were to die whether a parſon might not be found for money to preach*

* We ſhall hereafter, for the conveniency of references, number each anecdote in this magazine. The Firſt Vol. contains CXXIII.

his

his funeral ſermon? Yes, ſaid Swift, *and I would gladly be the man; for I would then give the* Devil *his due, as I have this day his* Children.

CXXV.

THE late renowned Peter the Great being at Weſtminſter-hall in term-time, and ſeeng multitudes of people ſwarming about the courts of law, is reported to have aſked ſome about him, *Who all thoſe buſy people were, and what they were about?* and being anſwered, *they are lawyers. Lawyers!* returned he, with great vivacity, *why I have but four in my whole kingdom, and I deſign to hang two of them as ſoon as I get home.*

SONG 51. *The diſappointed Lover.*

WHEN dew-drops gild the weeping thorn,
And hoarſe-pip'd rooks ſalute the morn,
Fair Cynthia charm'd the grove.
Her voice like Philomella rung,
But ſtill the burthen of her ſong
Was falſe and perjur'd love.

Young Colin who had ſtray'd that way,
When larks, the heralds of the day,
Their dewy neſts forſake;
Impatient lurk'd behind a buſh,
To hear and view the beauteous bluſh,
That painted Cynthia's cheek.

Againſt the ſweet inchanting ſtrain,
No longer able to contain,
He thus himſelf addreſs'd:
My flocks, cry'd he, ſhall all be thine,
My dog, my crook, be you but mine,
And bleſs a ſhepherd's breaſt.

In vain, cry'd ſhe, fond youth you ſue,
To church with me you firſt muſt go,
Of which the ſwain approv'd;
Then to the grove again he led
The ripen'd panting melting maid,
Where both diſſolv'd in love.

When

When bliſs was paſt, young Colin cry'd,
Had you at firſt thus far comply'd,
I ne'er had ſeen thee more;
Be huſh'd, cry'd ſhe, I knew thy will,
For Hodge who lives at yonder mill,
Once ſerv'd me ſo before.

ANECDOTE CXXVI.

THE Iriſh being oppreſſed and injured by the earl of Kildare in the reign of Henry VII. exhibited ſeveral articles of complaint againſt him to the king, concluding their information with theſe words; *all Ireland cannot rule this earl. Why, then,* ſaid the king, *he is the fitteſt man to rule all Ireland.* And accordingly made him lord-lieutenant.

CXXVII.

THE earl of Dorſet having a great deſire to ſpend an evening as a private gentleman with Mr. Butler, author of Hudibras, prevailed with Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him into his company at a tavern which they uſed, in the character only of a common friend; this being done, Mr. Butler, while the firſt bottle was drinking, appeared very flat and heavy; at the ſecond bottle extremely briſk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a moſt pleaſant, agreeable companion; but before the third bottle was finiſhed, ſunk again into ſuch ſtupidity and dulneſs, that hardly any body could have believed him to be the author of a book that abounded with ſo much wit, learning and pleaſantry. Next morning, Mr. Shepherd aſked his lordſhip's opinion of Mr. Butler, who anſwered, *He is like a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.*

Wrote in a little piece, called, The Mirror, *to a young Lady.*

DEAR Miſs! within this mirror ſee
The preſent year's epitome;
Fops, witlings, fools, thoſe foes to ſenſe,
In minature reflected hence;

A ſerio-comic-moral glaſs,
To catch the manners as they paſs:
On Horace' plan the work is fix'd,
The *utile* and *dulce* mix'd;
The buck, the beau, portraited here,
The gay coquette, the prude ſevere;
But you, my fair! from either theme,
Learn to deſpiſe the falſe extreme;
Between them both with caution ſteer
Your little bark, to neither veer;
But midway on your courſe purſue,
You'll thus avoid (the maxim's true)
Fell Scylla and Charybdis too;
With ſafety then the port you'll gain,
And true politeneſs will attain.

ANECDOTE CXXVIII.

WHEN the new road was making in the north of Scotland, an officer who had the direction of part of the work, having cauſed a very large ſtone to be removed, he employed a ſoldier who was a maſon by trade, to inſcribe it with the date of the year, the king's reign, and the name of the director, in Latin. It happened that another officer, who had alſo the direction of another part of the work, cauſed another ſtone to be removed which he thought yet bigger, and was very deſirous to emulate his aſſociate's attempt for fame by inſcribing it; he therefore applied to an officer who had written ſeveral little pieces of poetry, to aſſiſt him with the words. This gentleman, who had often heard his friend boaſt of the feat, in the firſt perſon, "I raiſed "a larger ſtone than he," told him he would ſatisfy him in Engliſh, which would be much more read than his competitor's latin; and immediately wrote down

Hibern alone
Rais'd up this ſtone,
O! hone, O! hone.

This, however, the Hibernian reſented with ſome warmth, alledging, that though others were employed about the ſtone, yet it was he that raiſed it with their *head*, and they only uſed his *hands*.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH *on a Pye-woman.*

BENEATH in the duſt, the mouldy old cruſt
Of Moll Batchelor lately was ſhoven,
Who was ſkill'd in the arts of Pyes, cuſtards and tarts,
And ev'ry device of the oven.
When ſhe'd liv'd long enough, ſhe made her laſt puff,
A puff by her huſband much prais'd;
And here ſhe doth lie, and makes a dirt pye,
In hopes that her cruſt may be rais'd.

ANECDOTE CXXIX.

MR. J. B. fellow of St. John's college in Cambridge was a perſon of ſuch remarkable ſerenity and eveneſs of temper, that nothing was ever known to diſcompoſe him. One evening having ſat up later than uſual, at a friend's room in Jeſus-college, and being pretty far gone in liquor, he was very much preſſed to take the porter and a lanthorn with him, which however he could by no means be perſwaded to do. In order to go to St. John's from Jeſus-College you muſt of neceſſity paſs through a church-yard, which when he arrived at, the claret growing too powerful for him he fell down upon his back between two grave-ſtones.—— He made ſeveral efforts to recover himſelf, which when he found was to no manner of purpoſe, he folded his arms with great calmneſs, and was heard to ſay—*'Tis mighty well, I ſuppoſe I ſhall riſe with the reſt of them.*

SONG 52. *Collin.*

AS Collin was ranging the grove,
A damſel he happen'd to ſpy;
With raptures he call'd her his love,
Her anſwer was, Collin, fie, fie.
With raptures he call'd her his love, &c.

He claſp'd her then cloſe in his arms,
My dear, cry'd he, don't me deny:
Not Venus herſelf had ſuch charms,
Yet all that ſhe ſaid was, fie, fie.

To gain her he once more aſſay'd,
And ev'ry endeavour would try;
He aſk'd her if ſhe was a maid,
Her anſwer was, Collin, fie, fie.

Her breaſt, he ſwore, forc'd him to love,
With beauties in each ſparkling eye;
He ſaid what he could her to move,
Still all that ſhe ſaid was, fie, fie.

Embracing her then in the grove,
She gently away ſeem'd to die;
Yet, juſt at the juncture of love,
Cry'd, Collin, O Collin, fie, fie.

The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM. Numb. CLXVII.

Publiſhed in London, March 11*th.* 1756.

Falſus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret,
Quem, niſi mendacem, & mendoſum?

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG all the proſtitutions of language, ſo juſtly obſerved by many celebrated writers, I know of none more to be lamented, than thoſe which rob virtue of her true title, and uſurp her name and character.

It may be obſerved, that in all countries and ſtates, the farther they have gone from their original purity and ſimplicity, the greater have their advances been in this

this reſpect. The Romans, whoſe poverty only kept them within the bounds of virtue, when they had quitted their humble ſtation for ſcenes of ambition and glory, not only changed their manners, but loſt the ſenſe of thoſe words, which were in high eſtimation with their anceſtors. The words *frugal*, *temperate* and *modeſt*, were no longer held in any degree of reverence, when riches and a licentious enjoyment of them, were the only things in vogue.

We have gone beyond them in this reſpect, and quite reverſed the meaning of words. *Knave* and *villain*, formerly the denominations of laudable induſtry, are now the marks of the greateſt reproach. Our manners have adulterated our words; and for fear they ſhould reproach us with our conduct, we disfranchiſe and condemn them to infamy, that their teſtimony may be invalid, and their evidence of no credit.

There are many inſtances in modern times, where a falſe and blind zeal has heightened the ſignification of words of very little meaning, to an unaccountable degree of veneration; as on the contrary, a looſe and libertine way of thinking has debaſed and ſullied thoſe of the higheſt dignity.

I am not a little pleaſed with the ſaying of king Theodorick, who being adviſed by his courtiers to debaſe the coin, declared, "That nothing which bore his image, "ſhould ever lie." Are we not all acceſſary to the propogation of falſehood, when we ſuffer any thing that carries the image and repreſentation of our minds, to be guilty of an untruth; and when we enter into a combination, to ſupport words in a ſignification, foreign to their meaning, and quite different from the ideas, thoſe ſounds ought to form in our minds?

Cuſtom is the tyrant of language; it can alter, adjuſt and new model, but it cannot annihilate. It can ſettle new phraſes, introduce a whole colony of faſhionable nonſenſe from foreign parts, and render old words obſolete; but it cannot eraſe idea from language. It can do more than an abſolute prince: becauſe it can create new words; a privilege which was not allowed to the Roman emperor Tiberius, who having coined a word

in the ſenate, his flatterers deſired it might be adopted into their language, as a compliment to the emperor; but an old ſenator, not quite degenerated from the honeſt ſincerity of his anceſtors, made this memorable reply, "You may give, ſir, the freedom of the city to *men*, "but not to *words*."

There is no word of greater import and dignity than HONOUR. It is virtue, adorned with every decoration, that can make it amiable and uſeful in ſociety. It is the true foundation of mutual faith and credit, and the real intercourſe, by which the buſineſs of life is tranſacted with ſafety and pleaſure. It is of univerſal extent, and can be confined to no particular ſtation of life, becauſe it is every man's ſecurity, and every man's intereſt. But to its great misfortune, its own virtues have undone it. Its excellent character has of late years recommended it ſo much to the patronage of the Great, that they have entirely appropriated it to their own uſe, and communicated to it a part of their own privileges, that of being acceſſible only to a few. It now no longer retains its former good qualities; its real dignity is loſt, and it is become rather the ornament, than the foundation of a character: it is a kind of poliſh, that implies a finiſhed character, and too often conceals a very imperfect one.

Thus has HONOUR got an imginary title, inſtead of a real one. It has loſt by its acquiſitions; and by being the particular idol of a few, is no longer of uſe to the many. Its new-acquired trophies, are the ſpoils of its former greatneſs: and the remembrance of what it was, ſerves only to heighten the melancholy idea of what it now is. It formerly conſtantly attended merit, as a friend and guardian; it now accompanies greatneſs, as a flatterer and paraſite.

It is a compliment to the taſte of the preſent age, to alledge that HONOUR is its darling attribute. It is in itſelf a compoſition of every thing that is valuable and worthy of commendation; and even in its preſent degenerate ſtate, it is, in a degree, the picture of VIRTUE: it is finely drawn, but the lines are not juſt, and the colours too glaring. The endeavours of the artiſts to ſet it

off

off to advantage, have made it more like a piece of gaudy pageantry, than a true copy of nature.

To juſtify the truth of what I aſſert, I appeal to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and beg leave to aſk you, what are your ideas of a man, when you hear him particularly recommended as a man of HONOUR? Are your notions at all enlarged, in reſpect to his moral character? Would you give him the preference in your vote, as a repreſentative of his country in parliament? Or ſhould you conceive him to have a more than ordinary zeal for the true religion of his country? Would you truſt him the ſooner, were you a tradeſman? or could you with more ſafety admit him into your family, to an intimacy with your wife or daughters? You would undoubtedly rather game with him, becauſe he will not cheat; and you would be ſure to receive your money, if you gained any advantage, however his more juſt creditors might ſuffer. You would certainly ſhew him more reſpect, becauſe you dare not affront him? HONOUR being a thing of ſo very delicate a nature, that the leaſt indignity endangers its deſtruction: having loſt its true eſſence, it can only be ſupported by the courage and zeal of thoſe, who will not ſuffer its title to be diſputed.

What is become of poor HONESTY? Is ſhe confined to the habitations of Mark and Mincing-lane? Dare ſhe not appear in the polite world? I make no doubt ſhe is as frequent in her viſits there, as in any other place; but for want of a proper dreſs ſhe is obliged to be incog. She is not a little afraid of the pert raillery of HONOUR, whom ſhe would be ſure to meet in her travels to thoſe parts of the town; and as the latter is a burleſque on her character, ſhe chuſes always to avoid her.

Her name ſeems to be quite baniſhed to the unbred world, and is ſo much out of vogue at preſent, that an HONEST MAN as certainly means a tradeſman, as a MAN of HONOUR does a gentleman.

The word is fairly worn out: it has been ſo long in mercantile hands that it is no longer fit for gentlemen. They have laid it aſide by univerſal conſent, and beſtowed it, with their old clothes, on their ſervants and dependants.

They

The ladies, who form the moſt conſiderable part of the faſhionable world, have a peculiar ſort of HONOUR of their own. They entrench not upon that already appropriated to the other ſex, but take it where the men leave it. Conſcious of their own frailties and infirmities, they are not aſhamed to invoke its aid and aſſiſtance, to guard them in a part, where they imagine they are moſt liable to a ſurprize. No other branch of their conduct, comes within the juriſdiction of HONOUR (for HONOUR at preſent, is no more than what the world expects from you) they are at free liberty in every other article; and, like our original parents, have but one thing prohibited.

The different value and credit of particular virtues, at ſeveral periods of time, would form a very entertaining and uſeful hiſtory; and by looking back into former times, and obſerving the different faces and changes that virtue has appeared in, we might reduce it to a degree of calculation, and form a tolerable conjecture when any particular ſpecies of it would again come into faſhion. The preſent rage for liberty, will not eaſily admit of many articles of belief; they are a degree of ſervitude of the mind, which we diſdain: but as it is very proper to obſerve ſome appearance of religion, we voluntarily give up the freedom of the body, to preſerve that of the mind; and admit of ſome regulations and reſtrictions, which cuſtom has eſtabliſhed as indiſpenſably neceſſary to maintain the connections of ſoci l life.

But the body is full as rebellious as the mind, and has as ſtrong an averſion to reſtraint; for which reaſon, it has been found expedient to grant ſome degree of indulgence, to moderate between pleaſure and ſtrict virtue, and to make a compromize between the ſeverer duties, and moſt prevailing paſſions.

To form this alliance, and ſtrengthen it by the firmeſt tie, the word HONOUR was introduced; a word very much the favourite of virtue, and ſo enchanting in its ſound, that vice could make no objection. She conſented; but on theſe conditions, that ſhe ſhould have a due proportion of advantage; and if it was allowed to heighten

heighten many virtues, it ſhould likewiſe be permitted to cover almoſt an equal degree of vice. Thus it is made to ſerve both as a cordial and palliative: it exalts the character of virtue, and takes off from the deformity of vice. But the mixture is ſo unnatural, that the poiſon gets the better of the medicine; and if ſome ſtrong antidote is not ſpeedily applied, all the humours will be vitiated, and the whole maſs corrupted.

No perſon who is any ways converſant in antiquity, can be ignorant of the allegorical ſituation of the temples of VIRTUE and HONOUR at Rome. They were ſo placed, that there was no entrance into the latter, but through the former; which has given riſe to a very beautiful thought in Cicero's firſt oration againſt Verres. Both theſe temples were built by Marcellus, whoſe original deſign was to have placed the two goddeſſes in one temple; but the prieſts, who are always for extending the plan of ceremonial religion, would not permit it; which obliged him to alter his firſt intention. But he purſued the meaning of it, by building two temples, contiguous to each other, and in ſuch a ſituation, that the only avenue to the temple of HONOUR ſhould be through the temple of VIRTUE; leaving by this emblem a very elegant and uſeful leſſon to poſterity, that VIRTUE is the only direct road to HONOUR.

It is impoſſible to have too great a regard and eſteem for a man of ſtrict HONOUR; but then let him prove his right to this title, by the whole tenor of his actions. Let him not hold ſome doctrines in high eſtimation, and reject others of equal importance: let him neither attempt to derive his character, or form his conduct from faſhion or the opinion of others: let a true moral rectitude be the uniform rule of his actions; and a juſt praiſe and approbation will be their due reward.

From MARTIAL. Applied to G. and E. C——r.

SO like in manners and in lives,
The worſt of huſbands, worſt of wives;
It ſeems ſurprizing quite to me,
Two ſo well match'd ſhould not agree.

The

The rivalſhip between Mr. Barry and Mr. Garrick, which now ſubſiſts, having engaged the attention of the public, it is hoped, the following pieces on both ſides, publiſhed in London, will be agreeable to our Readers.

The TWO LEARS.

THE town have found two diff'rent ways
To praiſe the diff'rent Lears;
To BARRY they give loud huzzas,
To GARRICK only tears.

The RIVAL LEARS.

CRITICKS attend, each judge our rival Lears,
While each commands applauſe, and each our tears.
Then own this truth how well he plays his part,
Who troubles even GARRICK to the heart.

BARRY and GARRICK.

WHEN kingly BARRY acts, the boxes ring
With ecchoing praiſe; "ay, every inch a king."
When GARRICK dwindling whines, th' aſſenting houſe
Re-whiſpers aptly back — "a mouſe, a mouſe."

An anſwer to the foregoing.

OUR critic boaſts when BARRY plays,
The crouded boxes ring,
And raptur'd cry, with *loud* huzza's,
"*Aye, ev'ry inch a King.*"
We give up the diſpute in this,
And truckle to the *bawler*;
BARRY the *greater* monarch is,
Surely! he's much the *taller.*
More Shakeſpear's genius can't allow,
He ſmiles at *riot*'s peal;
Says, BARRY *mimicks* tragic woe,
NATURE and GARRICK FEEL.

On

On the ſame.

Qui invidet minor eſt.

SHAKESPEAR ariſe! and end the warm diſpute,
Bid malice ceaſe to ſnarl, and wits be mute:
If both the Lears have merit in thy eyes,
On both ſmile gracious and divide the prize:
Of future worth let candour be the teſt,
Who envies moſt ſhall be the ſecond beſt.

NATURE and GARRICK.

AS NATURE and GARRICK were talking one day,
It chanc'd they had words, and fell out:
Dame REASON wou'd fain have prevented a fray,
But could not, they both were ſo ſtout.
Says GARRICK, 'I honour you, Madam, 'tis true;
'And with pride to your laws I ſubmit:
'But SHAKESPEARE paints ſtronger and better than you,
'All critics of taſte will admit.'
"How! SHAKESPEARE paint ſtronger and better than me!"
Crys NATURE, quite touch'd to the ſoul!——
"Not a word in his volumes I ever could ſee,
"But what from my records he ſtole.
"And thou, wicked thief,—nay the ſtory I'll tell,—
"Whenever I paint or I draw,
"My pencils you ſilch, and my colours you ſteal;
"For which thou ſhalt ſuffer the law,
"And when on the ſtage in full luſtre you ſhine,
"To me all the praiſe ſhall be giv'n;
"The toil ſhall be your's, and the honour be mine;"—
So NATURE and GARRICK are even!

ANECDOTE CXXX.

A Clergyman of the preſent time, who is equal in point of wit and humour to any of his profeſſion in former times, and for good ſenſe, learning and polite converſation not inferior to the moſt accompliſhed of his

his cotemporaries, by his unlucky frolicks lately made himſelf the ſubject of much mirth. But previous to the ſtory, it muſt be remarked, that the gentleman here ſpoken of has a more univerſal acquaintance and particular intimacy with the principal nobility and gentlemen of rank and eminence about the court, than perhaps any perſon in the kingdom beſides: and as he makes it a rule never to aſk a favour either for his friend or himſelf, he is, by keeping himſelf thus independent, equally acceptable wherever he goes, and his converſation has the freer ſcope. He is an old batchelor; yet the ladies are no leſs delighted with his converſation than the men; as his only foible, if it may be called a foible, is in conſtantly turning the edge of his rallery againſt thoſe huſbands, who having been ſome time married, have failed in their endeavours to materniſe their ladies. A nobleman of no leſs humour than himſelf, who having the worſt ſide of the argument, had been frequently his Butt, yet never thought himſelf ſo happy as when he had his chaplain (as he was pleaſed to call him, though not ſo in reality) with him, had long watched an opportunity to play him a trick, and to return him, as the proverb is, a Rowland for his Oliver; when an accident happened that gratified his wiſh. The chaplain (for ſo we ſhall now call him) has a cuſtom, whenever he finds himſelf dull or heavy, to throw himſelf into the cold-bath (if ſuch there be) at whoſe houſe ſoever he is, and that refreſhes him and recruits his ſpirits. The nobleman had obſerved this, and one day, juſt before dinner, ſeeing him preparing to ſtrip, took care to aſſemble all the ladies in the great hall that fronted the cold-bath, and immediately ſet open the doors. No ſooner did the chaplain plunge himſelf over head and ears, after his uſual manner, but in went his cloaths along with him. The nobleman retired unperceived, and acquainted the ladies with what he had done, who were no leſs pleaſed with the trick than himſelf, and after keeping him ſome time there to cool, retired, and ordered the footman to call him to dinner. The footman found him raking his cloaths out piece by piece from the water, and in a terrible dilemma; and inſtantly returned to acquaint his

maſter

maſter with the gentleman's diſtreſs, who flew to his aſſiſtance. *I proteſt*, ſaid the chaplain, *I have had the ſaddeſt miſchance—in plunging into the water I have unluckily dragged my cloaths after me, and I have not a dry rag.*—The nobleman feigned great concern and buſtle, and ordered the ſervant inſtantly to fetch a warm blanket and ſlippers, and a cloth to dry him; and was himſelf the valet to wrap him up warm, and in that manner hurried him into the drawing-room next where the company were to dine. He had ſcarce ſat down when the word was given for dinner. Every body was at table but the chaplain; but the nobleman's lady would not touch a morſel till he came. Then, ſaid her lord, you muſt fetch him yourſelf; he's only in the next room——he ſcruples to come becauſe of his dreſs. Nay, ſaid her ladyſhip, I never knew him beauiſhly inclined before; and in ſhe burſts into the room, and with a laughing hallow, loud enough to be heard a mile, called all the company to ſee the chaplain. A peal of laughter enſued. To dinner he muſt come however; there was no reſiſting; he was threatened with violence if he did not dine in his new dreſs; and his moſt noble valet took care to ſit down by him. His blanket was faſtened about him with a ſkewer, and the figure he made was droll enough, and the company at dinner immoderately merry; when all of a ſudden a rattatattatt at the door ſilenced their jollity. Word was inſtantly brought up that the counteſs of C—— was juſt arrived, and was coming to dinner: at which the chaplain riſing to retire, his valet ſlips out the ſkewer, and down drops the blanket about his heels, leaving the picture of Adam in his primitive purity to the full view of a dozen ladies. The chaplain ſmoak'd the prank, and vowed not to die in his patron's debt.

SONG 53.

BLITHE Collin's bleſt art
Has bewitch'd my young heart,
And truſt me there's place for none other:

Should he once ceaſe to woo,
What muſt ſcorn'd Molly do,
For there's not in the world ſuch another?

No lad on the plain
Sure can pipe like my ſwain,
So ſweetly can carol no other:
Oh? how oft, in the vale,
Have I heard his ſoft tale?
And by moon-light he'll tell me another.

Wit, beauty, and truth,
All bedeck the dear youth,
And perſuade me my love not to ſmother:
He has riches in ſtore,
Yet he courts me tho' poor,
Nay he ſwears that he doats on no other.

Should he chance to proclaim
To the ſhepherds his flame,
They'll envy and make a great pother:
Let the nymphs praiſe or rail,
All their malice will fail,
In ſpite, I will think of no other.

To the church on the brow
Once he pointed, I vow,
Then with kiſſes me almoſt did ſmother:
Not a word could I ſay,
But I long for the day,
Oh! he'll marry me one time or other.

The CARDINALS.

FRANCE lately was at Europe's head,
Now Europe ſeems on France to tread,
Is not this mighty ſtrange?
Young Conti thus the reaſon gives,
Fleury is dead, and Tenchin lives,
And hence this wond'rous change.

The

The CONNOISSEUR. *By Mr.* TOWN.

Publiſhed in London, March 25th. 1756.

O ſanctas gentes, quibus hæc naſcuntur in hortis
Numina! —— —— —— JUV.

VIRTU is almoſt the only inſtance, in which the appearance of literary knowledge is affected in the preſent age; and our perſons of rank acquire juſt enough ſcholarſhip to qualify themſelves for *Connoiſſeurs*. Theſe ſort of ſtudents become ſufficiently acquainted with the cuſtoms of the ancients, to learn the leaſt intereſting particulars concerning them. They can diſtinguiſh a *Tiberius* from a *Trajan*, know the *Pantheon* from the *Amphitheatre*, and can explain the difference between the *prætexta* and the *tunica*: which (only ſuppoſing the preſent times to have elapſed ſome hundred years) is juſt as deep knowledge as if ſome future antiquarian ſhould diſcover the difference between a *Carolus* and an *Anna*, or St. *Paul's* church and *Drury-Lane* playhouſe, or a full-trimmed ſuit and a French frock.

But the full diſplay of modern polite learning is exhibited in the decorations of parks, gardens, &c. and centered in that important monoſyllable, Taſte. Taſte comprehends the whole circle of the polite arts, and ſheds its influence on every lawn, avenue, graſs plat, and parterre. Taſte has peopled the walks and gardens of the great with more numerous inhabitants than the ancient Satyrs, Fauns and Dryads. While infidelity has expunged the Chriſtian Theology from our creed, Taſte has introduced the heathen Mythology into our gardens. If a pond is dug, *Neptune*, at the command of Taſte, emerges from the baſon, and preſides in the middle; or if a viſta is cut through a grove, it muſt be terminated by a *Flora* or an *Apollo*. As the ancients held that every ſpot of ground had its guardian Genius, and that woodland deities were pegged in the knotty entrails of every tree, ſo in the gardens laid out by modern Taſte every

walk

walk is peopled with gods and goddeſſes, and every corner of it has its tutelar deity. Temples are erected to all the train of gods and goddeſſes mentioned in *Homer* or *Ovid*, which edifices, as well as their ſeveral ſtatues, are adorned with *Latin* or *Greek* inſcriptions; while the learned owner wonders at his own ſurprizing ſtock of literature, which he ſees drawn out at large before him, like the whole knowledge of an apothecary inſcribed upon his gallipots.

Theſe perſons of Taſte may be conſidered as a ſort of learned idolaters, ſince they may be almoſt ſaid to adore theſe graven images, and are quite enthuſiaſtic in their veneration of them. The following letter may poſſibly give them ſome offence; but as I have myſelf no extravagant fondneſs for a *Jupiter Tonans*, or a *Belvidere Apollo*, I heartily wiſh the ſcheme propoſed by my correſpondent may take place, though it ſhould reduce the price of heathen godheads.

To Mr. TOWN.

SIR,

AT a time when all wiſe heads are conſidering of ways and means to raiſe taxes, that may prove the leaſt oppreſſive to indigence, and moſt effectually reſtrictive of luxury, permit me to propoſe (as a ſupplement to the thoughts of one of your correſpondents on this ſubject) a national tax upon Gods.

It is a ſtrange but an undeniable truth, Mr. TOWN, that if you and I were to travel through *England*, and to viſit the citizen in his country box, the nobleman at his ſeat, the eſquire at the hall houſe, and even the divine at his parſonage, we ſhould find the gardens, avenues, and groves, belonging to each manſion, ſtuffed and ornamented with Heathen Gods.

In the preſent declining ſtate of our eſtabliſhed religion, I almoſt tremble to conſider what may be the conſequences of thoſe ready-made deities. Far be it from me to ſuppoſe that the great and the rich will worſhip any God whatſoever, but ſtill I am induced to fear that the poor and the vulgar, when they find all other worſhip ridiculed and laid aſide, may fooliſhly take to theſe molten

molten images, and adore every leaden godhead they can find. If a tax on wheels has put down ſome hundreds of coaches, by a parity of reaſon, a tax upon gods may pull down an equal, if not a greater number of ſtatues. I would alſo offer another propoſal; which is this: That an oak be immediately planted, wherever a ſtatue has been taken away, by which means thoſe vaſt woods, which of late years have been cut down in *England*, to ſupply the immediate neceſſities of the illuſtrious *Arthurites* in St *James*'s-ſtreet, may be in ſome meaſure ſupplied to future generations.

Among our preſent taxes ſome of them fall upon branches of ſplendor not totally luxurious. Wheel carriages may be neceſſary: want of health or lameneſs of limbs may require them: but what neceſſities can we pretend for ſtatues in our gardens, *Penates* in our libraries, and *Lares* on every chimney-piece? I have remarked many wild whims of this kind, that have appeared ſubmiſſions, if not attachments, to idolatry. A gentleman of my acquaintance has deſtroyed his chapel, merely becauſe he could not put up ſtatues in it, and has filled his garden with every god, that can be found in *Spence*'s *Polymetis*: Another of my friends, afrer having placed a *Belvidere Apollo* very conſpicuouſly and naked upon the top of a mount, has erected an Obeliſk to the Sun: and this expence he has not put himſelf to for the beauty of the Obeliſk, for it is not beautiful, nor again for the ſplendor of the planet, which is of pewter double gilt, but only becauſe being in poſſeſſion of copies or originals of every deity that *Greece* or *Italy* could boaſt, he was reſolved to have the God of *Perſia* to compleat his collection. A poll-tax therefore upon gods and goddeſſes, be their repreſentation what it will, Suns, Dogs, Moons, or Monkies, is abſolutely neceſſary, and would infallibly bring in a large revenue to the ſtate.

Happening to be the other day at *Slaughter*'s coffee-houſe in St. *Martin*'s *Lane*, I ſaw two very fine ſtatues of *Fame* and *Fortune*, brought out of Mr. *Roubilliac*'s gate, and expoſed to view before they were nailed up, and carted. The boy of the houſe told us, they were to be placed upon the top of Sir *Thomas*——'s chapel in

Hampſhire. " Is it for ſuch as theſe, obſerved a ſneer-
" ing papiſt who ſtood near me, that crucifixes have
" been removed, and that reverend ſaints and martyrs
" have been deſtroyed, and pounded into duſt? Is it for
" theſe, that St. *Peter* has been broken to pieces, and
" St. *Paul* melted down into water pipes? Muſt *Our Lady*
" make room for *Proſerpine?* And the holy giant St. *Chri-*
ſtopher fall a victim to the *Farneſian Hercules?* Will
" you not agree with me, Sir, continued he, that as men
" are induced and almoſt conſtrained to judge of others
" by their own manners and inclinations, we who are
" ſuppoſed to worſhip the images of chriſtians, muſt na-
" turally conclude that the proteſtants of the Church of
" *England* worſhip the images of heathens?" I confeſs I was at a loſs how to anſwer the acuteneſs of his queſtions; and muſt own that I cannot help thinking St. *Anthony* preaching to the fiſhes, or St. *Dunſtan* taking the Devil by the noſe, as proper ornaments for a chapel, as any Pagan deities whatever.

Hitherto I have kept you entirely among the molten images without doors, but were we to entertain the ſeveral manſions whoſe avenues and demeſnes are adorned in the manner I deſcribe, we ſhould find every chamber a pagod, filled with all the monſtrous images that the idolatry of *India* can produce. I will not preſume to infer that the ladies addreſs *Kitoes* (prayers which the *Japaneſe* make uſe of in time of public diſtreſs) to their *Ingens*, but I am apt to ſurmiſe, that in times of danger and invaſion, ſome of your fair readers would be more alarmed at the *French* approach to their china than to their chapels, and would ſooner give up a favourite lap-dog, than a groteſque chimney-piece figure of a *Chineſe* ſaint with numberleſs heads and arms. I have not yet digeſted my thoughts in what manner the fair ſex ought to be taxed. It is a tender point, and requires conſideration. At preſent, I am of opinion, they ought to be ſpared, and the whole burthen entirely laid upon thoſe *Bramins* and *Imans*, whoſe idolatrous temples lie publickly open to our ſtreets. I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant

MOSES ORTHODOX.

Epitaphs.

EPITAPHS.

On a young Lady.

SO fair, ſo young, ſo innocent, ſo ſweet,
So ripe a judgment, and ſo rare a wit,
Require at leaſt an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not ſtay,
'Twas gold too fine to fix without allay.
Heav'n's image was in her ſo well expreſt,
Her very ſight upbraided all the reſt:
Too juſtly raviſh'd from an age like this;
Now ſhe is gone, the world is of a piece.

On an old Miſer.

HERE lies father Sparges,
Who died to ſave charges.

On a Lock-ſmith.

A Zealous Lock-ſmith died of late,
And did arrive at heaven's gate;
He ſtood without, and wou'd not knock,
Becauſe he meant to pick the lock.

On a Child, who died juſt after born.

THIS little child into the world did peep,
Diſlik'd it, clos'd its eyes, and fell aſleep.

On a very wicked Reprobate.

HERE ſtinks the carcaſe of a curſed ſinner,
Doom'd to be roaſted for the devil's dinner.

On John Cruker, *Bellows maker.*

HERE lies *John Cruker*, a maker of bellows.
His craft's maſter, and king of good fellows,
But at the hour of his death,
He that made bellows could not make breath.

ANEC-

ANECDOTES.

CXXXI.

WHEN king James I. was called to the throne of England, the lords and commons vied with each other in congratulations on his happy acceſſion; and this being reported to lord Montroſs, who was at the head of affairs in Scotland in order to pleaſe him, as he was known to entertain a great affection for his majeſty, his lordſhip was obſerved to look very grave upon it, and with a ſorrowful countenance; *By my ſaul, mon,* ſaid he to the perſon who brought him the news, *I much feared it, for yon fooliſh folk will ſpoil a gweed king.*

CXXXII.

AT the firſt maſquerade his late majeſty king George was at, there happened an accident that did great honour to his good-nature; a lady maſked, whoſe name was not known, followed the king as if ſhe took him for a ſtranger, and invited him to drink a glaſs of wine at one of the beaufets, to which he readily complied; and the lady filling a bumper, ſaid, *Here, mask, the pretender's health.* Then filling another bumper, preſented it to the king, who received it wit a ſmile, ſaying, *I drink with all my heart to the health of all unfortunate princes.* As many eyes were upon them the affair was ſoon known through the whole aſſembly, and every one applauded his majeſty's reply.

CXXXIII.

DUring the uſurpation of Oliver Cromwell, Sir John Howorth of Surry, one of Cromwell's knights, and attached to his party, was ſued by the miniſter of the pariſh for tythes. While the ſuit was depending, Sir John fancied the parſon preached at him every Sunday. Whereupon he complained to the protector, who having heard the parſon's defence, and that he only preached in general terms againſt whoremongers, drunkards, liars, thieves and robbers, he diſmiſſed the knight with this reprimand,

mand, *Sir John, go home, and hereafter live in good friendſhip with your miniſter. The word of the Lord is a ſearching word, and I am afraid it has found you out.*

CXXXIV.

ARchbiſhop Cranmer had a niece whom he married to a gentleman every way her equal in point of family and fortune. The wedding-day was ſolemnized with great pomp and ſplendor, after which, according to cuſtom, the new-married couple were left at night alone. The next morning the good archbiſhop went into their chamber, and enquiring after their health told them, he had a preſent to make them. They were impatient to know what it was; but the archbiſhop perſiſted in concealing it till they both promiſed him never to wear it at the ſame time: and having extorted from them that ſolemn promiſe, he then pulled out a *fool's cap*.

EPIGRAMS.

To Sir GODFREY KNELLER, *drawing the Lady* HIDE'S *Picture.*

THE *Cyprian* queen, drawn by Apelles' hand,
Of perfect beauty did the pattern ſtand;
But then bright nymphs, from every part of *Greece*,
Did all contribute to adorn the piece;
From each a ſeveral charm the painter took,
(For no one mortal ſo divine could look:)
But, happier *Kneller*, fate preſents to you,
In one, that finiſh'd beauty which he drew.
But oh! take heed, for vaſt is the deſign,
And madneſs 'twere for any hand but thine:
For mocking thunder bold *Salmoneus* dies;
And 'tis as raſh to imitate her eyes.

To a Painter drawing a LADY's *picture.* *

HE † who great *Jove*'s artill'ry ap'd ſo well,
By real thunder and true light'ning fell:
How then duſt thou, with equal danger, try
To counterfeit the lightning of her eye!
Painter deſiſt; or ſoon th' event will prove,
That *Love*'s as jealous of his arms as *Jove*.

Occaſioned by a quarrel betwixt Mr. F—ld—g *and Mrs.* Cl—ve, *on his intending her the part of a bawd, in his play called The* Wedding Day.

A Bawd! a bawd! where is this ſcoundrel poet?
Fine work indeed! By g—d the Town ſhall know it.
F—ld—g who heard, and ſaw her paſſion riſe,
Thus anſwer'd calmly: "Prythee *Cl—ve*, be wiſe,
" The part will ſuit your humour, taſte, and ſize.
' Ye lye! ye lye! ungrateful as thou art,
' My matchleſs talents claim the lady's part:
' And all who judge, by J——s G—d, agree,
' None ever play'd the gay coquet like me.
Thus ſaid and ſwore the celebrated *Nell*:
Now judge her genius: is ſhe *bawd* or *belle*?

On the K. of PR——.

ROY guerrier, philoſophe, auteur, muſicien,
Poete, Franc-Maçon, *politique, æconome;*
Pour le bien de l'Europe, *ah, que n'eſt il chretien!*
Pour celui de la Reine, helas! que n'eſt il homme!

ENGLISHED.

KING, hero, philoſopher, author, muſician,
Free-maſon, œconomiſt, bard, politician;
If a Chriſtian, how happy would *Europe* have been!
And alas! if a man, how tranſported his queen!

* This thought is uſed by another poet, (ſee the foregoing, page 33) but much more elegantly here: who is the borrower, we cannot decide; but this may paſs for one of the beſt epigrams in our language.

† Salmoneus.

The

The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM. Numb. CLXVIII.

Publiſhed in London, March 18th. 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

EVERY diſquiſition that tends to remove the prejudices and enlighten the underſtandings of mankind, though it may chance to come from an obſcure hand, will not be without its admirers and advocates in this learned and truly philoſophical age. It is needleſs then to make any apology for deſiring you to print this.

I ſet out in life with a good ſhare of medical ſkill, botany, chemiſtry, anatomy, and natural philoſophy; in the laſt of which eſpecially I excelled; ſeldom failing to inveſtigate the efficient cauſe of any phenomenon: and being ſenſible of my own ſuperior abilities, I never was ſo mean-ſpirited as to give up a diſputed point. But from two or three failures in practice, when the medicines had not the effect I intended, and indeed once when they had, in relieving a nymph at ſix months end from a diſorder which would have laſted nine, my buſineſs and my fees began to fall ſhort.

I muſt confeſs myſelf ſhocked to find merit ſo diſregarded, and determined to ſearch out what faculty there might be in the mind of man, that could induce him to treat with contempt and ingratitude any perſon who profeſſed a deſign of ſerving him. This led me into moral inquiries, in which I ſoon made ſufficient progreſs; and being perſuaded that it was incumbent upon every rational member of ſociety to communicate happineſs, as far as his influence may extend, I kept not the reſult of my enquiries ſecret, but formed a club of the thinking part of my acquaintance, to whom with the greateſt freedom I imparted my ſpeculations; and, in ſpite of prejudice, inculcated many important truths. Theſe I once thought of making more public from the preſs;

preſs; but there is no neceſſity for it, ſeeing the noble and better ſort of philoſophers are confeſſedly of my opinion, and diſcard with one voice all that metaphyſical jargon, which would perſuade us to believe the immateriality of the ſoul, and a future ſtate. Our ſentiments are calculated univerſally to promote human felicity, as they free the mind from many terrors and diſagreeable apprehenſions. It certainly then becomes the duty of every one who would be deemed benevolent, to propagate, as far as poſſible, principles of ſuch manifeſt utility. But we muſt expect opoſition to this ſalutary deſign, from thoſe who make a gain of the prejudices of the world. They will never be ſo diſintereſted as eaſily to forego the great emoluments ariſing thence. And perhaps ſome thinking men (ſince moral virtues are indiſpenſably neceſſary to the well-being of the community) may judge it not quite ſo proper to looſe the vulgar at once from all ties, except ſuch as ariſe from the inherent rectitude or depravity of actions.

I have a ſcheme to obviate this, to which no rational objection can be made, I acknowledge myſelf indebted to an ingenious Spaniſh author for the firſt hint; but as he did not purſue his reaſoning ſo far, either for want of abilities, or through fear of the inquiſition, I may juſtly aſſume to myſelf the merit of the invention. This author tells us, "Phyſicians ſeeing the great power the "temperament of the brain hath in making a man wiſe "and prudent, have invented a certain medicine, com-"poſed in ſuch a manner, and replete with ſuch quali-"ties, that being taken in proper doſes, it renders a "man capable of reaſoning better than he could before. "They call it the confection of wiſdom." Now if there is a medical compoſition known (as from this authority we have ſufficient reaſon to believe) that will improve the rational faculties, and illumine the underſtanding, we may with equal truth aſſert, there are to be found medecines which will curb the paſſions, thoſe great obſtacles to moral virtue, and make men live according to the fitneſs of things.

The thinking part of man being allowed to be a modification of matter, it muſt be ſuppoſed to be a part of the

the body; at leaſt it is ſo ſtrictly united and adherent to it, that in all things it ſuffers with, and cannot by any arguments of reaſon be proved capable of exiſting without it. Hence it will indiſputably follow, that all the powers of the mind, even the moral faculties, are inſeparably connected with the temperament and habit of that body, of which ſhe is part. Inſomuch that prudence (the foundation of all morality) as well as juſtice, fortitude and temperance (the other cardinal virtues) and their oppoſites, entirely depend upon the conſtitution. It will therefore become the province of the phyſician to extirpate the vicious habits of mankind, and introduce the contrary; to ſuppreſs luxury, and create chaſtity; to make the fooliſh prudent, the proud humble, the avaricious liberal, and the coward valiant. And all this is eaſy to be done, by the aſſiſtance of alterative medicines, and by a properly adapted regimen, that ſhall be perfective of each virtue, and repugnant to each vice.

In confirmation of my ſentiments, I could quote the fathers of phyſic, Hippocrates and Galen, as well as Plato and Ariſtotle, the chief of philoſophers. But an example will be of more real authority than a multiplicity of quotations. Man will be impelled to act by thoſe appetites, good or bad, which ariſe from the habit of his conſtitution: the phyſician then who can alter his conſtitution, may make the vicious become virtuous. And moral philoſophers greatly err, when they do not avail themſelves of the ſcience of medicine, which only by changing the temperament of the body, will force the mind to reliſh virtue, and diſtaſte vice. If a moraliſt undertakes to reform a luxurious perſon, who gives himſelf up to high living and laſcivious indulgences, by treating him according to the rules of his art, what means would he uſe to inſtill the principles of temperance and chaſtity, that they ſhould take ſuch deep root in the mind, as conſtantly and uniformly to influence his conduct? He will ſet out by ſhewing him the deformity of intemperance and debauchery, and enumerating all that train of evils which proceed from ſuch courſes: and if the patient has not entirely got over the prejudices of a ſuperſtitious education, he will endeavour to

affright him by a terrible detail of thoſe inexpreſſible miſeries his ſoul is in danger of ſuffering hereafter, if death ſhould ſurprize him without giving time to repent and forſake his debaucheries. After this he will adviſe him to faſt and pray, ſleep little, and avoid the company of women; and perhaps to wear hair-cloth, to macerate his body by rigorous auſterities, and keep it under by bloody diſcipline. Theſe methods, if he continues long to practiſe them, will render him pallid and feeble, and ſo far different from what he was, that inſtead of running after women, and placing his *ſummum bonum* in good eating and drinking, he will ſcarce bear to hear a female mentioned, and nauſeate the very thoughts of a ſumptuous entertainment. The moraliſt ſeeing the man ſo changed, will be apt to impute the whole to his art, and ſuppoſe the habits of temperance and chaſtity come from I know not whence, and are the effect of his ratiocination. The phyſician knows the contrary, and is fully ſenſible they proceed from the languid and debilitated ſtate of the body: for if this be reſtored to its priſtine vigour, the patient would ſoon return to his old practices of exceſs and riot. Daily experience muſt convince us of this. What we have proved of luxury and chaſtity, will in the ſame manner hold good with regard to all other vices and virtues; becauſe each has its proper temperament of body peculiarly adapted to it. Bleeding then and bliſtering, cupping and purging may be uſefully adminiſtered in mental as well as corporal diſorders. A briſk ſalivation may cure the mind and body both of a venereal taint; and a ſtrong emetic may have a more ſalutiferous effect, than barely cleanſing the ſtomach of an epicure.

I could add many more inſtances, but have already ſaid enough to evince the rationality and practicability of my ſcheme; and being determined not to loſe the honour of my inventions, I do not care to diſcover too much, leſt ſome paltry plagiary ſhould, with ſome little variation, obtrude them upon the world as his own. I have with great labour and thought reduced the whole to a complete ſyſtem, and am compiling a didactic treatiſe of all the vices incident to human nature, and their dif-

ferent

ferent degrees, with the ſymptoms prognoſtic and diagnoſtic, the curatory indications, and a proper dietetic regimen to be obſerved in all caſes. The whole will be comprized in ten volumes folio: and when the work is quite ready for the preſs, I may perhaps venture to publiſh propoſals more at large, with a ſpecimen annexed. But as your paper is generally well received by good company, I thought this would be no improper method of communicating the firſt hint of my deſign, that I might judge from what the intelligent ſay of this, how they will reliſh the larger work of

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

ACADEMICUS.

RIDDLE XI.

SUBLIME, erect, I cut the yielding air,
A guide as certain as the morning ſtar,
Turn'd like the eagle to the eye of day,
I with unwearied pinions wing my way,
And round large circles in the ſun-beams play.
I muſically mount like morning lark,
And with ſweet Philomela cheer the dark;
Then hang with outſtretch'd wings in equal poiſe,
Nor ſinking down deſcend, nor ſoaring riſe.
In ſingle combat with a valiant foe,
I pluck'd the laurel from the champion's brow,
Giving both man and horſe an overthrow.
Within my houſe ſome ghoſtly fathers ſtand,
Taking firſt fruits and tythes without demand,
In robes of virgin innocence array'd,
As white as prieſt in new waſh'd ſurplice clad;
Yet they are ſaid, like others in the land,
To have an evil heart and griping hand.

EPISTLE I.

LUCIDAMIA *to* MELANTHE, *on her propoſing the means of carrying on a ſecret correſpondence with a lover, ſhe was ſent by her parents into the country to avoid. With the ſtory of* CLYDAMON *and* FLAVIA.

THUS baniſhed from all the gay delights of life, and the more ſolid pleaſures of friendſhip and ſociety, I need not tell you how agreeably I was ſurprized at receiving a letter from my dear *Melanthe*.—The methods you have taken, not only to diſcover the place of my retreat, but alſo to elude the vigilance of my watchful guardians, is a proof that your wit and ingenuity are equal to your good-nature and compaſſion, and have the higheſt claim to my admiration as well as gratitude. —How ſhall I ever ſufficiently repay your tenderneſs!—My diſtreſs is leſſened by the ſhare you take in it, and every woe ſits lighter on me, by your ſeeming to feel them ſo heavy;— yet generous *Melanthe!*—I have ſomething farther than all this to thank you for: I have an obligation to you, which perhaps you think not of, nor even imagine I ſhould take as one; yet it is ſuch as I tremble to reflect what I muſt have endured, had you acted in a contrary manner.—If, inſtead of propoſing to me the means of continuing a correſpondence with *Seraphino*, you had put your ſtratagem in execution, and accompanied your letter with one from that unhappy youth, how miſerable muſt I have been!—My heart ſinks in me, and a chill horror runs through all my veins at the bare idea:—No, *Melanthe*, I am unhappy enough already, without the dreadful addition of a conſciouſneſs of deſerving to be ſo.—When I encouraged the addreſſes of *Seraphino*, the condeſcenſion was authorized by my parents; and if the graces of his perſon, and a nearer acquaintance with his many virtues, made me yield up my whole heart to the enchanting influence, I had nothing wherewith to reproach myſelf; but now,

in

in this ſad alternative, when they who, under heaven, have the ſole right to diſpoſe of me, command me to ſee him no more, how can I,—how dare I, indulge an inclination, which, however innocent in itſelf, would be rendered criminal by diſobedience.—From the authority which ſeparates us there is no appeal.—*Seraphino*, as well as I, ought to be ſenſible of this truth, and I hope will not ſuffer his paſſion to get ſo far the better of his reaſon, as to make him wiſh a union, which could not but be attended with extreme wretchedneſs to both of us.—What though the quarrel between our fathers, aroſe from a mere trifle to the judging world, we ſee to what fatal lengths it has tranſported them, that there is ſo little probability of their ever being reconciled, that every hour ſeems to encreaſe their animoſity; and it is not our province to look to the *cauſe*, but the *effects*.—It is enough for us to know their will;—let others examine into the motives of that will; we are not to *enquire*, but to *obey*.—Hard is it, I confeſs, to bring myſelf to think with indifference of a perſon I have been long accuſtomed to regard, with the moſt perfect tenderneſs.—I know not whether the ſeparation of the ſoul and body, in the agonies of death, can inflict pains more terrible, yet am I well convinced I owe no leſs a ſacrifice to my duty.—I do not pretend that I am *heroine* enough to perform it as I ought, but I aſſure you I am *chriſtian* enough to uſe my utmoſt efforts for that end.—Let *Seraphino* animate and ſtrengthen me by his example; it is the only favour I aſk of him, or will ever receive from him.—I beg you will communicate my ſentiments to him on this head, and that he may be certain they are my own, you may let him ſee the teſtimony under my hand, if you judge proper, or ſhall find it neceſſary.—If our mutual misfortune has ſo deep an effect on him, as you ſeem to think it has, it is an action truly worthy the generoſity of your nature, to alleviate his ſorrows, but, alas! this is not to be done by cheriſhing any vain hopes he may conceive concerning me, or encouraging him to perſiſt in deſires which muſt be fruitleſs, becauſe unwarrantable.—Rather ſet before his eyes the madneſs of proſecuting a ſuit, which, were he

to ſucceed in, would entail certain ruin on himſelf, as well as the perſon he pretends to love.—Illuſtrate your arguments with ſome of thoſe ſad examples that daily obſervation preſents of the miſeries that ariſe from clandeſtine marriage.—I will furniſh you with one which gave me much pain, on account of my intimacy with the unfortunate young lady, who is concealed under the name of *Flavia*.

The ſtory of CLYDAMON *and* FLAVIA.

" CLYDAMON and *Flavia* were in a manner bred " up together, the near neighbourhood of their " parents, and a certain parity of ſentiments, occaſion- " ing the greateſt intimacy between the families. From " their moſt early years, each diſcovered a more than " ordinary tenderneſs for the other, inſomuch that they " were called huſband and wife long before there was " the leaſt thought of their ever being ſo. What was " ſpoke in merriment, however became ſerious, as the " young couple grew nearer to maturity.—The father " of *Flavia* thought he could not diſpoſe of his daugh- " ter better than to *Clydamon*; and the other was very " well pleaſed to give his ſon a wife educated in the " manner *Flavia* had been.—But while this matter was " on the carpet, the mother of that young beauty un- " fortunately died, and that accident put off for a time " any farther diſcourſe upon that head.—It would doubt- " leſs have been reſumed as ſoon as the mourning was " over, if an unforeſeen misfortune to the lovers hopes " had not happened.—The father of *Flavia* had not " buried his amorous inclinations in the grave of his " deceaſed wife, he fell in love with a widow lady, " and was maried to her in leſs than three months after " the funeral. The firſt uſe ſhe made of the too great " aſcendant ſhe had gained over her huſband, was to " break off the intended match between *Flavia* and *Cly-* " *damon*, in favour of a ſon ſhe had by a former huſ- " band, who was unhappily captivated by the charms " of that young lady.

" The

" The father of *Clydamon* was ſo incenſed at his al-
" liance being ſlighted, that his reſentment was out-
" ragious; and theſe two old gentlemen from being
" inſeparable friends, became the moſt implacable ene-
" mies.—The lovers were forbid to converſe with, or
" viſit each other; but love, and the inadvertency of
" youth, got the better of their duty, and they choſe
" rather to hazard all the miſeries they might ſhare to-
" together, than endure thoſe which ſeparation in-
" flicted:—*Flavia* packed up what valuable trinkets
" ſhe was miſtreſs of, and quitted her father's houſe at
" midnight: *Clydamon* had provided an equipage, which,
" with a proper eſcorte, carried them both to town,
" where, on their arrival, they were married.—I re-
" ceived a viſit from her, and gay as ſhe then ſeemed,
" I trembled for the conſequence of the raſh ſtep ſhe had
" taken, though I muſt confeſs I did not apprehend it
" of that terrible nature it proved.

" After ſubſiſting ſome little time on the ſale of their
" jewels, they were driven to extreme neceſſity—It was
" in vain they endeavoured, by the moſt ſubmiſſive let-
" ters, to move the hearts of their obdurate parents.—
" In vain that *Clydamon* uſed his utmoſt efforts for pro-
" curing ſome poſt, or employment, by which he might
" ſupport himſelf and his beloved *Flavia*; every at-
" tempt he made was unſucceſsful, and the diſtreſs of
" this unhappy pair was ſuch, as no human patience
" could ſuſtain.—I heard they had not food for ſeveral
" days, when *Clydamon*, grown deſperate, reſolved on
" meaſures to force that relief which the cruel world
" refuſed to his complaints.—He became a robber on
" the highway, was taken, tried, and condemned to
" death.—The ſhocking news ſoon reached his father's
" ears, and what paternal affection could not induce him
" to grant, the fears of diſgracing his family, now
" wrung from him; he came immediately to town,
" and by the power of a large ſum of money, properly
" applied, obtained a pardon for his ſon, on condition
" he ſhould tranſport himſelf to ſome one or other of
" our colonies abroad, the choice of which was left to
" his own option.

This

" This unfortunate young gentleman, earneſtly beg-
" ged permiſſion to throw himſelf at his father's feet
" before his departure, but could neither obtain a grant
" of that requeſt, nor of any thing, wherewith he might
" have been enabled to get his bread in the place to
" to which he was going; and he embarked with the
" unhappy *Flavia*, who, on no terms, would be per-
" ſwaded to ſtay behind him, in a condition ſuch as
" gave him little room to rejoice that his forfeited life
" had been redeemed.

" Providence, however, ordered it ſo, that they ſtood
" in need of no farther human aſſiſtance;—the ſhip
" they ſailed in ſprung a leak, and the greateſt part of
" thoſe on board were loſt, among the number of whom
" were this faithful pair, whom no afflictions could
" change from that inviolable love they had vowed to
" each other, and whoſe good qualities, if not ob-
" ſcured by diſobedience, had certainly merited a bet-
" ter fate."

See, my dear *Melanthe!* the ſad effects of marrying without the conſent of parents.—By it we forfeit all claim to their protection, and the world's eſteem,—become the prey of calamity and ſcorn, and in that hopeleſs, helpleſs ſituation, are too apt, as in the caſe of *Clydamon*, to grow dead to every ſenſe, but that of our wretchedneſs, and run headlong into crimes to which our nature is moſt averſe.—But ſhould we purſue only ſuch courſes for our relief, as are moſt laudable, we cannot expect length of days, (for this is the providential reward of obedience and duty) or that the few we are permitted to enjoy ſhould be crowned with any true proſperity.—O defend me, heaven, from ever being the victim of diſobedience!—The laſt words my father ſaid to me, as he was putting me into the coach, ring ſtill in my ears, and I hope will always dwell upon my mind: —*If you would avoid my everlaſting curſe*, cried he, *make no attempts to diſappoint my will, nor think of* Seraphino *more*.—Alas, I could only anſwer with my tears, but my heart vowed obedience to the ſevere injunction.—If you truly love me, help to fortify this pious reſolution in me.—Write to me as often as opportunity permits;

permits; but mention not *Seraphino*, till you can aſſure me he is reſigned to think as I do on this important ſubject. —Farewell, and believe that in all circumſtances of life, I am, dear madam,

Yours ſincerely,

LUCIDAMIA.

From my REGISTRY.

To Mr. HENRY JONES. *

WHEN Orpheus touch'd the lyre, the beaſts, amaz'd,
Reſign'd their fierceneſs, and attentive gaz'd;
Lambs, lions, tygers, kids, together came,
In ſpecies different; through ſurprize the ſame.
O'er the wide plain, promiſcuouſly they ſtood,
The thirſt of muſic, vanquiſh'd that of blood.

Mild as an April ſun, you gently warm,
And the rough ſoul, with innocence diſarm;
In this, ſuperior, to the Thracian's art,
Tygers he mov'd; but you the human heart:
And 'tis leſs eaſie to ſubdue the mind
Of one vain man, than all the brutes conjoin'd.

SONG 54.

BRISK, unreſerv'd, and gayly free,
The ſpritely ſwain, ſung liberty;
He ſung, and laugh'd at beauty's bloom.
Poor youth! his hour was not come.

Chloe's enchanting face and ſhape,
Unheeded, did his eyes eſcape;
Lucinda caus'd no love-ſick gloom,
For why, his hour was not come.

* Author of the Earl of Eſſex, a tragedy; and other pieces.

With

With Sapho oft, in complaiſance
And young Dorinda won'd he dance;
Yet ice remain'd, or marble tomb,
The fated hour was not come.

From Caſtle, Strand, from Green, from Play,
He bore his heart, unpierc'd away;
'Till on a late too hapleſs roam,
He *M*——*n* ſaw,—his hour's come.

He flies his friends, his bottle now;
Deteſts his food, contracts his brow;
Thoſe ſad effects of Cupid's doom,
Too plain pronounce the hour come.

Angel! avow your ſexes part,
Deſpiſe his ſighs, encreaſe his ſmart;
For ſo ſhou'd each be ſerv'd, who dare,
Unworſhip'd paſs the blooming fair.

ADVENTURE XIII.

The Night Adventurer *continued.*

THE ſun had now run his daily courſe, and was ſummoned by approaching night to retire to his watry bed in the ſea, which with good reaſon is reſerved for him alone, in regard that being of ſuch a hot and dry conſtitution, he alone is fit to lie in ſo cold and damp an apartment. In ſhort, the day was ſhut in when our noble Don Diego, whom experience made never the wiſer, reſolved to ſeek new dangers, or rather to meet them, for they too often preſented themſelves to him. The night was near-ſighted, or rather quite blind, for there was ſcarce a ſtar but lay hid under thick clouds; yet before we enter too far upon this adventure, it will be requiſite to make a ſhort digreſſion.

There

There was at this time at Sevil, a man of a genteel preſence enough, who kept himſelf in decent apparel, and paſſed for a gentleman; but might be properly enough compared to an eagle, for by day he looked the ſun in the face, and by night he followed his prey, ſtealing whatſoever came in his way. At the beginning of his reign he took the name of Don Diego, till time having diſcovered what profeſſion he followed, he had the ſirname given him of Love-night; ſo that there were two men of the ſame name at once; for, as has been ſaid, our adventurer was ſometimes called Fly-light, and ſometimes Love-night, theſe two additional names ſignifying almoſt the ſame thing, tho' proceeding from different cauſes, ſome more ſcandalous than the others.

It ſeemed to be fatal to our Don Diego, to be brought into trouble by the miſtaking of names; but that he met with among the pretended ſprights was no more than a flea-bite, in compariſon of what he endured in this ſecond adventure; foraſmuch as among perſons of a generous diſpoſition, their honour is much more dear than their life. That Don Diego at Sevil, perceiving that his practices were diſcovered, and there was a talk of calling him to an account, gave out that he was going away to Madrid, the theatre of wonders, and the loadſtone that attracts both the good and the bad; but the day he left Seville, inſtead of making towards the court of Spain, he went away to Granada, hoping he might play his cards there, and live a conſiderable time before he was diſcovered, that city being very kind to ſtrangers.

The news of his journey to Madrid being ſpread abroad among all that knew him, the ſon of a jeweller of Seville had notice of it, who being deceived by common fame, a wonder that a tradeſman ſhould be impoſed upon, reſolved to follow him immediately, and with all poſſible ſpeed, to the great detriment of his buttocks, which were miſerably gauled; and of his ſtomach, that often returned more than it had received, being grievouſly ſhaken by the hired mules there are on that road. The cauſe of his enduring all theſe hardſhips, was, that this ſharping Don Diego had taken away

away ſome jewels and diamond rings of his, of value, which he had truſted him with. As ſoon as he came to Madrid, he delivered printed bills in all the gold-ſmiths ſhops, deſcribing thoſe jewels, and in the mean while inſinuated himſelf into all companies, in hopes to meet with his man.

The ſecond night after this jeweller came to Madrid, our primitive and legitimate Don Diego Love-night, taking no warning by his paſt misfortunes, ſet out again, expoſing himſelf in defiance to fortune. The occaſion of this ſally was to divert himſelf with a young beautiful townſwoman, wife to a ſollicitor, who was reckoned a ſharp witty woman, and very good dancer, ready to receive any thing that was offered her, and conſequently eaſy to be bribed. In order to gain admittance to her, Don Diego made uſe of a ſly old woman, well verſed in carrying on amourous intrigues, and who under colour of promoting of chaſtity, only contrived to deſtroy it. The bargain was ſtruck up, and Don Diego had leave to go viſit the ſollicitor's wife that night betwixt twelve and one, upon condition that he ſhould give her two diamond rings ſhe had ſeen on his fingers, and which he had a great value for, becauſe they had been his mother's; but what is there that luſt will not ſacrifice when its inſolence is not checked? Beſides, he was to lay aſide the habit of a gentleman, and diſguiſe himſelf like a ſervant, to the end that if her huſband ſhould happen to meet him going in or coming out, ſhe might tell him it was a man her mother had ſent to enquire after her health. For the better carrying on this plot, the ſollicitor's wife ſent him by the old woman a letter ſhe had received that very day from her mother, which ſhe had ſealed up again, and wrapped in another paper, that it might ſerve a ſecond time, as occaſion might offer: furthermore, that he ſhould come in the back way, going along under an old mud wall, and open the garden door with a maſter-key ſhe ſent with the letter: thence he was to go into a parlour, where he ſhould find his miſtreſs ready to receive him.

Don Diego ſubmitted to all theſe conditions, left his houſe about the appointed hour, dreſſed as was ordered him,

him, with the rings, the letter, and the maſter-key. Being come into the ſtreet where the ſollicitor's wife lived, he heard a noiſe in a houſe, as if people were in a paſſion, which his curious temper obliged him to enquire into. He went in, and preſently ſpied a man in a court, writing upon the end of a caſk, and another lighting him with a candle in a lanthorn, for fear the wind ſhould blow it out. About theſe two ſtood many more, ſome half dreſſed, and ſome half naked; ſome without ſtockings, and ſlipſhod; others in their ſhirts, with only their cloaks wrapped about them, muffling up their noſes, and moſt of them with their ſwords under their arms. Our adventurer ſtood ſtill behind them, liſtening to their diſcourſe, without being diſcovered by them, and by that means underſtood that there had been a robbery juſt then committed in the houſe; that he who writ was a notary, and the other that lighted, a ſerjeant, who were taking the depoſitions of the neighbours, ſome of whom had ſuffered their ſhare in the robbery.

Don Diego having thus ſatisfied his curioſity, was for making off fair and ſoftly, to go on with his intrigue; but as ill fortune would have it, the damp of the night had given him a cold in his head, which made him ſneeze three times, and ſo alarm all thoſe people, who cried out, *Who is there!* Don Diego unwilling to be known doubled his pace, without ſpeaking a word; which raiſed a jealouſy in the others, and made them purſue him as they did, crying out, *Stop thief.* He finding himſelf purſued, and ſo foully affronted, faced about, and drawing his ſword, replied, *You lie, ye ſcoundrels.* Then letting them come on, gave the boldeſt of them a great cut over the head; but whatever he could do to get out of their hands, they ſecured and carried him before the notary, who had ſtayed in the houſe.

There was nothing about him but what ſeemed to teſtify he had been concerned in the robbery committed there; his mein and his habit did not agree; it was eaſy to gueſs he was diſguiſed. Being ſearched, they found in his pocket a little caſket, in which the rings were, as

alſo the maſter-key, all dangerous circumſtances againſt him. The notary divided the booty very equally, taking the rings for himſelf, and giving the key to the ſerjeants for their good ſervice; which done, they led him away to gaol.

Finding himſelf ſo roughly handled, he began to declare that he was a gentleman; that they were miſtaken in him, deſiring to be carried before the Alcayde, whom he would acquaint with his name, and make known his innocency before him. But whatſoever he could ſay, they made no account of it; he was put into a dungeon in the priſon, as a night-robber, a ſhoplift, and a breaker of the peace. He was immediately confronted with two real thieves that had committed the crime; they hearing him ſay that he was a gentleman, and had a ſufficient eſtate to live according to his quality, without robbing another, reſolved to own him for one of their gang, not doubting but that if he was one of that rank he pretended, their cauſe would be long depending, and in the mean while their friends, making reſtitution, would procure their liberty, beſides that, they might happen to get off by his intereſt, and if it came to the worſt, they would be condemned to ſome eaſy puniſhment. Don Diego perceiving that theſe men depoſed quite contrary to what he expected, having thought himſelf ſure that they would clear him, and that conſequently he ſhould be ſet at liberty, and diſcharged of all that was alledged againſt him, began to rave, and behave himſelf like a madman. Let us leave him awhile in that frenzy to make him the ſoberer.

As ſoon as it was day, the news of his impriſonment flew all about the town, his friends were acquainted with it, who came immediately, offering to be bound body for body for him, affirming he had no hand in the crime laid to his charge; but they were not allowed ſo much as to ſee him, and went their ways aſtoniſhed and out of countenance, to hear it affirmed, that a man of his quality ſhould be taken in a robbery, diſguiſed, and with a pick-lock in his pocket.

This rumour being handed about, it came to the ears of the jeweller of Seville; who, overjoyed with the conceit

conceit that he had found his jewels, and that our adventurer was the ſame Don Diego he was in ſearch of, went haſtily to the priſon to enter his action againſt him, and to the notary's, to ſeize the rings he had taken, as belonging to him. The many examinations and depoſitions, on account of this laſt accuſation, helped to ſwell the bulk of the writings in this proceſs, in which the ſollicitor, huſband to our adventurer's deſigned miſtreſs, who had been the cauſe of all this confuſion, was employed by the jeweller of Seville to manage his cauſe. He coming to enquire into the fact, knew the maſter-key to all the locks in his houſe, and underſtood that the party accuſed had been taken in his ſtreet. This made him ſuſpect his deſign had been to rob him as well as his neighbours, and therefore finding himſelf particularly concerned in this matter, he declared himſelf a party, and followed the buſineſs ſo hotly, that he had Don Diego examined again upon freſh circumſtances and articles, which he alledged againſt him; but our adventurer being diſcreet and ingenious, anſwered ſo cautiouſly, that he no way diſhonoured the party who provoked him, ſparing him for her ſake.

This was the poſture of affairs, when through the ſollicitation of his friends, Don Diego was taken out of the hands of the criminal judge, as not ſubject to his juriſdiction, and turned over to his own proper court, where the ſollicitor declared himſelf the principal proſecutor. Don Diego finding himſelf ſo hard preſſed, ſent the old woman, that had been the meſſenger of love, to the ſollicitor's wife, to adviſe her ingeniouſly to perſwade her huſband to deſiſt from his violent proſecution, or elſe he ſhould be obliged, in his own defence, to expoſe them both, and divulge that which would make them infamous. The jilt, who thought of nothing but her pleaſure, and how ſhe might ſecure the rings rather than her honour, took no notice of this admonition.

The judges and parties were ſtrangely perplexed about the circumſtances of this proceſs, becauſe none of them knew the ſecret; till at length Don Diego finding he was daily drove to greater diſtreſs, by the obſtinacy of the ſollicitor, reſolved to clear himſelf of what he laid

his charge, to his own ſhame and confuſion. He gave a full account of the whole intrigue to a gentleman of his acquaintance, who was very intimate with the judge, and expounded the riddle to him; and having diligently weighed all the circumſtances, he reſolved to expoſe the whole naked truth in public, to ſave the honour of Don Diego, at the expence of the impertinent ſollicitor's reputation. The old woman privately depoſed what ſhe knew of the affair; the letter from the ſollicitor's wife's mother was produced, which ſhe had ſent to Don Diego. The jeweller of Seville was ſummoned, and being brought face to face with our adventurer, ſtood amazed as if he had been thunder-ſtruck, and frankly owned, that was not the the man he ſought after. Hereupon the judge diſcharged the proceſs, ordering the rings to be reſtored to Don Diego, as being his proper goods; the maſter-key to be put into the hands of the ſollicitor. for the ſame reaſon, and the letter to be delivered to his wife, as a token of her mother's affection.

The juſt judgment being pronounced, the jeweller and the ſollicitor ſtood gazing upon one another like two ſtatues, not knowing what to ſay, or how to look, and at laſt went away muttering; the jeweller vexed that he had travelled ſo far, and been at ſuch expence to ſo little purpoſe; and the ſollicitor in a rage, for having been the inſtrument of his own diſgrace. Don Diego, whoſe courage was cooled by the raillery of his friends, got off with his rings ſafe, valuing them much more than the ſport he was going to loſe them at, had not he been prevented by the misfortune he met with. Thus was concluded this adventure, obſerving the truth of the proverb, which ſays, *'Tis an ill wind that blows no body good.*

EPIGRAMS.

On Emſon.

EMSON, thou once in Dutch would'ſt court a wench.
But to thy coſt ſhe anſwer'd thee in French.

To

To Chloe *weeping.*

SEE, whilſt thou weep'ſt, fair Chloe, ſee
The world in ſympathy with thee;
The chearful birds no longer ſing:
Each droops his head, and hangs his wing:
The clouds have bent their boſom lower:
And ſhed their ſorrows in a ſhower.
The brooks beyond their limits flow,
And louder murmurs ſpeak their woe.
The nymphs and ſwains adopt thy cares;
They heave thy ſighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantaſtic nymph! that grief ſhall move
Thy heart obdurate againſt love:
Strange tears! whoſe pow'r can ſoften all,
But that dear breaſt on which they fall.

On Morcho.

MORCHO, for haſte, was married in the night,
What needed day? his fair young wife is light.

Eden's vomens.

CACUS, that ſups ſo duly at the Roſe,
Caſts up the reckning before he goes.

On a Pump ſtopt with Stones.

M. I'LL cut it down, I ſwear by this ſame hand,
If 'twill not run, it ſhall no longer ſtand.
R. Pray Sir, be patient, let your Pump alone,
How can it water make when't hath the *ſtone*?
Yet did he wiſely when he did it fell,
For in ſo doing he did make it *well*.

Of a Thief.

A Thief arreſted, and in cuſtody
Under ſtrong guards of armed company,
Aſk'd why they held him ſo; Sir, quoth the chief,
We hold you for none other than a thief.

Of Rufus.

RUFUS had rob'd his hoſt, and being put to it,
Said, I am an arrant rogue if I did do it.

Of Motion.

MOtion brings heat, and thus we ſee it prov'd,
Moſt men are hot and angry when they're mov'd.

Of Text-corrupters.

BAD commentators ſpoil the beſt of books;
So God gives meat, the devil ſends us cooks.

On a Drawer drunk.

DRawer with thee now even is thy wine,
For thou haſt pierc'd his hogs-head, and he thine.

The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM. Numb. CLXIX.

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THE following letters have lain by me ſome time. The writers of them will, I hope, excuſe me for the delay, and for the few alterations, which I judged it neceſſary to make in them.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

In a late paper, you have declared abſolutely againſt total nakedneſs in our ſex, and by others you have given us to underſtand that we are very impolitic in our late near approaches to it: for that while we are leaving little

little or nothing for imagination to exerciſe itſelf upon, or for curioſity to deſire, we are certainly loſing our hold upon the men. But I cannot ſay that ſince I have *undreſſed* myſelf to the utmoſt extent of the faſhion, I have fewer *admirers* than when I appeared like a modeſt woman; though to confeſs the truth, I have had but one ſince, that has not plainly diſcovered a thorough averſion to marriage; and him I imprudently loſt, by granting to his importunity the full diſplay of my whole perſon: indeed the argument he uſed was ſo extremely reaſonable, that I knew not how to object to it; and whilſt he pleaded with the utmoſt tenderneſs, that what he requeſted as a tribute to love, was but *a very little more* than what I daily laviſhed indiſcriminately on every eye, I had not the confidence to deny him.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as I think it not improbable, by the advances the ladies have made this winter towards complete nakedneſs, that as the ſummer comes on, they will incline to throw off all covering whatſoever, I have thought proper to ſet before them the untoward effect which I have experienced from leaving nothing to diſcover. I can aſſure them, as an important truth, that if they have a deſire to retain even any admirers, they muſt ſtop where they are, and uncover no farther; or if they aim at getting huſbands, they will do wiſely to conceal, and reſerve among the acquiſitions to be obtained only by marriage, a great deal which they now ſhew, to no other purpoſe than the defeating their own ſchemes.

Give me leave, ſir, to conclude this letter with a ſhort tranſcript from an author, who I believe is not unknown to you, and who has taken ſome pains to inſtruct the ladies in this particular point.

The maid, who modeſtly conceals
Her beauties, while ſhe hides reveals.
Give but a glimpſe, and FANCY *draws*
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's firſt fig-leaf to brocade,
All dreſs was meant for FANCY'S *aid,*

Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the baſhful nymph conceals.
When Cælia ſtruts in man's attire,
She ſhews too much to raiſe deſire;
But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very ſhoe has pow'r to wound.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

S. R.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

In this free and communicative age, in which buſineſs of almoſt all kinds is tranſacted by advertiſements, it is not uncommon to ſee wives and milch aſſes, ſtollen horſes and ſtrayed hearts, promiſcuouſly advertiſed in one and the ſame paper. It is a curious, and frequently an entertaining medley: but amidſt all the remarkable advertiſements I have lately ſeen, I think the following by far the moſt curious; and for that reaſon, I deſire it may be made ſtill more public than it is already, by appearing in the WORLD.

"WANTED

"A CURATE at Beccles in Suffolk. Enquire far-
"ther of Mr. Strut, Cambridge and Yarmouth carrier,
"who inns at the Crown, the corner of Jeſus lane,
"Cambridge.

"*N. B.* To be ſpoke with from Friday noon to Satur-
"day morning nine o'clock."

I have tranſcribed this from a news-paper, Mr. Fitz-Adam, *verbatim et literatim*, and muſt confeſs I look upon it as a curioſity. It would certainly be entertaining to hear the converſation between Mr. Strutt, Cambridge and Yarmouth carrier, and the curate who offers himſelf. Queſtionleſs Mr. Strutt has his orders to enquire into the young candidate's qualifications, and to make his report to the advertiſing rector, before he agrees upon

upon terms with him. But what principally deſerves our obſervation is, the propriety of referring us to a perſon who traffics conſtantly to that great mart of young divines, Cambridge. The advertiſer might there expect numbers to flock to the perſon he employed, who (by the way) might have been ſomebody more like a gentleman (no diſparagement to Mr. Strut, I know him not) than a Yarmouth carrier. It is pleaſant too to obſerve the N. B at the end of the advertiſement; it carries with it an air of ſignificance enough to intimidate a young divine, who might poſſibly have been ſo bold as to have put himſelf on an equal footing with this negociator, if he had not known that he was only to be ſpoke with at ſtated hours.

There are ſome of us laymen (You, I dare ſay, Mr. Fitz Adam, among the reſt) who are old-faſhioned enough to have ſome reſpect for the clergy: it does not therefore give us any pleaſure to ſee them thus advertiſed like barber's journeymen.

But why did not the advertiſer mention expreſly the qualifications he expected in his curate? That would have ſaved much trouble and altercation between his prolocutor and the young divine. I will have done, however, with this particular advertiſement, and leave the whole to your animadverſion; only deſiring that you would order under your own hand, that from henceforth all advertiſements for curates ſhould be worded in the following manner.

"WANTED

"A CURATE at ***. He muſt be one that can play "at Back-gammon, and will be willing to receive five-"and-twenty pounds a year for doing the whole duty of "a pariſh, while his rector receives two hundred for "doing none of it. He muſt keep what company, and "preach what doctrine his rector pleaſes, &c. &c. &c. "Whoever will comply with theſe reaſonable terms may "apply to ***, inn-keeper at ***, for full information."

I am, SIR,

Yours,

L. L

Mr. FITZ-

Mr. Fitz-Adam,

It is with pleaſure that I ſee you leſs addicted to dreaming than moſt of your predeceſſors: to ſay the truth, I have ſeldom found you inclined to nod; though without any diſparagement to you, your betters and elders have ſometimes ſlept in a much ſhorter work. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, was what I told my ſchool-maſter, when he whipt me for ſleeping over my book.

Life has been often called a dream; nay, we are told of ſome old Grecians, who uſed to be always in doubt whether they were aſleep or awake. Indeed the number of waking dreamers that are daily exhibiting themſelves in this metropolis is inconceivable: even the pulpit is not free from them. The firſt time I ever heard the character of a dreamer given to a preacher, was on the following occaſion. A reader to a country cure took a printed ſermon of an eminent divine into the pulpit with him to preach; unfortunately it happened to be a farewell ſermon. The young gentleman began with acquainting the people that he was then going to leave them. As they had never received the leaſt hint of this before, they were a good deal ſurprized; but when he concluded with telling them that he had been exhorting them with all diligence for ſixteen years (when he had hardly been with them as many weeks) and talked of his high dignity in the church, ſome of the congregation ſaid he was mad, moſt of them that he was dreaming.

I could wiſh indeed that theſe dreamers in the pulpit would contrive to dream their own dreams, or that they would take care not to convert the ſerious thoughts of others into ſomething more abſurd than dreams, for want of reading beforehand what they would be ſuppoſed to deliver as their own compoſitions. It is by way of hint to ſuch dreamers that I have told this ſtory, which being the principal purpoſe of my letter, I ſhall add no more, than that I am,

Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

A. S.

SONG

SONG 55. *A new Ballad.*

On lord D ——*'s altering his Chapel at* G—— *into a kitchen.*

BY *Ovid*, 'mongſt many more wonders we're told,
What chanc'd to PHILEMON and BAUCIS of old,
How their cott to a temple was conjur'd by JOVE;
So a chapel was chang'd to a kitchen at *Gr*——
Derry down, &c.

The Lord of the manſion moſt rightly conceiting,
That his gueſts lov'd good prayers much leſs than good eating;
And poſſeſs'd by the d——l (as ſome folks will tell ye)
What was meant for the ſoul, he aſſign'd to the belly.
Derry down, &c.

The word was ſcarce given, but down dropt the clock,
And ſtr.it was ſeen fix'd in the form of a jack;
'Tis ſhameful to ſay, pulpit, benches and pews,
Form'd cupboards and ſhelves for plates, ſaucepans, and ſtews.
Derry down, &c.

Pray'r-books turn'd into platters, nor think it a fable,
And dreſſers ſprung out of the C———n table;
Which inſtead of the uſual repaſt, b—d and w—e,
Is ſtor'd with rich ſoup and good Engliſh ſirloin.
Derry down, &c.

No fires but what pure devotion could raiſe,
Till now had been known in this temple to blaze:
But, good lord, how the neighbours around did admire,
When the chiney roſe up in the room of a ſpire!
Derry down, &c.

For a *Jew* many people the maſter miſtook,
Whoſe *Levites* were ſcullions, whoſe high-prieſt a cook;
And thought that he meant our religion to alter,
When they ſaw the burnt-offerings ſmoak at the altar.
Derry down, &c.

When

The bell's ſolemn ſound, which was heard far and near,
And oft rous'd the chaplain unwilling to pray'r;
No more to good ſermons now ſummons the ſinner,
But blaſphemous rings in the country to dinner.
Derry down, &c.

When my goed lord the b——p had heard the ſtrange ſtory,
How the place was profan'd, that was built to G—d's glory;
With zeal he cry'd out, Oh, how impious the deed,
To cram chriſtians with pudding inſtead of the C—d!
Derry down, &c.

Then away to the *Gr—e* hy'd the church's protector,
Reſolving to read his lay-brother a lecture;
But he ſcarce had begun, when he ſaw plac'd before 'em
An haunch piping hot from the *ſanctum ſanctorum*.
Derry down, &c.

Troth, quoth he, I find no great ſin in the plan,
What's uſeleſs to God to make uſeful to man;
Beſides, 'tis a true chriſtian duty, we read,
The poor and the hungry with good things to feed.
Derry down, &c.

Then again on the walls he beſtow'd conſecration,
But reſerv'd the full rights of a free viſitation;
Thus 'tis the Lord's houſe, only varied the treat,
Now there's meat without grace, where was grace without meat.
Derry down, &c.

SONG 55 *On* Miſs MOLLY CARR, *of the county of W——d, wrote in Bruſſels, in the year* 1744, *by an Iriſh officer.*

To the tune of *Molly Mog*, which ſong is inſerted in Vol. I. page 133.

WHEN I from my window am gazing,
'Tis not at a comet or ſtar,
But an object more bright and more pleaſing,
The eyes of my ſweet *Molly Carr*.

No

No Phœbe, no Daphne, no Phillis,
Tho' poets put them on a par,
With the beauties of roſes and lillies,
Can vie with my ſweet *Molly Carr.*

You ſoldiers ſo ſtout in your prattle,
Yet always hope danger is far,
You're more ſafe from the cannon in battle,
Than a glance from my ſweet *Molly Carr.*

The prelate ſo famous for teaching
The excellent virtues of Tar,
Had he ſeen her, would leave off his preaching,
And write on my ſweet *Molly Carr.*

His *To E-ge-mo-ni-con* * fire,
His æther, affirm it I dare,
Can be found in perfection much higher
Exiſting in ſweet *Molly Carr.*

The lawyers, who make themſelves drudges
To much dirty work at the bar,
Would quit both their fees and the Judges,
To plead to my ſweet *Molly Carr.*

The doctors, ſo knowing in phyſic,
Who nature's juſt criſiſes mar,
May ſearch, but they'll find no ſpecific
So certain as ſweet *Molly Carr.*

The Pandours and Croats moſt ſavage,
Whoſe greateſt delight is in war,
Would ſtop from their plunder and ravage,
At the name of my ſweet *Molly Carr.*

* To Egemonicon. An epithet, or rather an attribute given by the late Dr. Berkeley, biſhop of Cloyne, to fire or æther of the moſt exalted nature; and which he thought exiſts in Tar-water. [See his treatiſe on the ſubject.] But with great deference to that learned prelate, I think it more applicable to a fine girl. I would explain the meaning of the word; but it is Greek, and would therefore ſeem preſumption in a ſoldier to attempt it; though was I capable I ſhould chuſe to give to all fine gentlemen an opportunity of ſhewing their learning to the ladies.

If, as rich as a Crœſus in treaſure,
In kingdoms as great as a Czar;
All, all I would lay down with pleaſure
At the feet of my ſweet *Molly Carr.*

Let thoſe out of play of the nation,
With the great ones eternally jar;
I'm humbly content with my ſtation,
So ſmiles but my ſweet *Molly Carr.*

Tho' a glorious campaign now is ended,
Without wood'n leg or a ſcar;
How ye * Dutch! ſhall our troops be defended
From the charms of my ſweet *Molly Carr.*

A Mon—h breaks faith with his allies,
And † others, like cocks do but ¶ ſpar.
Sad doings! I never ſhall tell lies,
Or trifle with ſweet *Molly Carr.*

If St——r had commanded in Flanders,
The French had been ruin'd by gar;
Hold, ——muſe, not a word of commanders,
Sing always of ſweet *Molly Carr.*

* It may ſeem odd and whimſical to invoke the Dutch; but it is impoſſible to avoid joking with our beſt friends ſome times; —— no reaſons muſt be given; there are ſecrets in all families, brother, &c.

† I don't mean any of the allies of the queen of Hungary.

¶ A word uſed by cockers, when their cocks do not ſtrike home, but rather ſeem to play with one another.

EPISTLE II.

From LUCIDAMIA *to her mother, on hearing ſhe was ſent for to town, in order to be compelled to marry a man ſhe had the utmoſt averſion for.*

Moſt dear, and honoured madam,

AS on a thouſand occaſions I have experienced your indulgence, I impute rather to your compliance with my father's requeſt than your own inclination, that I have

I have been denied the happineſs of an anſwer to any of thoſe very many letters I have ſent ſince my confinement in this ſolitary receſs; and am therefore emboldened once more to pour out the fulneſs of my ſoul before you;—to beſeech you to have compaſſion on my forlorn condition;—nay, even to conjure you, by the tender name of mother, and all the ties of nature and affection, to vouchſafe me your aſſiſtance in this diſtracting exigence,—this terrible dilemma, that whichſoever way I turn, affords nothing but the proſpect of eternal ruin.—My aunt has juſt now ſhewn me a letter ſhe received from my father, wherein he deſires her to prepare for our return to town; but, O heaven! to what end!—to be the wretched bride, the victim of a man I can have no taſte for as a huſband!—a man, who, were my heart entirely free from all attachment to another, I never could be brought to love!—How can I aſſume a tenderneſs it is not in my power to feel!—To be ſincere in all my words and actions, was the firſt precept of my early youth;—I have ever ſince held it ſacred, and I cannot, and am certain you would not wiſh me to forget it.—But I am now told that reaſon ought to guide inclination, that the ſofter paſſions ſhould give way to the conſiderations of intereſt and the world's eſteem, and that theſe plead ſtrongly in favour of *Andrugio*:—Alas how different are my thoughts!—What are his titles to me!—What all the honours his late ſucceſs has gained!—Meer ſhadows to attract the diſtant eye, but afford no real charms upon a near approach.—Can his wealth purchaſe for me the leaſt moment's peace of mind?—Or outward grandeur compenſate for inward diſcontent?—O no,—where *hearts* are not linked by a ſecret ſympathy, an inviſible, undiſcernable attraction that binds them to each other, heaven never intended a union of *hands*, nor will vouchſafe a bleſſing.—Thus, madam, I have heard you ſay, you argued with yourſelf, when you refuſed a coronet for my father:—Your parents indeed did not oppoſe your inclination, but left you free, to make your choice between *love* and *greatneſs*;—that, alas! is not my unhappy caſe;—yet do I not complain, much leſs preſume to expect you ſhould ſacrifice your

reſentmen, to comply with the tenderneſs of my heart. —As I am torn from what I had once your leave to think would form my greateſt happineſs, I only intreat I may not be forced to what I know will be the moſt extreme wretchedneſs that can be inflicted on me.—*Celia* has given me ſome hints which I believe ſhe had from my aunt, that it is more out of hatred to *Seraphino*, than good-will to *Andrugio*, that my father has taken this cruel reſolution, and meerly to prevent my diſpoſing of myſelf againſt his conſent, intends to diſpoſe of me ſo contrary to my own.—Ah, madam! if it be ſo, I beſeech you to aſſure him, as you ſafely may, that there is nothing (not even this dreadful marriage) which more ſhocks my imagination, than being guilty of ſo raſh, ſo unpardonable a violation of my duty.—I agree to renounce *Seraphino* for ever,—utterly to abjure him,—to ſee him no more, and, as little as poſſible to think of him.—I will put it out of my power to liſten to any dictates my fond heart might ſuggeſt in his favour, by the moſt ſacred obligations that words can form, or incredulity exact from me; but if all this ſhould be thought too weak to atone for my failing in that implicit obedience which is expected from me, reverſe at leaſt my ſentence;—puniſh me by any other kind of means provoked authority can invent;—condemn me to paſs the whole remainder of my days in lonely ſolitude;—ſhut me from all ſociety, or baniſh me where only lions and tygers dwell.—Fate cannot reach me in any ſhape ſo horrid as the embraces of *Andrugio*.

Pardon, I beſeech you, madam, the wildneſs of theſe expreſſions, which nothing but the moſt poignant anguiſh of the laſt deſpair could have forced from me: and be aſſured, that though I have ſaid much more than you may think I ought to have done, I have ſaid little in compariſon of what is felt by, Madam,

Your unhappy, but obedient daughter,

LUCIDAMIA.

Where's

Where's the POKER? A TALE.

THE Poker loſt, poor *Suſan* ſtorm'd,
And all the rites of rage perform'd;
As ſcolding, crying, ſwearing, ſweating,
Abuſing, figitting and fretting.
" Nothing but villainy and thieving;
" Good heavens! What a world we live in?
" If I don't find it in the morning,
" I'll ſurely give my maſter warning:
" He'd better far ſhut up his doors
" Than keep ſuch good-for-nothing w——s:
" For whereſo'er their trade they drive,
" We *virtuous* bodies cannot thrive."
Well may poor *Suſan* grunt and groan,
Misfortunes never come alone,
But tread each other's heels in throngs,
For the next day ſhe loſt the tongs:
The ſalt-box, cullinder and grate,
Soon ſhar'd the ſame untimely fate.
In vain, ſhe vails and wages ſpent
On new ones—for the new ones went.
There'd been (ſhe ſwore) ſome dev'l or witch in
To rob and plunder all the kitchen.
One night ſhe to her chamber crept
(Where for a month ſhe had not ſlept,
Her maſter being to her ſeeming,
A better play-fellow than dreaming)
Curſe on the author of theſe wrongs!
In her own bed ſhe found the tongs.
(Hang *Thomas* for an idle joker!)
And there good lack! ſhe found the poker,
With ſalt-box, pepper-box and kettle,
And all the culinary mettle.——
Be warn'd, ye fair, by *Suſan*'s croſſes,
Keep chaſte, and guard yourſelves from loſſes;
For if young girls delight in kiſſing,
No wonder that the Poker's miſſing.

The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ ADAM. Numb. CLXX.

Publiſhed in London, April the 1ſt, 1756.

Poſt mortem nobilitari volunt. CICERO.

TAKING my walk of obſervation the other day, as is often my cuſtom, I was led by the courſe of my tour into one of our famous hoſpitals. The magnificence of the building, the order and regularity of the houſhold, the multitude that were received, and their ſeveral accommodations, threw me naturally into a very pleaſing contemplation on the extenſive charity of my good countrymen. From one of theſe endowed habitations I was carried on to another, till I believe I made myſelf acquainted with all the public edifices of this nature, that this large and opulent city abounds with. Some of them I found of royal and very ample foundation, others raiſed and maintained by a ſingle and munificent family, others by a joint act of the whole people; all, however, noble in their purpoſes, and admirably adapted for the particular uſes to which they were diſtinctly appropriated. I admired throughout the number of inhabitants thus perfectly provided for in every ſtage of their conditions, together with the continual increaſe of the fund which muſt ſupport ſuch an addition of charges, as I obſerved by the augmentation of apartments, and decorations of more coſt, perhaps, than utility. Charity, thought I, works in ſecret; and theſe matters are of courſe hidden from me. But happening to turn myſelf on one ſide of the chamber, I diſcovered two or three long tablets, with ſeveral names inſcribed in large golden characters, which in my ſymplicity I took for the votive hiſtories of the poor, who had felt the efficacy of relief under theſe merciful manſions: but upon a nearer inſpection I found them to be no other than an enumeration of the very worthy and pious perſons of both ſexes, who annually

annually or occaſionally afforded what it pleaſed them in their liberality to beſtow.

I was reſolved, ſince chance had thrown ſo much information in my way, to peruſe, againſt my cuſtom, the accounts of other families; which practice, however, I thought the leſs impertinent, as I could perceive no other end in their being placed there. Here I diſcovered a contribution that did honour indeed to the names that were annexed to it, and would have done ſo to the greateſt. The immenſe ſums notwithſtanding that were adjoined to the names of ſeveral private perſons, larger than I could have ſuſpected to be within their power, raiſed my curioſity enough to make a farther enquiry into the hiſtory of ſome of theſe very liberal donors. Two of them I accordingly pitched upon to be the ſubject of my inveſtigation, as they ſtood upon the liſt; the one a maiden lady, who bequeathed at her death five thouſand pounds to the poor of this houſe: the other, an old gentleman who had ſettled, after his deceaſe, his whole eſtate upon them for ever.

The good lady's ſtory cannot be better known than by a letter which I received, in the courſe of my enquiry, from her nephew, who with three ſiſters had retired in ſorrow at their aunt's death to a country village, in the northern parts of this kingdom: it is written with ſuch plainneſs and ſimplicity, and is ſo much ſuited to the circumſtances of the writer, that I own myſelf much captivated with my rural correſpondence. The letter is this.

SIR,

It is neither our inclination, nor I am ſure our intereſt, to conceal any thing from you, who have taken ſo much generous pains in our ſervice. Your offers are received by us all moſt thankfully; but you are miſinformed as to the hundred pounds: for my late aunt has left every ſhilling to the hoſpital, after her funeral expences were diſcharged, which amounted to a good deal, as ſhe was whimſical in many articles that related to her burial. How ſhe paſſed us by in this manner, is ſtill a matter of wonder and perplexity to us, as ſhe continued

to

to the very day of her death to declare that ſhe had nobody to look upon, this ſide of heaven, but her dear nephew and neices. She was accounted always a vain woman; but we thought her very religious, eſpecially as ſhe began to decline. For ſome months before ſhe died, ſhe never miſſed morning or evening ſervice throughout the week, beſides her private devotion in her own houſe, at which none of the family were ſuffered to be preſent. The miniſter and ſhe would ſometimes ſtay two or three hours together. She uſed often to diſcourſe upon charity, and ſaid ſhe loved the poor, though I do not remember to have ſeen her beſtow any alms whilſt I lived with her; which ſurprized us the more that ſhe ſhould leave all to them at her death. She has given them her picture too, with orders that it ſhould be hung over the great door of the chapel. Remember, ſir, it is by your own deſire I collect theſe trifling particulars, that concern ourſelves only, and the memory of ſo fantaſtical and unjuſt a woman; for ſuch I muſt call her, notwithſtanding I aſſure you I am perfectly and contented reſigned to my lot.

I am, *&c.*

It was with great difficulty I could learn any thing relating to the old gentleman, who is mentioned to have diſpoſed of his whole eſtate in this manner. Thoſe of his blood and neareſt kindred had betaken themſelves to the loweſt ſupports which employment affords to the miſerable; and were either diſperſed in the navy, or in ſuch ſtations, that all enquiries of this ſort were fruitleſs. The very name was obliterated every where, except where it pointed out the diſpoſal of a very conſiderable fortune. All I could gather of him was, that he had increaſed a very good paternal inheritance by every art of thriving in trade, that is ſafely practicable; that he was always called in the city, a hard money-getting man; and that he had left his brothers, ſiſters and grand-children to make their way without the leaſt proviſion or aſſiſtance. There was a ſtatue erecting for him, I found by his own orders, in the hoſpital.

Thus

Thus ended my purſuit, which I quitted with as much eagerneſs as it was undertaken. I was diſpleaſed over and over with myſelf at my ſearch, and wiſhed for that tranquillity of mind, which is always the portion of a happy ignorance. The ſtream, as I viewed, it was clear; and it is certain I went out of my way to look at the fountain. The generoſity I at firſt contemplated with rapture, was now exchanged for the diſguſt I felt at pride and injuſtice. Were ſtrokes indeed of this nature not ſo ſevere in their effect, there is ſomething ſo ridiculous in theſe oſtentatious charities, and ſuch an abſurdity in appropriations of this ſort, under the circumſtances I have deſcribed, that I confeſs I could indulge a leſs ſerious reflection at the examination of them.

The two originals above, have many counterparts in this nation; perſons who are frequently ſo very charitable as to reduce their whole families to beggary. The raiſing a church, or endowing an hoſpital, are the two main objects of an elderly ſinner's piety; and no matter by what means, ſo that the end be but accompliſhed. This is ſuch a compendious way of diſcharging all the duties of life at once, and at the expence only of what there is no poſſibility of retaining any longer, that no wonder theſe ſpunges of charity are in ſo much uſe at ſome certain periods, and at ſuch alone.

I would not dwell upon errors which I thought incorrigible, or endeavour to diſcover cauſes without hopes of amending the effects; but I am really of opinion that the grievances here ſet forth, owe their birth chiefly to a few miſtakes, which my acception of the word charity inclines me very much to rectify, for the ſervice eſpecially of theſe pious and liberal benefactors: for ſuch I make no queſtion many of them are, only, as I have ſaid before, they are unfortunate enough to lie under ſome miſtakes. In the firſt place therefore, I ſhall venture to lay it down as a maxim, that there is no ſuch thing as poſthumous charity. There may be equity, and there may be propriety in a laſt deſignation of earthly goods, but real or intrinſic generoſity or benevolence there can be none.

——*Quo more pyris veſci Calaber jubet hoſpes.*

It is a modern ſuppoſition, nouriſhed by hope and weakneſs, that leads people to reckon upon an act, that does not take place whilſt they are alive. I do not remember that any one of the apoſtles, the preachers and examples of every ſocial obligation, enforced ever the duty of teſtamentary acts of goodneſs: nor did David ſet apart a charge upon the revenue his ſon was to enjoy after him, toward the building a temple, which he found was not to be the glory of his own reign.

Another error, which I hope to ſet right, ariſes from the general idea of poverty, which ſeems not to be very well ſettled. The poor under your eye, and the poor unborn, ſtand in a very different relation of indigence together. Thus a crippled pennyleſs ſiſter, or an infirm couſin, are by no means equal objects of bounty with the future offſpring of a future beggar. All that I have to ſay to a perſuaſion of this ſort, is, that I will affirm, a relation or dependant left to ſtarve, is in every article as true a beggar as any between St. Paul's and St. Peter's. Upon the whole, ſince money has no currency on the other ſide of the grave, and no real value but in its application on this, I could wiſh the laſt diſpoſition of it were a little better conſidered. It is but reaſonable ſurely, to expect that thoſe who do no good with it whilſt they live, ſhould do leſs miſchief with it when they die.

**

ANECDOTES.

CXXXV.

DR. ——, fellow of St. John's college, Oxford, was remarkable for two things, a great ſtock of wit, and a great ſtomach; one day after dinner and half an hour's facetiouſneſs and gluttony, juſt as the courſe was going to be removed, he began to look with unuſual melancholy; every one about him wondered at the doctor's gloominеſs;

gloomineſs; and at laſt the Preſident of the college aſked him the reaſon. *Sir*, anſwered the doctor, *I am extremely out of order.* Dear doctor, anſwered the Preſident, you look well and roſy, your colour is freſh, and you ſeem not to have loſt your ſtomach. *Mr. Preſident*, replied our reverend trencherman, *however well my looks may be, my caſe is deſperate, I am not long a man of this world; the proof is too plain; for when I had my health, I never dined in this hall but before the laſt courſe was removed my circingle fairly touched the margin of the table; you ſee, notwithſtanding my beſt endeavours at the veniſon-paſty, I am now diſtant full three inches; it is no toucher; I fall ſtrangely away, and I'm a gone man!* Is that all the matter, cried the Preſident; courage, doctor, though you have not reached at a toucher; for you muſt know, we have had the table moved ſix inches farther from the bench you ſit upon, and therefore inſtead of loſing three inches, you have gained three. *Oho! is that the buſineſs? it is well enough then*, anſwered the doctor, with a ſmile upon his countenance; and immediately reſumed his gaiety, drank his two bottles, and rolled home to his chamber with great chearfulneſs.

CXXXVI.

WE find the following ſtrange ſtory related by Voltaire. Some months after the death of cardinal Mazarin, an event happened, ſays he, of a moſt extraordinary nature: A gentleman unknown was in the moſt ſecret manner carried priſoner to the caſtle of St. Margaret, on the coaſt of Provence. His ſtature was above the common, and of a noble and beautiful preſence. This priſoner was during the whole journey in a maſk, which had the chin-piece ſo contrived with ſteel ſprings, that he could eat and drink without pulling it off; and his keepers had orders to kill him if he ever unmaſked. He remained in that iſland until an officer of great truſt, named St. Mars, was made governor of the Baſtile in 1690, who went to bring him from St. Margaret's, and conducted him to the Baſtile ſtill maſked as before. Before his removal from that iſland, the

marquis

marquis of Louvois went thither to ſee him, and treated him with ſuch reſpect that he did not offer to ſit down in his preſence. He was lodged in the beſt apartment in the Baſtile; and nothing was refuſed him that he pleaſed to call for. His taſte turned chiefly upon having linen and laces of the fineſt kind, and he was entertained in the grandeſt manner, the governor ſeldom ſitting down with him. An old phyſician belonging to the Baſtile declared, that he had never ſeen his face, though he had often examined his tongue, and other parts of his body: that he was extremely well made, his ſkin a little upon the brown, and ſuch a tone of voice as intereſted every body in his favour; but that he never complained of his condition, or allowed any one to ſee who he was. This unknown gentleman died in 1704, and was buried in the night in St. Paul's churchyard; but what was moſt extaordinary, no man of any figure in Europe diſappeared when this gentleman was ſent to the caſtle of St. Margaret. M. Chamillard was the laſt miniſter entruſted with this ſurpriſing ſecret; and his ſon-in-law, marſhal de Fuillade, the ſecond of the name, has told me, that when his father was upon his death-bed, he had upon his knees begged of him to inform him, who this gentleman was, who was never known by any other name than that of *the man with the iron mask?* but his anſwer was, that it was a ſecret of ſtate which he had ſworn never to reveal.

We may throw ſome light on this dark ſtory of Voltaire's, by another. It has been an old report that Lewis XIV, was not the ſon of his reputed father, as his queen had lived with him twenty years without a child, inſomuch that when it was reported at court that the queen was pregnant, the duke of Orleans, who was next heir to the crown, and who well knew his brother's impotency, could never be brought to believe it; and when the queen was brought to bed, inſiſted on being preſent at the delivery, leſt they ſhould play a warming-pan trick upon him; but being aſked afterwards by cardinal Richlieu, what he thought of it then? anſwered with a ſneer, the queen had brought forth a ſon ſure enough, but either the devil or the prieſt muſt have put him in.

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[To illuſtrate this ſtory ſtill farther, it muſt be obſerved that the intereſt of Richelieu and Orleans at that time claſhed; they were rivals for power, and it was the whole bent of the duke's ambition to effect the cardinal's diſgrace, which he moſt certainly would have accompliſhed had Lewis XIII died without iſſue. To prevent this, the cardinal, 'tis thought, procured a perſon of ſome diſtinction, and great perſonal endowments, to hold commerce with the queen, by which two children ſoon appeared, the oldeſt of whom was Lewis le Grand. When this ſcheme was effected, there was no more occaſion for employing this perſonage in his former office; but as he had been privy to one of the boldeſt attempts in hiſtory, his preſence at court was dangerous; and therefore it was good policy to remove him. Whether this was Voltaire's *man with the iron mask*, or not, perhaps may never be certainly known; but that Lewis XIV. was a baſtard, was well known in France, a pamphlet having been publiſhed there in the beginning of queen Anne's reign, entitled, *The grand Pretenders protecting the little one*, which was burnt by the common executioner, and the author of it forced to quit the kingdom of France for ever.]

This ſtory is related after another manner by an anonymous author, who ſays, this unknown perſon was the duke de Vermandois, natural ſon of Lewis XIV, by a woman of great beauty but mean birth, whom he loved to diſtraction, and cauſed the young prince her ſon to be educated with all imaginable care; he was handſome; well-made, full of vivacity, but haughty and paſſionate, and could not bear to pay the dauphin, the only legitimate ſon of Lewis XIV. the reſpect due to a prince born to be his king. Theſe two young princes, near the ſame age, were of very oppoſite characters. The dauphin, poſſeſſed of the ſame perſonal advantages as the duke, excelled him by his mildneſs, his affability, and a heart full of goodneſs and generoſity. Theſe qualities, as eſtimable as uncommon in a prince born to hereditary power, rendered the dauphin the object of the duke's contempt, who miſſed no occaſion of expreſſing his con-

cern for the French nation, deſtined one day to obey a prince without ſpirit, and unworthy to rule. The king was informed of this behaviour of the duke, and ſaw how blameable it was, but authority yielding to parental affection deprived him of the power to correct his favourite ſon. The duke, encouraged by this indulgence, ſo far forgot himſelf as one day to give the dauphin a blow. The king was preſently acquainted with it, and trembled for the criminal. Whatever inclination he had to diſſemble this affront, the dignity of the crown and the diſturbance it made at court, got the better of his tenderneſs. He aſſembled, not without reluctance, his favourite miniſters, to whom he diſcloſed his concern, and demanded their advice. In proportion to the enormity of the crime, and according to the maxims of ſtate, they all judged it merited death. However, one of the council, more ſenſible of the king's affliction than the reſt, ſaid, there was a way to puniſh the duke without taking his life. He propoſed, that the king ſhould immediately ſend him to the army then on the frontiers of Flanders; that ſoon after his arrival there it ſhould be given out he was ſeized with the plague, to prevent his being viſited by perſons of diſtinction; that after a few days pretended illneſs, it ſhould be reported he was dead; and that while in the ſight of the army his funeral ceremonies were performed in a manner worthy of his birth, he ſhould by night be ſecretly conveyed to the iſland of St Margaret's, where he ſhould be impriſoned for life. This advice was approved by the king. Faithful perſons were entruſted with the execution of it. The duke ſet out for the army with a ſplendid equipage; the reſt of the ſcheme was executed as laid down; and while the camp bewailed the imagined death of this unhappy prince, he was conducted through by-ways to the caſtle of St. Margaret, and put into the hands of the governor, who had before-hand received orders from the king to ſuffer his priſoner to be ſeen by no other perſon whatever. The duke was allowed one ſingle domeſtic, who was in the ſecret; but he dying on the road, the guard diſfigured him with their ſabres to prevent his being known, and leaving him ſtripped for the ſame reaſon,

continued

continued their journey. The governor received and treated his priſoner with the greateſt reſpect. He ſerved him in perſon, receiving whatever he wanted from the ſervants, at the door of the duke's apartment, without ſuffering any of them to enter, ſo that he remained inviſible to all about him. One day, however, he bethought himſelf of graving his name on the back of a plate with the point of his knife; the ſervant who diſcovered this, brought it to his maſter in hopes of a reward; but the unhappy wretch was killed on the ſpot that the ſecret might die with him. The duke remained for ſome years in this priſon, till the governor being advanced to the government of the Baſtile at Paris, it was thought proper to transfer with him his illuſtrious priſoner. Both at St. Margaret's and the Baſtile, whenever on account of ſickneſs, or any other occaſion, they were obliged to let the duke be ſeen, he was conſtrained to wear a maſk. Several perſons worthy of credit affirm they have ſeen him thus. If it be queried, why the duke having ſo long outlived both the king and the dauphin, he was not enlarged, it muſt be conſidered, as impoſſible to reſtore to his rank, dignity or eſtate, a prince whoſe tomb exiſted, and of whoſe obſequies ſo many then living were witneſſes, as well as proofs in writing; ſo that it would have been ſcarce poſſible to undeceive the people, who to this hour believe he died of the plague in the camp in Flanders.

EPISTLE III.

From a lady of quality, to her friend in the country.

Dear SILVIA,

WHILE I envy you the true felicities of a calm retreat, you repine at being deprived, for a few months, of the noiſy emjoymen s of this tumultuous town.—You long to know what paſſes among the gay,

the trifling world; wiſh to be told of the foibles you pity, and, in ſpite of all your good-nature, are ſtarved for want of a little ſcandal.—Indeed, my dear, I am the moſt unfit perſon alive to treat you with this kind of food; however, I will do my beſt to entertain you, aſſuring you at the ſame time, that it ſhall be at the expence of my own follies, not at that of other people.

You know though I loſt my huſband before what they call the *honey-moon* of marriage was quite expired, and became a widow at ſixteen, I always declared againſt entering into a ſecond engagement. I need not tell you my ſincerity in this point, ſince you have been witneſs of many inſtances to convince you of it.—For more than four years, I perſiſted in my reſolution; but, you do not ſee my bluſhes, while I confeſs that towards the middle of the fifth, other ideas came into my head.—About that time I happened to meet *Dorimenes*, at lady *Lucia*'s aſſembly; he was juſt then returned from his travels; the world allows, he is perfectly accompliſhed:—he ſeemed to diſtinguiſh me in a particular manner, directed every thing he ſaid to me, and watched my eyes for an approbation:—All the company took notice of his behaviour; they ſpoke of it wherever they came, and from this firſt interview gave him to me as a lover.

After this, I could go to no public place without ſeeing him; whether I went to church, to court, to the park, the ridotto, the opera, or play, I was ſure of finding him.—At laſt he took the liberty of viſiting me, declared an infinity of paſſion for me, and left nothing unſaid or unſworn to convince me of the reality of it.—It was not vanity, but a ſecret liking, that made me but too willing to give credit to his flatteries.—Yes, *Silvia*, I will own to you that I was weak enough to be pleaſed with the perſon and addreſs of *Dorimenes*, and alſo to let him ſee I was ſo.—He propoſed marriage, and I had half conſented, when a ſudden thought came into my head, to make trial how far his affection would extend.—I told him I had but one objection to becoming his in the way he mentioned; which was, that being determined, as I imagined, never to marry again, I had made a deed of gift to a relation, of all that I was worth

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in the world, in caſe I ever did ſo, and that the ſame moment that made me a *wife*, made me alſo a *beggar*; ſo that, *ſaid I, with a very ſerious air*, it is out of my power to change my condition, unleſs to a man who has a ſufficient ſtock of *fortune* and *love* to ſupport a wife of quality, without the leaſt contribution on her part:—The *one* of theſe, *continued I*, I know you are maſter of, but dare not flatter myſelf you have enough of the *other*, to hazard the inconveniences of ſuch a union.

Perfect as he is in the art of diſſimulation, he could not keep the ſhock this tale gave him from being viſible in his countenance:—You would have been diverted to have ſeen the aukward profeſſions he afterwards made, but I felt a certain tremor at my heart, that convinced me more than I had been before, how much he had got poſſeſſion of it.—His words, indeed, were paſſionate as ever, but the accents in which they were ſpoke, were faint and languid; he vowed his whole deſires were centered in my charming perſon, but his eyes gave the lie to every oath, and while he ſwore he wiſhed no greater heaven than my preſence diſcovered an impatience to be gone.—I was now no leſs deſirous to be rid of him, and to break off an engagement I could no longer find any pleaſure in.—Some company luckily came, and relieved us both; and, would you believe it, *Silvia*, we have never met ſince—He ſent me a letter the next day, pretending ſudden buſineſs into the country; but I know he is ſtill in town, though he carefully avoids all places which threaten him with my appearance.

I ſee, *in my mind's eye*, as *Hamlet* ſays, the impatience which friendſhip and curioſity excite in you for the ſequel of this adventure, as it relates to me, for I have already informed you of all I can concerning *Dorimenes*.—I was moſt terribly mortified for the firſt four or five days, and half repented of the ſtratagem which had loſt me ſo agreeable a lover, and by putting his generoſity to too ſevere a teſt, removed the ſweet deluſion from my eyes, which, had it continued, would have afforded me the ſame ſatisfaction the reality could have done; but pride at length came to my aſſiſtance, and enabled me to think only with contempt of a man, who

while he pretended the moſt ſublime paſſion that ever was, had only ſordid intereſt in view, made his addreſſes to my fortune, not my perſon, and could think with *Hudibras*.

What's the worth of any thing,
But ſo much money as 'twill bring?

On the recovery of my liberty, I was ſadly alarmed at what might be ſaid in regard to this affair.—All my acquaintance had ſeen the devoirs paid to me by *Dorimenes*; they now ſaw thoſe devoirs were entirely ceaſed, and I trembled at the thoughts that my picture might be drawn in a willow garland at all the tea-tables in town, and perhaps exhibited on *Foote's* theatre of mimickry, among his catalogue of *miſerables*.—I did not find that an affection of gaiety would of itſelf be ſufficient to defend me from the miſchief I ſo much dreaded; and as I had heard it was a maxim with politicians to ſeem moſt open in thoſe things they moſt endeavoured to conceal, I reſolved to put it in practice, and related to every one I came in company with, the whole ſubject of my laſt converſation with *Dorimenes*, boaſting at the ſame time of my own happy artifice, which had rid me of his impertinent ſollicitations.—I had the good fortune to be believed.—My character of inſenſibility is retrieved; and the raillery falls wholly on *Dorimenes*.

To you alone, dear *Silvia*, my weakneſs is confeſſed, and I give you leave to laugh at me as immoderately as you pleaſe, provided you put it in the power of nobody elſe to do ſo, and look on the confidence I repoſe in you as the higheſt proof of friendſhip can be given by

Yours affectionately

SERENA.

The Wonderful

WONDER of WONDERS.

THERE is a certain perſon lately arrived at this city, whom it is very proper the world ſhould be informed of. His character may perhaps, be thought very inconſiſtent, improbable, and unnatural: however, I intend to draw it with the utmoſt regard to truth. This, I am the better qualified to do, becauſe he is a ſort of a *dependant* upon our family, and *almoſt* of the ſame *age*; although I cannot directly ſay, I have ever *ſeen* him. He is a native of this country, and hath lived long among us; but what appears wonderful, and hardly credible, was never ſeen *before* by any mortal.

It is true, indeed, he always chuſes the *loweſt* place in company, and contrives it ſo, to keep *out of ſight*. It is reported, however, that in his younger days he was frequently *expoſed to view*; but always againſt his will, and was ſure to *ſmart* for it.

As to his family; he came into the world a younger brother, being of *ſix* children, the *fourth* in order of birth; of which the eldeſt is now *head* of the houſe; the ſecond and third carry *arms*: but the two youngeſt are only *footmen*: ſome, indeed, add, that he hath likewiſe a twin-brother, who lives *over-againſt* him, and keps a *victualling-houſe*: he has the reputation to be a *cloſe, griping, ſqueezing* fellow, and that when his bags are *full*, he is often *needy*; yet, when the fit takes him, as faſt as he gets, he *lets it fly*.

When in *office*, no one *diſchargeth* himſelf, or *doth his buſineſs better*. He hath ſometimes *ſtrained hard* for an honeſt livelyhood; and never got a *bit*, till every body elſe had *done*.

One practice appears very blameable in him; that every morning he privately frequents *unclean houſes*, where any modeſt perſon would bluſh to be ſeen. And although this be generally known, yet the world, as cenſorious

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as it is, hath been ſo kind to overlook this infirmity in him. To deal impartially, it muſt be granted, that he is too great a lover of himſelf, and very often conſults his own *eaſe*, at the expence of his beſt friends. But this is one of his *blind ſides*; and the beſt of men I fear are not without *them*.

He hath been conſtituted by the *higher* powers in the ſtation of *Receiver-General*; in which employment, ſome have cenſured him for playing *faſt* and *looſe*. He is likewiſe *Overſeer* of the *Golden Mines*, which he daily inſpects, when his health will permit him.

He was long bred under a * *Maſter of Arts*, who inſtilled *good principles* in him, but theſe were ſoon *corrupted*. I know not whether it deſerves mention, that he is ſo very capricious, as to take it for an equal affront to talk either of *kiſſing* or *kicking* him; which hath occaſioned a thouſand quarrels: however no body ever hath been ſo great a ſufferer for faults, which he neither was, nor poſſibly could be guilty of.

In his *religion* he has thus much of the quaker, that he ſtands *always covered*, even in the preſence of the king: in moſt other points, a perfect *idolater*, although he endeavours to *conceal* it: for he is known to offer daily ſacrifices to certain *ſubterraneous Nymphs*, whom he worſhips in an *humble poſture*, *prone on his face*, and *ſtript ſtark naked*; and ſo leaves his *offerings behind him*, which the *Prieſts* of thoſe goddeſſes are careful enough to remove upon certain ſeaſons, with the utmoſt privacy at *midnight*, and from thence maintain themſelves and families. In all *urgent neceſſities* and *preſſures*, he applies himſelf to theſe deities, and ſometimes even in the *ſtreets* and *high-ways*; from an opinion that thoſe powers have an influence in all places; although their peculiar reſidence be in caverns under ground. Upon theſe *occaſions*, the faireſt ladies will not refuſe to *lend* their *hands* to aſſiſt him: for, although they are aſhamed to have him *ſeen* in their company, or even ſo much as to hear him *named*; yet it is well known, that he is one of their *conſtant followers*.

* Magiſter artis, ingenique largitor venter.

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In *Politicks*, he always ſubmits to what is *uppermoſt*; but he peruſes pamphlets on *both ſides* with great impartiality, although ſeldom till *every body elſe hath done with them*.

His *Learning* is of a mixed kind; and he may properly be be called a *Helluo librorum*, or another *Jacobus de Voragine*; although his ſtudies are chiefly confined to *School men*, *Commentators*, and *German Divines*; together with *modern poetry* and *critics*: and he is an *atomic* philoſopher, ſtrongly maintaining a *void* in *Nature*, which he ſeems to have fairly proved by many *experiments*.

I ſhall now proceed to deſcribe ſome peculiar qualities, which in ſeveral inſtances ſeem to diſtinguiſh this perſon from the common race of other mortals.

His *grandfather* was a member of the *Rump* parliament, as the *grandſon* is of the *preſent*; where he often *riſes*, ſometimes *grumbles*, but never *ſpeaks*. However, he lets nothing paſs *willingly*, but what is *well digeſted*. His courage is indiſputable, for he will take the boldeſt man alive *by the noſe*.

He is generally the *firſt a bed*, in the family, and *the laſt up*; which is to be lamented; becauſe when he happens to *riſe before* the reſt, it hath been thought to forebode ſome *good fortune to his ſuperiors*.

As wiſdom is acquired by age, ſo by every new *wrinkle* in his face, he is reported to gain ſome *new knowledge*.

In him we may obſerve the true effects and conſequences of *tyranny* in a ſtate: for, as he is a great *oppreſſor* of all *below* him, ſo there is no body more *oppreſſed* by thoſe *above* him: yet in his time, he hath been ſo highly in favour, that many *illuſtrious perſons* have been entirely indebted to *him* for their *preferments*.

He hath diſcovered from his own experience the true *point*, wherein all human actions, projects, and deſigns do chiefly *terminate*; and how *mean* and ſordid they are *at the bottom*.

It behoves the publick to keep him *quiet*; for his *frequent murmurs* are a certain ſign of *inteſtine tumults*.

No

No philoſopher ever lamented more the luxury, for which theſe nations are ſo juſtly taxed; it hath been known to coſt him *tears of blood*; for in his own nature he is far from being *profuſe*; although, indeed, he never ſtays a night at a gentleman's houſe, without *leaving ſomething behind him.*

He receives, with great ſubmiſſion, whatever his patrons think fit to give him, and when they lay *heavy burthens* upon him, which is frequent enough, he gets rid of them as ſoon as he can; but not without *ſome labour*, and *much grumbling.*

He is a perpetual *hanger-on*; yet no body knows how to be *without him.* He patiently ſuffers himſelf to be *kept under*, but loves to be well uſed; and in that caſe, will ſacrifice his *vitals* to give you *eaſe*; and he hath hardly one acquaintance, for whom he hath not been *bound*; yet, as far as we can find, was never known to *loſe* any thing by it.

He is obſerved to be very *unquiet* in the company of a *Frenchman in new cloaths*, or a young *Coquet.*

He is in ſhort, the ſubject of much *mirth* and *raillery*, which he ſeems to take well enough; although it hath not been obſerved, that ever any *good thing* came from himſelf.

There is ſo general an opinion of his juſtice, that ſometimes very *hard caſes* are left to his deciſion: and while he *ſits* upon them, he carries himſelf exactly *even between both ſides*, except where ſome *knotty point* ariſeth; and then he is obſerved to *lean* a little to the *right* or *left*, as the *matter* inclines him; but his reaſons for it are ſo manifeſt and convincing, that every man approves them.

A Dialogue between a Beau's Head *and his* Heels: *taken from their mouths as ſpoken at* Lucas's *Coffee-houſe.*

HEAD.

COME take up your burthen, ye dogs, and away,
I intend to walk up to the *Baſon* to day.

HEELS.

HEELS.

Your legs, ſir, are now in ſuch ſlender repair,
We beg that your honour may go in a chair.

HEAD.

Ye inſolent dogs! do you dare to refuſe,
So little a walk in a new pair of ſhoes?
My legs too, methinks, might have gratefully gone,
Since a new pair of *Calves* I this morning put on.

HEELS.

Do you call us ungrateful? the favours you prize,
Were deſign'd not to gratify us, but your eyes;
Is the footman oblig'd to his lordſhip or grace,
Who, to feed his own pride, has equipp'd him in lace?
We think we have very good cauſe to complain,
That you thus are exalted without any brain;
As our merits are equal, we juſtly may plead
A title ſometimes to walk on our head.

HEAD.

Very fine! at this rate all the beaus in the town,
Wou'd fairly, like tumblers, be turn'd up-ſide down;
But when I'm diſſected, to ſhew you my brains,
May all the world cry—He's a fool for his pains.
But if I may argue; pray, ſir, who takes ſnuff,
Who ogles, who ſmiles? I think titles enough.
Can you ſing, can you laugh, can you ſpeak, can you ſee?
Or what can you do, ſilly dogs, without me?
And to ſhew you how much your ambition's my ſcoff,
When next you rebel, I'll e'en ſhake you off;
Tho' I ſtand not without you, I'm ſure I can ſit,
In *P——t* too, tho' bereft of my feet.

HEELS.

Do you twit us with that? You have reaſon we bear,
We danc'd with the wives, or you had not been there;
But to daſh you at once, let us tell you, 'tis ſaid,
That ſome have ſat there without any head.

HEAD.

Gad's curſe! and that's true; ſo a word in your ear,
To oblige you for once,—Here, boy, call a chair.
Let us henceforth together, like wiſe men agree,
I'll ſtrive to ſet you off, you ſhall ſet off me.

In

In the next place, I'll ſit very light on your ſhoulder,
For nature revers'd, I grow lighter as older.
When you dance a minuet, I'll ſmile my beſt,
And do you cut a caper, when I cut a jeſt.

The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM. Numb. CLXXI.

Publiſhed in London, April the 8th. 1756.

THERE is no privilege of which an Engliſhman is ſo jealous, nor for which he ſo highly values the conſtitution of his country, as the liberty that is allowed him, not only of thinking as he pleaſes, but of generouſly communicating his thoughts to the public. This glorious charter, limited as it is, and ought to be, by wholſome laws, has infinite advantages derived from it; particularly as it tends to cultivate the liberal arts, and helps to carry on the great work of ſcience. But whether it is always for the improvement of our taſte, any more than of our morals, that we ſhould be allowed to realiſe our ſentiments, eſpecially where the object falls immediately under the public eye, is a queſtion that may perhaps admit of a debate.

Thus, for inſtance, if an ingenious gentleman, for the greater embelliſhment of his private library, ſhould think proper to erect the head, or even the entire figure of a ſhaking Mandarine, between the buſts of Tully and Demoſthenes; or to exalt the divinities of Pekin to the ſame degree of honour in his gallery, that he has already paid to the Grecian Venus and Apollo, it would be an infringement upon Britiſh liberty to check his devotion. But if the ſame innovating taſte ſhould intrude upon the muſes' ſhrine in our public ſeats of learning, I ſhould wiſh for ſome authority to ſtop ſo ſacrilegious an attempt.

The

The ſame care ſhould extend even to our amuſements: I do not mean to debar any of them from their right of appearing as often as their patrons pleaſe to call for them; I would only aſſign them the proper limits of time and place, and prevent their bringing any confuſion upon themſelves and others It is certainly very juſt, that Harlequin ſhould flouriſh with his dagger of lath, and invert the order of nature whenever he finds it neceſſary; but though I am delighted with the ingenuity of my party-coloured friend, it would grieve me to ſee him ſo far miſtake his talents, as to introduce himſelf very familiarly into the company of Shakeſpear and Johnſon.

To carry this obſervation a little higher, I think any one of our public entertainments, that more peculiarly belongs to the refined part of the world, ſhould be preſerved from any alloying mixture, that may ſink and debaſe its value, or make us look upon its ſtandard below the original worth that it pretends to claim. It is upon this account, that I cannot enough lament the preſent ſtate of our Italian opera, which ſeems to be continually declining, without any friendly hand to interpoſe, which might reſtore it to its native purity, or preſerve it from total decay. But before this kind reformer can be met with, or if any ſuch ſhould appear, before his endeavours could hope for any ſucceſs, it will be proper to examine our own taſte, to find whether it will ſtand the trial, and whether we ſhould not think his care very impertinent and ill applied.

At preſent our attention ſeems to be ſo entirely fixed upon AIR, that we think nothing enhances the value of an opera ſo much, as allowing the performers to introduce their own favourite ſongs at pleaſure; and this elegant aſſortment, ſelected from drama's of oppoſite ſubjects, written by poets of irreconcileable geniuſſes, and ſet to muſic by compoſers of contrary feelings, is ſerved up to our inexpreſſible ſatisfaction, and eagerly devoured under the modiſh title of PASTICCIO.

If I may be permitted to enter into a ſerious diſquiſition of this entertainment, after what I have ſaid of it in a former paper, I muſt beg leave to obſerve, that the Italian opera carries much more meaning in it, than one

part of its audience is poſſibly aware of, and many of the other part are willing to allow; but it is therefore neceſſary to chuſe Metaſtaſio for the poet, upon whoſe ſingle merit this ſpecies of drama muſt ſtand or fall.

And here, notwithſtanding the laudable partiality which directs us to give the palm to our own country-men, it muſt be confeſſed that this foreigner has at leaſt as good a title to it as any Engliſh tragedian of this century; and if (like them too) he has not the advantage of ſtriking out much that is new, he has the happineſs of throwing an air of novelty upon the ſentiments which he adopts, by the agreeable dreſs he gives them, and the advantageous point of view in which they were placed.

It would be exceeding the bounds of this paper to dwell upon every peculiar excellency; but it is no more than juſtice to enter into a fair examination, and, without any invidious compariſon to enquire whether his thoughts are not as pure and claſſical, his language as expreſſive and poetical, his characters as diſtinctly marked, as ſtrongly ſupported, and as judiciouſly finiſhed, his conduct of the drama as well carried on, and leading as clear to the grand cataſtrophe, as thoſe among the moſt admired of our modern writers. In the laſt circumſtance he has a difficulty in his way, which the ableſt hand would ſome times be at a loſs to remove: as the nature of this work requires every thing to be brought to a happy concluſion, it cannot but be obſerved with how maſterly a ſtep he deviates from the true to the feigned event, without confuſion, or ſwerving from the intention of his original plan.

But it is not ſufficient to examine Metaſtaſio's pretenſions by the common rules of criticiſm; there is much more required of him than of the ordinary tragic poet; not only as he is confined to the meaſure of three acts, but even theſe muſt be conciſely managed, to avoid the drowſineſs of a weary recitative. His dialogue therefore, and even his narration, is ſhort as it is clear; a ſignificant expreſſion, ſometime a ſingle word conveys a whole ſentiment, and that without leaving room for doubt, or throwing the leaſt obſcurity. His ſoliloquies, where the compoſer has an opportunity of introducing

ducing the accompanied recitative, perhaps the moſt noble part of an opera, are not only diſtinguiſhed by the fineſt touches of poetry, but abound in all that variety and tranſition of paſſions, which naturally work in the human mind, when it is wrought up to the height of its diſtreſs. His ſongs and choruſſes, where all the power of muſic ought to combine, are made up of ſentiments; theſe indeed are ſo finely imagined, and finiſhed with ſo happy an elegance, that perhaps they would not ſuffer even by appearing among the antient Lyric writers.

If this be true of our poet (and ſurely it is but juſtice to allow him this) let us bring him upon the ſtage, attended as he ought. And here it is not enough, that the compoſer be thoroughly ſkilled in all the art of muſic, and feel the whole force of it, but he muſt partake of the poet's ſpirit, catch the flame through every ſcene, and be ſo far wrapt in the genius of his author, as to preſerve the ſame caſt of ſentiment through the whole work. This, indeed, is ſo neceſſary an attention to his character, that a ſingle compoſer, though but of the ſecond claſs, who ſhall follow him with affection, and enter into a ſocial feeling with him as he is capable, will do him more juſtice, than a ſuite of the ableſt maſters at his heels, who perform their alternate ſervices, and conſider his ideas ſeparately, without having regard to the union and harmony of the whole.

But let the poet, and his attendant harmoniſt be ever ſo happily united, there is ſtill a reaſoning, but perhaps not the moſt feeling part of mankind, who will by no means allow the opera any dramatic merit, and conſequently deprive it at once of its diſtinguiſhing worth. Their judgment, it ſeems, is irreparably hurt, in finding heroes conquering, rivals contending, lovers deſpairing to the ſound of muſic; and they cannot reconcile it to their ſenſes, that people who ſeem diſcourſing upon very intereſting ſubjects, ſhould be obliged to do it by time and meaſure. The learned among theſe will probably meet with an apology, from ſomething ſimilar upon the Grecian ſtage, and the

others will do well to conſider whether they are not literal critics in muſic, as grammarians are in learning; perhaps they cannot ſeparate from harmony the idea of fiddle-ſtrings and pipes, any more than theſe can from language the invariable chime of adverb, conjunction and prepoſition; whereas the muſic we are ſpeaking of is the voice of nature, in her various accents of joy, grief, rage, lamentation, pity, or deſpair. The notes indeed are diveſted of their wildneſs, have their temperaments, cadences, and limits; but they ſeem to be no other than the laws which nature has ſet them, and their bounds are too nicely concealed to have the appearance of borrowing any thing from art.

A diſtinguiſhing ear, or rather a feeling heart that yields to the impreſſion which a noble accompanyment carries with it, will be ſo far from calling off his attention from the principal part, or conſidering the additional harmony as the effect of mechanic art, that it will more intimately ſtrike him as a ſympathetic ſenſe, which ariſes in the mind itſelf, unconnected and independent of any aſſiſtance from without. Even thoſe whoſe ideas are leſs abſtracted, but who have ſouls prepared for the reception of harmony, when they hear from the orcheſtra the animating ſtrains, or dying falls, as Shakeſpear expreſſes it, will, without any critical reflections, conſider them as having the ſame effect upon the ear, as a well painted ſcene upon the eye, where that man would ſurely wrong his imagination much, who inſtead of indulging it in the ſuppoſed reality of rocks, woods and rivers, ſhould check his feeling at once, and conſider every thing before him merely as canvas and colours.

If theſe obſervations are at all founded upon truth, an opera, well conducted, muſt be one of the nobleſt repreſentations that lies within the reach of mimic art, and conſequently there cannot be too much care and attention employed to produce it with every advantage. How this will beſt be effected, may perhaps be worth the enquiry; but it can only be ſo upon a ſuppoſition that the thing itſelf has really a great ſhare of that merit which it pretends to aſſume. There cannot indeed be a

ſtronger

ſtronger ridicule, than to give an air of importance to amuſements, if they are in themſelves contemptible and void of real taſte; but if they are the object and care of the judicious and polite, and really deſerve that diſtinction, the conduct of them is certainly of conſequence, as that alone will determine the public approbation, and by that only their patrons can preſide over them with dignity.

Of MENDAX.

MENDAX pretends to tell men news:
And that it may be ſuch, himſelf doth uſe
To make it: but that will no longer need,
Let him tell truth, it will be news indeed.

Honeſty the beſt Policy.

THAT patriotiſm's a joke, we muſt allow,
For ——, the laſt profeſſor, owns it now;
But rigid —— keeps his ſteady plan,
And claims no title——but of honeſt man.

On COLLIMUS.

IF that *Collimus* any thing do lend,
Or dog, or horſe, or hawk unto his friend,
He to endear the borrower's love the more,
Saith he ne'er lent it any one before;
Nor would to any but to him: his wife
Having obſerv'd theſe ſpeeches all her life,
Behind him forks her fingers, and doth cry;
To none but you; I'd do this courteſie.

Good Wits jump.

AGAINST a poſt a ſcholar chanc'd to ſtrike
At unawares his head; like will to like:
Good wits will jump (quoth he:) if that be true,
The title of a blockead is his due.

RIDDLE XII.

I AM a mute, yet full of eloquence;
A decent cover to a want of ſenſe;
The life of muſic, and the ſoul of ſpleen,
The ſpring of pain, and fount of joy unſeen;
A living death who am of nothing made,
In noon-day's ſun wrapt up in thickeſt ſhade;
Yet often call'd to ſacred juſtice' aid:
Wiſdom provok'd, when vice and folly vent
Their nauſeous ſound, by me denies aſſent.
A cloak for guilt, and modeſty's pretence,
The villain's bait for artleſs innocence;
Allur'd by me the cit ſuſpends his gains,
To taſte the bliſs I ſpread o'er rural plains.
The ſage and wit me court, and me revere,
As th' element and mint of knowledge clear;
In which it moves, from whence it ſprings and ſhines
In num'rous ancient and ſome modern lines.
Ev'n ſtubborn Quakers in aſſembled ſwarms,
Give me the praiſe of thouſand thouſand charms.

EPITAPH *on a Pariſh Clerk.*

THERE lies entomb'd within this vault ſo dark,
A taylor, cloth-draw'r, ſoldier, and a clerk.
Death ſnatch'd him hence, and alſo from him took
His needle, thimble, ſword, and prayer-book.
He could not work, nor fight, nor ſing, what then?
He left the world, and faintly cry'd——*Amen.*

SONG 57. *A new Ballad.*

THE ſun beam'd forth intenſely bright,
Exulting in meridian light;
When blooming Sylvia ſought the bow'r,
To paſs in ſhade the noon-tide hour.

It

It chanc'd that I too wander'd there,
And, when reclin'd I ſaw the fair
Could I leave her, could I leave her,
Think, O lovers, could I leave her.

Oh, goddeſs of my ſoul! I cry'd,
See nature ſmiles in genial pride;
The feather'd poets ſing and bill,
But ſweeter Sylvia's cruel ſtill:
To gentler uſe thy charms employ,
The voice of love invites to joy.
I'll ne'er leave thee, I'll ne'er leave thee,
Dear Sylvia, I'll ne'er leave thee.

Can'ſt thou, ſhe anſwer'd brand the name
Of love, to grace thy ſenſual flame?
True paſſion hopes ſublimer joys,
And never whom it loves deſtroys:
And beauty only looks divine,
When virtue gives it light to ſhine.
Haſte and leave me, haſte and leave me,
Deceiver, haſte and leave me.

With all ſucceſsful knowledge told,
Wou'd melt the kind, and warm the cold;
I ſtrove her doctrine to confute,
But fortitude was abſolute:
Some magic dwelt in all ſhe ſaid,
And ſtill was this injunction laid,
Haſte and leave me, haſte and leave me,
Thou rover, haſte and leave me.

At length convicted, ſelf-condemn'd,
I lov'd that pow'r I once contemn'd;
Compell'd to own againſt my will,
That chaſtity's in woman ſtill.
From folly's maze I now depart,
And Sylvia ſo endears my heart
'Twill ne'er leave her, 'twill ne'er leave her,
My heart will never leave her.

ANECDOTES.

CXXXVII.

DEAN SWIFT, among other whimſies, took it into his head to have a feaſt once a year in imitation of the Saturnalia, which in Heathen Rome was held about the time of our Chriſtmas, at which the ſervants perſonated their maſters, and the maſters waited upon them as ſervants. In this project he engaged ſeveral other perſons of taſte, and it was firſt put in execution at the Deanery-houſe. When all the ſervants were ſeated, and every gentleman placed behind his own man; the dean's ſervant took an opportunity to find fault with ſome meat that was not done to his taſte, and taking it up in his hand threw it in his maſter's face, and mimicked him in every other foible which he had ever diſcovered in him. But the dean, whether he was mortified by the reproof, or provoked by the indignity, flew into a violent rage, beat the fellow, and put every thing into ſuch diſorder that the ſervants ran out of the room in a fright; and thus ended the dean's Saturnalia.

CXXXVIII.

DOCTOR ****, ſoon after he had been conſecrated biſhop of ——, deſired Mrs. Pilkington to give his compliments to the dean of St. Patrick's, and tell him, as he owed his preferment to his recommendation, he was ſurprized he had never ſeen him ſince; while I was plain Dr. ****, ſays he, the dean uſed to ſend his wine and bread before him, and frequently take a dinner with me; but now I believe he is aſhamed to own me. Mrs. Pilkington delivered the biſhop's meſſage, to which the dean liſtened with great attention, and then ſaid—*Oh! I remember ſomething of it: lord C—— applied to me for a perſon to make a biſhop of, whom I knew was not an honeſt man; and as I wanted the living of —— for D——, I recommended —— to the biſhoprick*

ſhoprick with an aſſurance that he would anſwer his excelleney's purpoſe; and pox take me if I ever thought him worth my contempt till I had made a biſhop of him.

CXXXIX.

DR. **** of —— college, was very famous, or rather infamous, for ſtarving himſelf and every thing about him; no wonder therefore that his old gelding *Stedfaſt* was put to board at little or no expence in a neighbouring fen, where what graſs there was, was ſcarcely eatable. One day at commons Mr.—— one of the fellows, and a noted wag, told the Doctor that he had been to pay a viſit to his horſe. Pray, Sir, ſays the Doctor, what converſation might you have with him? None at all, replied ——, but I put my hand in my pocket and ſhewed him a N-oat.—— And what did he ſay to that, rejoined the Doctor? Nothing on the earth, ſays ——, *he only ſhook his head and laugh'd.*

CXL.

THE above Mr. ****, who (amongſt other ſpecies of humour) was a great punſter, was in company at a tavern with one Mr. *Tench*. Mr. *Tench* being a milkſop, and refuſing his glaſs in turn, —— obſerved to him, that he drank like a *Maid*, that he was a man of no *Soul*, that he was ſorry to meet him in that *Place*, but however he would not have him be *crabbed*, for he did not intend to *carp* at him—and ſo he ran on till *Tench* fell into a downright paſſion, and gave —— a challenge to fight him.——Upon which —— with a horſe-laugh told him, *That he took him rather for a* flying-fiſh, *than a* ſword-fiſh, *or elſe*, ſaid he, *I would not have medled with you.*

CXLI.

IT is the cuſtom when the gentlemen are cut out of commons at Oxford, to BATTLE, and at Cambridge, to SIZE, as they term it, which is in plain Engliſh, to buy a dinner out of one's own pocket of the college-cook. ——having ſeveral times been tricked out of his dinner by the early attendance of his brother ſtudents, was

was determined to be even with them, and having one day poſſeſſed himſelf of a whole gooſe, he fell a punning through all the terms of back-gammon. *Gentlemen*, ſays he, *if I bate you an* ace, duce *take me, for it would be*-tray *a weakneſs, if a man could not* cater *for himſelf, therefore* ſink *me if I don't make you all* ſize.

CXLII.

THE late Dr. Baraby, whoſe wit had too often a tincture of ill-nature, was one evening very hard upon Mr. H——, who had been in great diſtreſs.—— H—— took no notice of him at firſt, but ſuffered him to run on till he changed the ſubject, and amongſt other things the Doctor mentioned his having been out of town for a week. Aye, ſays Mr. H——, that was publiſhed in all the Saturday's papers. In what form, ſays the Doctor? Why DECREASED IN THE BURIALS THIS WEEK ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR.

CXLIII.

THE late Prince of Wales having a mind to divert himſelf incog. went to ſee a bull-baiting near Hockley-in-the-hole. The bull (being true game) gave a great deal of ſport, and foil'd every dog that attacked him.——At laſt, old Towzer, whoſe owner (a butcher of Clare-market) ſtood cloſe to the Prince, fairly pinned the bull—At which the butcher, in the joy of his heart, gave his royal highneſs a ſwinging clap on the back, ſaying at the ſame time, *G—d d—n your bl—d, Mr. Prince, if that is not my dog.*

CXLIV.

DR. Dover, an eminent phyſician, in the beginning of the preſent reign, publiſhed a book, entitled, *Dr. Dover's laſt legacy to his country*, in which he ſtrongly recommends the uſe of quickſilver, inſomuch that it became the medicine of high and low, till a lady of diſtinction dancing at a public aſſembly, the quickſilver ſhe had taken that morning dropt plentifully from her and all beſpangled the floor; which by the glaring light of many candles, the gentlemen took to be brilliants,

liants, and ſtooped down to take them up accordingly; but finding it was only quickſilver, and judging from whence it came, they cried out, *that ſomebody had ſcattered her diamonds*, which occaſioned a horſe-laugh among the gentlemen, and put all the ladies to the bluſh. This whimſical accident quite diſcredited the preſcription.

CXLV.

SOME time before his death, Dr. South reſided at Caverſham in Oxfordſhire, and having occaſion to come to London upon particular affairs, he took that opportunity to pay a morning viſit to his old friend Dr. Waterland, who being overjoyed to ſee him, preſſed him to ſtay dinner, which he at length conſented to do; but the doctor's lady, who was a noted œconomiſt, was greatly troubled at it, and calling her huſband into the adjoining room, began to expoſtulate the matter ſharply with him, how he could be ſo provoking to aſk the gentleman to dine, when he knew ſhe was utterly unprovided. The good man endeavoured to pacify her, by ſaying, it was his fellow-collegian, and he could do no leſs than aſk him to dine, and therefore prayed her to compoſe her paſſion, and haſten to provide ſomething elegant, for that there was not a man in the world he reſpected more than the friend that was now come to ſee him.—This inſtead of mending the matter made it worſe; the lady ſaid ſhe had already got a leg of mutton, and if he would be ſo ſilly to invite his friends upon ſuch occaſions, they ſhould take what ſhe had to give them, for ſhe would be put out of her way for none of them.—The doctor was now provoked beyond all patience, and proteſted, that if it were not for the ſtranger then in the houſe, he would beat her. Dr. South, who had heard the whole dialogue, and was not a little diverted, inſtantly took up the diſcourſe, and ſaid, with his uſual humour, in a voice loud enough to be heard, *Dear doctor, as we have been friends ſo long, I beſeech you not to make a ſtranger of me upon this occaſion.*—The lady, aſhamed of the diſcovery, retired,

and

and appeared no more that day, but ordered a handſome dinner to be ſent up, and left the two doctors to enjoy themſelves peaceably, to their mutual ſatisfaction.

CXLVI.

EGINHART, who was ſecretary to Charles the Great, was a man of great abilities, and highly eſteemed by his maſter and the whole court. Imma, the emperor's daughter, was ſo pleaſed with his perſon and converſation, that ſhe fell in love with him. As ſhe was one of the greateſt beauties of the age, Eginhart anſwered her with a more than equal return of paſſion. They ſtifled their flames for ſome time, under apprehenſion of the fatal conſequences that might enſue. Eginhart, at length, reſolving to hazard all rather than be deprived of one whom his heart was ſo much ſet upon, conveyed himſelf one night into the princeſs's apartmen, and knocking gently at the dooor, was admitted. He was with her in private moſt part of the night; but upon his preparing to go away about break of day, he obſerved that there had fallen a great ſnow during his ſtay with the princeſs. This muchperplexed him, leſt the prints of his feet in the ſnow might make diſcoveries to the king, who often uſed to viſit his daughter in the morning. He acquainted Imma with his fears; who, after ſome conſultation, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the ſnow upon her own ſhoulders. It happed that the emperor, not being able to ſleep, was at that time up and walking in his chamber, when upon looking through the window he perceived his daughter tottering under her burden, and carrying his firſt miniſter acroſs the ſnow; which ſhe had no ſooner done but ſhe returned again with the utmoſt ſpeed to her own apartment. The emperor was extremely troubled and aſtoniſhed at this accident; but reſolved to ſpeak nothing of it till a proper opportunity. In the mean time, Eginhart, knowing that what he had done could not be long a ſecret, determined to retire from court; and in order to it, begged the emperor that he would be pleaſed to diſmiſs him, pretending a kind of diſcontent at his not having been rewarded for his long ſervices.

The

The emperor would not give a direct anſwer to his petition, but told him he would think of it, and appointed a certain day when he would let him know his pleaſure. He then called together the graveſt of his counſellors, and acquainted them with what he had ſeen, aſked them their advice in ſo delicate an affair. Moſt of them were of opinion that the perſon could not be too ſeverely puniſhed who had thus diſhonoured his maſter. Upon the whole debate, the emperor declared it was his opinion, that Eginhart's puniſhment would rather increaſe than diminiſh the ſhame of his family, and that therefore he thought it the moſt adviſable way, to wear out the memory of the fact, by marrying him to his daughter. Accordingly, Eginhart was called in, and acquainted by the emperor, *That he ſhould no longer have any pretence of complaining his ſervices were not rewarded, for that princeſs* Imma *ſhould be given him in marriage, with a dower ſuitable to her quality;* which was ſoon after performed accordingly.

CXLVII.

SIR John Meade, the anceſtor of the late eminent Dr. Meade, was bred to the law, and was deſervedly diſtinguiſhed as one of the fineſt orators that ever Ireland produced. It happened that an eſtate of 5000 l. a year in this kingdom fell to Sir Edward Seymour, an Engliſh gentleman; but this was a fortune too conſiderable to hope to get poſſeſſion of without difficulty, as there were other claimants under the ſame title, and therefore he found his perſonal appearance here abſolutely neceſſary. It is to be obſerved that Sir Edward Seymour was accounted the proudeſt man in England; and Sir John Meade was no leſs remarkable for that ſame fault. Sir Edward landed in this city, filled with that contempt which his countrymen affect generally to have for the Iriſh; and meeting with ſome of his old friends who held the principal poſts here, he enquired *Whether there were any ſuch creatures as Lawyers to be met with in this damn'd place?* They anſwered, *Yes; and thoſe very good ones*; but if he had any cauſe of importance to try, he muſt apply himſelf to Sir John

Meade, if he hoped to carry it, *Well*, ſaid he, *let one of my fellows go and fetch him.* Your fellows! Sir Edward, ſaid one of the gentlemen; why it is odds if you can get acceſs to him yourſelf. *What the devil!* returned he, *do Iriſh lawyers take ſuch ſtate upon them?* You are to conſider, Sir Edward, ſaid the other, he is a gentleman of family, has a noble fortune, and is ſo eminent in his profeſſion, that ſhould he be employed againſt you, you may bid farewel to your cauſe. This laſt argument had ſuch force with it, that Sir Edward condeſcended to wait on Meade the next morning; who being appriſed of what the other had ſaid, reſolved to be as ſtately as himſelf, and accordingly ſent him down word, *that he was then very buſy, but if he would pleaſe to ſtay till he was at leiſure, he would ſee him*; ſo, Sir Edward was ſhewn into a parlour, where he remained for an hour, to mortify, before he could obtain audience. When Meade thought he had humbled him enough, he then ſent to let him know, that he ſhould be glad to ſee him; and received him with a politeneſs natural to him; but when Sir Edward went to open his caſe, he told him, *he muſt leave his brief, for he could not ſpare time to hear him.* Sir Edward laid down his brief with a purſe of gold upon it: and then taking his leave, departed full of indignation that he had now met an Iriſhman prouder than himſelf. When the day appointed for trial came, there were ſeveral eminent council engaged on the oppoſite ſide; and Sir John, reſolving to try the patience of his client to the utmoſt, permitted every one of them to ſpeak before him, without interruption, and ſat drawing of birds with a pencil, while Sir Edward could hardly diſſemble his reſentment, thinking himſelf betrayed, and judging by the pleadings that the cauſe muſt inevitably be determined againſt him. At length, however, Sir John ſtood up, and deſired to be heard; and having made himſelf maſter of the ſubject he was to ſpeak upon, he ſo fully refuted all Sir Edward's antagoniſts, and made his title to the eſtate ſo evident, and with ſuch maſterly eloquence, that he obtained a decree to be put in immediate poſſeſſion. On the breaking up of the court, Sir Edward preſſed Sir John to give him

him his company that evening; but he excuſed himſelf, telling his client he was that night engaged to a club. Well, then, ſaid Sir Edward, let me accompany you, if you think it will not be diſagreeable to your friends. Sir John made anſwer, he believed it would not be diſagreeable: ſo according Sir Edward met them. Some of his friends finding him in bed at twelve o' clock on the enſuing day, he told them, he had been up all night. With whom, Sir Edward? *Why*, returned he, *with Homer, Plato, Socrates, Cicero, and all the ancient Greek and Latin poets, philoſophers, and orators.*

CXLVIII.

ABOUT the latter end of laſt ſeſſions a bill paſſed in the parliament of England in favour of foreign Jews, in order to encourage ſuch of them as were rich to come and ſettle in England, by enabling them to be naturalized without baptiſm or the ſacramental teſt. This gave offence to many, who thought ſo great an indulgence to the enemies of Chriſt, was giving them an undue preference to proteſtant diſſenters, who are neither allowed to be naturalized, if foreigners, nor to enjoy any office in the ſtate if natives, without theſe qualifications; not ſufficiently conſidering, that baptiſm and the ſacrament of the Lord's ſupper are rites acknowledged by all chriſtians, and that the form of adminiſtration is the only point in diſpute with them; whereas the whole ceremony is ſo utterly inconſiſtent with the principles of the Jewiſh religion, that they muſt renounce the latter, or not ſubmit to the former; a reſtraint which muſt neceſſarily keep every conſcientious Jew at a diſtance, and which it was undoubtedly good policy to remove. Mr. R——, member for C———y, was one of thoſe gentlemen who was of this way of thinking, and who conſequently voted in favour of the bill; but after the ſeſſions was over, returning home, and thinking to pay his reſpects to his conſtituents, upon his firſt arrival, he repaired to an inn where he was informed a great number of them were to dine; and being admitted to the room where the company met, with his uſual frankneſs ſaid, *He thought himſelf extremely happy at*

his firſt coming amongſt them, to find ſo many of his worthy friends together, and would do himſelf the honour, with their permiſſion, to dine with them; but the reception he met with was very different to what he expected. One of the company for the reſt replied, *That indeed he could not dine with them, for they had nothing but Pork for dinner, and they knew that* Jews *had an averſion from Pork.*

CXLIX.

MR. ——, member for B——l, met a rebuke no leſs ſevere from a quaker of that city, who being upon change there when Mr. —— made his public appearance, he ſaluted him, as he did many others, with the common civilities of friendſhip, by aſking kindly concerning the welfare of himſelf and family. The quaker made no reply, and the member repeated his compliments; the quaker was ſtill as ſilent as before; on which Mr. —— aſked, if he did not hear him? *Yes, friend,* ſaid he, *I heard thee; but I don't underſtand* Hebrew.

CL.

LORD C——t, who when lieutenant of Ireland was very fond of Dr. D——y, went one day quite unattended, and told the doctor he was come to dine with him. The doctor thanked his excellency for the honour, invited him to take a turn or two in his gardens, and then introduced him to his table, at which there was no other perſon but his mother, without making the leaſt apology for his entertainment. His excellency, after the cloth was taken away, and the bottle introduced, told the doctor that he always believed him to be a moſt well-bred gentleman, but never had ſo clear a demonſtration of it as now. Others, ſaid he, upon whom I have tried the ſame experiment, have met me in as much confuſion as if I came to apprehend them for high-treaſon; nay, would not give me a moment of their converſation, which was the thing I wanted, but were continually hurrying away to give ſome directions about their dinner, which I did not want, and when it came,

came, fatigued and diſguſted me by fulſome apologies for defects. This, ſaid his excellency, always brings to my mind a ſtory of dean Swift's. "A lady had given him an invitation to dinner, and as ſhe heared he was not eaſily pleaſed, ſhe had taken a month to provide for it. When the time came, every delicacy which could be purchaſed was prepared even to profuſion. However, the dean was ſcarce ſeated when ſhe began to make a ceremonious harangue, in which ſhe told him, that ſhe was ſincerely ſorry ſhe had not a more tolerable dinner, and that ſhe feared there was not any thing fit for him to eat, and in ſhort, that it was a bad dinner. *Pox take you for a* —, ſays the dean, *why did not you get a better? ſure, you had time enough! but ſince you ſay it is ſo bad, I'll e'en go home and eat a herring.* So, riſing from the table, he took his hat and departed, to the utter confuſion of the lady, whoſe folly was perhaps too ſeverely puniſhed.

The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ ADAM. Numb. CLXXII.

Publiſhed in London, April 15, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE impatience of the public to be farther inſtructed in the ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS, has no doubt been very great, ſince your publication of my letter on that ſubject, the 4th of laſt month *: for where the ſtake is ſo conſiderable, the deſire of playing the game to the beſt advantage muſt needs be exceſſive; and where the cards are ſo numerous (though the generality of players think them too few) the addreſs required muſt be almoſt infinite.

* See page 296, Vol. I. of this miſcellany.

Had it not been for this truly entertaining game, Adam and Eve, with all their innocence, had paſſed their hours but dully even in paradiſe. Before the fall, they play'd the game in its original purity, and with the utmoſt ſkill; afterwards indeed they were guilty of many revokes and overſights, as were their immediate deſcendants, though they conſumed an immenſe quantity of packs of cards. Methuſalem ſpent more time at the game than any man: but with what ſucceſs is not abſolutely certain. Tradition, with tolerable exactneſs, handed down the rules of play from father to ſon, to the death of Solomon, who in his younger years was a great lover of this game: it afterwards became various and incertain, by the novelties and innovations that were every where introduced into it. In France one method of play has obtained; in England another: in Japan it is played very different from what it is in Peru.

From the corruption of this ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS are derived all our modern games; and ſo fond are we of theſe inventions, that the true old game is almoſt imperceptibly forgotten. Happy is it therefore for the world and me, that neither the ſplendid honours of the bar, the reverend dignities of the church, the profound reſearches of phyſic, nor the aerial caſtles of politics have diverted my attention from the more honourable and uſeful inveſtigation of the long-loſt rules of this ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS.

When I conſidered that every ſcience has its myſtery, that chymiſtry has its philoſopher's ſtone, geometry its quadrature of the circle, aſtronomy its longitude, mechanics its perpetual motion, and natural philoſophy its gravitation, it ſoon occurred to me that ſocial life muſt likewiſe have its occult myſtery, which, like a key-ſtone in architecture, ſuſtains and ſupports the whole edifice. When I conſider the various and general principles of animated life, I plainly perceived that PLAY was the great pervading power, from the leviathan that ſporteth in the waters, to the microſcopic inſect that wantons inviſibly in the air. When I conſidered that the mighty fabric of the univerſe might only be a GREAT GAME, played at by ſuperior exiſtences, I was led

led to think that it was agreeable to the moſt reverential ideas of nature, to ſuppoſe that life was nothing elſe than PLAY. And when I likewiſe conſidered that the paſſion for gaming was univerſally predominant in mankind; that it was the natural remedy for all cares, and the only amuſement of the irkſome hours; I readily diſcovered that life was inded nothing more than a certain term allotted to play at the ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS.

As the great ſecret of this GAME depends principally upon the playing well the court cards, as ſoon as I ſhall have procured a patent for the ſole and excluſive privilege of teaching (which I make no doubt of obtaining, by the favour of ſome great men, my particular friends, who have more than once pulled off their hats to me; and one in particular, who was ſo graciouſly condeſcending as to aſk me one day what o' clock it was) I ſhall then take care to appoint under-teachers in every pariſh, to inſtruct the good people in the country in the beſt and propereſt manner of playing the ſeventh cards, which when they are thorough maſters of, they will ſoon become perfect in playing the other cards.

Having in my former letter touched upon the general properties of the game, in compliance with my promiſe, I here ſubjoin the moſt neceſſary rules and directions for attaining a thorough knowledge of this ROYAL GAME.

RULES *and* DIRECTIONS
for playing at the
ROYAL GAME *of* HAPPINESS.

When you begin a new game, recall to your memory the manner in which you played the foregoing one, that you may avoid a repetition of the ſame miſtakes.

When you have well conſidered the card you are about to play, play it with ſteadineſs and compoſure; and be ſure not to betray any ſuſpicion of your own ignorance.

When

When yoo ſhuffle or cut, do it above-board, to prevent any ſuſpicion of deceit.

If you have won a large ſhare of the ſtake by playing a particular card well, be cautious of venturing it all on any ſingle card in the ſame deal, unleſs you play a forced game.

Whether you play a ſmall, or a great game, exert your beſt ſkill; and take care not to diſcover the badneſs of your hand by peeviſhneſs or fretting.

Obſerve the play of others, and draw conſequences from it for the improvement of your own game.

If you play at court, remember to hold up your hand, and attend to the fineſſes of the place. If you play your cards well there, you may conclude yourſelf a tolerable maſter of the game.

When you are in the country, play frequently with your neighbours and tenants; they generally play better than finer folks, and will greatly improve you in the plain rules of the game.

Avoid the general error of this game, of fancying that every body plays better at it than yourſelf.

If you agree with a lady to go halves with her, the agreement once made, you are not at liberty afterwards to find fault with her game.

Whoever drops a card, loſes it; and one card loſt, is of very bad conſequence in the game.

When a card is once played, it can never be recalled.

Seldom play from your own hand; you win moſt by playing into the hands of other people.

Teach your children to play the game early, and be ſure to put money in their card-purſes: for if they wait for it till your death, it may be too late to learn the game.

Good humour is a more neceſſary requiſite at this game than good ſenſe; but where both are joined, ſucceſs is almoſt certain.

The greateſt proficients in all other games, are the moſt ignorant of this: the beſt players are thoſe that practice moſt in their own families.

Kings

Kings and princeſs are generally ſtrangers to the game, and their miniſters want time to learn it.

Great dignitaries in the church, and moſt beneficed clergymen are too indolent to play at it in public; and their curates are forced to be lookers-on, for want of a ſufficient allowance to pay for their cards.

Poets and authors have ſometimes ſtruck a bold ſtroke in the game; but of all men living they are the moſt liable to miſtakes; and it is generally obſervable that the whole table is againſt them.

Moſt new-married couples are ſucceſsful at firſt ſetting out; but before the whole pack is played, they commonly loſe all attention to the game.

It is remarkable that young people play better than old; for avarice is the bane of the game.

I ſhould be tempted, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to continue theſe my rules and obſervations, if I did not find myſelf running into length; and as it is my intention to publiſh very ſhortly a volume upon the ſubject, I ſhall trouble you no more at this time, than to aſſure you that I am,

SIR,

Your moſt faithful

humble ſervant,

I. T.

BENCRAFT'S *Intelligence.*

WHEREAS Mr. *Bencraft*, the charitable founder of thoſe alms-houſes in *London* that bear his name, did, on his demiſe, declare his reſolution of reviſiting his friends again within the ſpace of thirty years, and in conſequence of ſuch a reſoluton took the following neceſſary precautions, *viz.* He ordered a glaſs door over his coffin, in order to SEE his way back again, kept the key with him very carefully, and left a genteel appointment

ment for a grave matron from time to time to watch his motions, *&c.* PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that the ſaid Mr. *Bencraft* has prov d, by ſome years, better than his word, and is now actually returned with a large packet of letters to all the moſt conſiderable and remarkable perſonages in the three kingdoms. Bu ſince we l ve in an age notorious for its i credulity, it was judged extremely à propos to ſubjoin the following manifeſto.

" WHEREAS I —— *Bencraft*, did on —— the —— " day of —— in the year of —— d part this life: Be " it known to all men, that I am, at this time, alive " and well; and have brought the following mail along " with me from the illuſtrious dead

Signed BENCRAFT.

" Witneſs,
" *Anthony Spriggings*,
" *Jemyma Godina*"

If, after what has been ſaid, any perſon ſhould have the *weakneſs* to doubt of the truth of this event, Mr. *Bencraft* will wait upon him in *propriâ perſonâ* in order to give him ocular demonſtration.

Magna eſt veritas, & prævalebit.

From Mr. Betterton *to* David Garrick, *Eſq*;

By Favour of Mr. *Bencraft*.

Dear Sir,

THE many accounts we daily receive of your various and diſtinguiſhed excellencies, induced me to embrace an opportunity of paying my reſpects to you, which the good nature of Mr. *Bencraft* has thrown in my way. The ſtudy of nature, through the works of *Shakeſpear*, it ſeems, you have particularly attended to, an infallible method of enſuring your fame and fortune. In my time, I cannot ſay whether I had more diverſion or vexation in ſeeing poor *Shakeſpear played-away* by the actors. I have ſeen *Hamlet* bullying his father's ghoſt,

a

preaching *Othello*, and the part of *King Lear* done, or rather *undone*, by a jack-pudding. The firſt time I appeared in *Hamlet*, I terrified the ghoſt and the audience into the bargain; they looked upon nature as a ſtranger, and behaved accordingly. I am glad to hear that you have not been aſhamed to tread in my ſteps. But why do you not act *Othello?* a part that in its variety, its paſſion, its force its tenderneſs, its rage, its every thing, demand (for I cannot play it myſelf) *David Garrick.*

Yours,

BETTERTON.

Thais *of* Corinth, *to Mrs.* Tereſa Conſtantia P------s, *at* Jamaica.

By Favour of Mr. *Bencraft.*

My Dear,

BRAVO! you have out-done not only the terreſtrial world, but, the infernal world. You have been very *particular*, and you have been very *univerſal.* Vice is admirable in itſelf, but an apologiſt for vice, Oh!—encore!—encore!—you will be amazed to hear me SPOUT *French*, but I aſſure you it is the language of *Tartarus.* You have got into a hot climate; it will facilitate your matriculation. In vain will it be for me to brag of my *Corinthian* braſs, you have *Engliſhed*-it out of countenance. We are all ready. Good bye.

THAIS.

P. S. *Cleopatra*, *Helen*, and ſelf, deſire our beſt reſpect to miſs *A*——, lady *R*——, and all our good friends in *Covent-Garden.*

From Mr. Purcel, *to Dr.* Boyce. *

By Favour of Mr. *Bencraft.*

Dear Sir,

WHILE I remained upon the face of the earth, I had no ambition equal to that of being acquainted with *Corelli:* ſince I have been in the regions of muſic and

* A doctor of Muſic, and a celebrated compoſer in England.

and love, I have longed to have ſome correſpondence with you. Mr. *Bencraft* will deliver you this. Your ſonatas, your *Solomon*, your ſongs, and above all your anthems, *Corelli* (with whom I am now intimate) declares he ſhould be proud to own. Go on, and let not muſic be any longer reckoned a *foreign* acccompliſhment. An ENGLISHMAN encouraged is invincible, as well in arts as in arms. BRITAIN STRIKE HOME! was (you know) of my ſetting; and were I diſpoſed to reject that manly, alarming air, you ſhould be the only man that I would permit to ſet it after me.

Yours moſt ſincererly,

H. PURCEL.

P. S. *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, *Timotheus*, and *Corelli*, deſire their beſt reſpects.

I had almoſt forgot to tell you that *Orpheus*, over a cup of nectar, drank your health in a bumper, and ſpoke theſe lines extempore:

Orpheus, *with* Jaſon, *won the golden fleece,*
It is allow'd:—ſo much for tuneful Greece,
Corelli SOUNDED SENSE *in ev'ry line*;
Italia, *we acknowledge him divine*;
You juſtly claim'd the laureat wreath till now;
But, learn, there is an ENGLISHMAN!—*and bow.*

The following letter written (as we imagine) to ridicule certain modern authors, who in order to give *probability* to *fiction*, and *importance* to *trifles*, make uſe of initial letters with a view of CONCEALING what never *exiſted*, and tickling the imaginations with a feather, is inſerted for the benefit of thoſe who have candor enough *only to laugh*, at what they cannot *approve*.

A letter of the utmoſt conſequence, containing the principles of all languages, from Miſs Z— *to Miſs* A—.

" *Dear Miſs* A——,

" THE affair of count *B*—— is now the common
" talk of the town. The violation of miſs *C*——'s
" honour has rouſed the reſentment of the duke of *D*—.

The

" The earl of *E*—— has applied (though, I am afraid, " to no purpoſe) to major-general *F*——, whoſe diſ- " poſition, my dear, is furious and diſſipated. In ſhort, " he declares he will come to no terms, till he has had " a converſation with captain *H*——. Is it not aſto- " niſhing, my angel, that captain *H*——, who is a man " of no letters, and an half pay officer, ſhould be " thought to be of proper authority to arbitrate this " buſineſs? *H*—— however has availed himſelf of the " ſuperior underſtanding of *Jack I*——. *Jack I*——, " (you know his ridiculous way of picking his noſe, " and ſcratching his monſtrous pig-tail'd wig) a fright- " ful creature? Well, but to go on with my ſtory: *I*—— " has left it to doctor *K*——. Ha! ha! ha! to be " ſure, if chewing of tobacco will do the buſineſs, the " doctor will be infallible: but would you think it? " The matter is ſhuffled off from D. *K*—— to Dr. " *L*——, from Dr. *L*—— to 'ſquire *M*——, from " 'ſquire *M*—— to Sir *Nathan N*——, from Sir *Na-* " *than N*—— to my lord *O*——. Meſſrs. *P*——, " *Q*——, *R*—— and *S*——, have certainly behaved " in the politeſt manner in the world; and *T*——, " notwithſtanding the cloſet affair, has acted really be- " yond expectation. As for miſs *U*——, not depend- " ing on her *ſingle* judgment, ſhe called in the aſſiſtance " of miſs *W*——. With regard to his excellency count " *X*—— I am obliged to be ſilent.

" *I am, my deareſt, deareſt* MISS,

" *Yours ever,*

" Y. Z.

" *P. S.* You may depend that in relation to *, and **, " and ***, eternal ſecreſy ſhall be obſerved."

To Mr. —— *in* London.

SIR,

BEING at a publick houſe in a country village in *Kent*, I had the ſatisfaction of hearing the following accounts delivered by a ſchoolmaſter, one of the

greateſt men of PARTS in thoſe PARTS. I believe it was not all his own, becauſe, as how, he had a printed paper in his hand, which (in the nature of talk) I took for a new's-paper. I made it out in written hand, and am,

Yours, &c.

S. S.

Gabriel Tar. We hear from *Gabriel Tar* that there has been great alarms ſince the yearthquake in the ſtraits of *Gabriel Tar.*

We hear from *Viz.* that the *Dutch* troops are detarmined to behave with as much reſolution and bravery as they did at the battle of *Fountain Hoy.*

They write from *Audperſeand* in *China,* that they are detarmaned to receive whatever money we ſhall ſend them for tea, coffee, and other poyſons.

We hear from the *Weſt-Indies,* that *Ham-cham-damn-ſham,* one of the friendly *Indians,* continues to aſſiſt the *French.*

The accounts from *Port-in-Girl* are as unaccountable as ever.

From *Germany* we are aſſured, that count four *X*'s, three *Z*'s, and ſeven *H*'s is in a perfect ſtate of health, and his poem upon the peace it is thought will come out before the war.

We hear from Mr. *Halfpenny Red Stamp*——(but we muſt turn over leaf).

The morals of *Turkey,* the fidelity of *Holland,* the ſincerity of the *French,* the humility of the *Spaniards,* the politeneſs of *Ruſſia,* the vivacity of *Greenland,* and the taſte of *China,* are all in a flat-bottom boat performing quarantine, before they can be poſſibly admitted into this kingdom.

'Tis confirmed at the *H—Ague,* that the *Neither Lands* are in a very COLD condition, and in a ſtate of abſolute newterality.

An

An heminent perſon amongſt the yearth-quakers aſſures us from *Lombardy* *, that a general *feaſt* was punctually obſerved againſt authority by all the family of the *Twangdillo*'s, *Cantillo*'s, *Snuffillo*'s, and *Whinenillo*'s.

* We apprehend this paragraph of news to be a ſneer at the Quaker in Lombard-ſtreet, London, who kept his ſhop open the 6th of February laſt, the day ſet apart as a ſolemn faſt and humiliation, on account of the dreadful earthquakes from which theſe iſlands were ſo providentially preſerved.

SONG 58. MORNING: *by a young lady.*

SEE, from the eaſt, the riſing ſun
Prepares his radiant courſe to run,
And gilds the bluſhing morn.
The ſpangled dew, the limpid ſtreams,
Reflects his bright enliv'ning beams,
While pearl-drops deck the thorn.

The tow'ring larks, on riſing wing,
Harmonious make the meadows ring;
The blackbirds ſwell their throats:
Sweet linnets join the tuneful lay;
And hail the bleſt return of day,
In ſoft melodious notes.

In ruſtic carols, o'er the lawn,
The ſhepherds now ſalute the dawn,
As they unpen the fold:
See, how the wantons ſkip and bound,
And frolic o'er the daiſy'd ground,
Enlargement to behold.

The milkmaid next, with nimble ſpeed,
Trips, blitheſome, o'er the verdant mead,
And ſings a rural tale:
The herd, well pleas'd, come lowing round:
While whiſtling plowmen break the ground,
Within the fallow vale.

Bright Celia quits her downy bed,
By tender, pleaſing paſſions led,
To wander in the grove:
She ſeeks the grot, where once her ſwain
Implor'd for pity, ſpoke his pain,
And gain'd her plighted love.

"How chang'd is ev'ry ſcene, ſhe cries!
"In vain, Oh! Sol, you glorious riſe,
"And all your pride diſplay!
"Unheeded ſing the tuneful choir:
"Nor they, nor you, can joy inſpire,
"While Damon is away."

SONG 59. *A new Ballad.*

AGAIN to the garden, my love let's repair,
For a ſight of thoſe beauties, that copy thee there;
Where Flora thy ſweetneſs attempts to repay,
And Sol from thy countenance borrows the day.

Behold the carnation, and full-blowing Roſe
Aſpire to be like her wherever ſhe goes;
The lillies acknowledge her breath and her teeth,
And all the blue vi'lets are vain of her breath.

The gale-courted Cedars, hark! ſigh for her mien,
While each bowing laylock ſalutes her their queen;
In tranſports redoubled the woodlarks rejoice,
And are then ſweet indeed when they aim at her voice.

The graſs that ſhe treads on receives a new gloſs,
Though powder'd with daiſies, and mottled with moſs;
Again to the hamlet or nature, dear maid,
With love will repine, or with envy will fade.

SONG 60. *The* SPINNING-WHEEL.

YOUNG Collin fiſhing near the mill,
Saw Sally underneath the hill,
Whoſe heart love's tender pow'r cou'd feel.
The mill was ſtopt, no miller there:
She ſmil'd to ſee the youth appear;
but turn'd about her Spinning-wheel. Thy

Thy cheeks, ſays he, like peaches bloom,
Thy breath is like the ſpring's perfume;
On thy ſweet lips my love I'll ſeal:
Yon ſtately ſwans, ſo white and ſleek,
Are like to Sally's breaſt and neck:
But ſtill ſhe turn'd her Spinning-wheel.

Tho', fair one, beauty's tranſient pow'r
Fades like the new-blown gaudy flow'r,
Not ſo where virtue loves to dwell;
For, where ſweet melody appears,
We never ſee the vale of years:
She bluſh'd, and ſtopp'd her Spinning-wheel.

The pomp of ſtate, the pride of wealth,
Says ſhe, I ſcorn, for peace and health,
Where honeſt labour earns her meal;
Who tells the flatt'rer's common tale,
Can never o'er my heart prevail,
And make me leave my Spinning-wheel.

The ſwain who loves the virtuous mind,
Alone can make young Sally kind,
For him I'll toil, I'll ſpin, and reel.
It is the voice, ſays he, of love,
Come, haſten to yon church above:
She bluſh'd, and left her Spinning-wheel.

SONG 61. *Lovely* HARRIOTE.

GREAT Phœbus in his vaſt career,
Who forms the ſelf-ſucceeding year,
Thron'd in his amber chariot,
Sees not an object half ſo bright,
Nor gives ſuch joy, ſuch life, ſuch light,
As dear delicious *Harriote*.

Pedants of dull phlegmatic turns,
Whoſe pulſe not beats, whoſe blood not burns,
Read Malbranche, Boyle, and Marriote;
I ſcorn their philoſophic ſtrife,
And ſtudy nature from the life,
(Where moſt ſhe ſhines) in *Harriote*.

When ſhe admits another woer,
I rave like Shakeſpear's jealous Moor,
And am, as ranting Barry, hot ;
True, virtuous, lovely was his dove,
But virtue, beauty, truth, and love,
Are other names for *Harriote*.

Ye honeſt members, who oppoſe,
And fire both houſes with your proſe,
Tho' never can ye carry ought ;
You might command the nation's ſenſe,
And without bribery convince,
Had you the voice of *Harriote*.

You of the muſic common weal,
Who borrow, beg, compoſe, or ſteal
Cantata, air, or ariet ;
You'd burn your cumbrous works in ſcore ;
And ſing, compoſe, and play no more,
If once you heard my *Harriote*.

Were there a wretch, who durſt eſſay
Such wond'rous ſweetneſs to betray,
I'd call him an Iſcariot ;
But her ev'n ſatyrs can't annoy,
So ſtrictly chaſte, tho' kindly coy,
Is fair angelic *Harriote*.

While ſultans, emperors, and kings
(Mean appetite of earthly things)
In all the waſte of war-riot
Love's ſoſter duel be my aim,
Praiſe, honour, glory, conqueſt, fame,
Are center'd all in *Harriote*.

I ſwear by Hymen, and the pow'rs
That haunt love's ever-bluſhing bow'rs,
So ſweet a nymph to marry ought ;
Then may I hug her ſilken yoke,
And give the laſt, the final ſtroke,
T'accompliſh lovely *Harriote*.

To Mr. HART *.

Upon his Academy for Grown Gentlemen.

I.

MARSEILES † no more ſhall boaſt his art,
Which form'd the youth of France;
While you inſtruct (ingenious *Hart*)
Grown Gentlemen to dance.

II.

He only bent the pliant twig;
You ſtrike a bolder ſtroke:
You ſoften rocks, make mountains jig,
And bend the knotted oak.

* A dancing-maſter in London who teaches grown-up gentlemen to dance.

† A famous French dancing-maſter.

An EPITAPH.

Upon a Clergyman, *paſſionately fond of Muſic.*

HERE *Trillo* lies, a laughing, merry prieſt,
Who lov'd good ale, a fiddle, and a jeſt;——
Death took him in the middle of a ſong,
Ty'd all his fingers, and untun'd his tongue:
Low reſt his bones, his ſoul aſcends on high,
In ſure and certain hopes its heav'n is nigh,
Where he may *ſing* and *play* to all eternity!

The Reaſonable FAIR.

WHILE Phyllis, with ambitious views,
Her int'reſt with the men purſues;
While ſelfiſh Sylvia aims her darts,
At ſuitors purſes, not their hearts:

May

May I, in calm contentment, find
An eaſy ballance of the mind:
Indulge, ye pow'rs, whom I adore,
Theſe trivial boons, I aſk no more.

II.

O may I be with wiſdom fraught,
A *Pallas* in the depth of thought;
Let me, in ſweets, with Flora vie.
With heav'n's great queen in majeſty:
Let me be more than Venus fair,
With ſuch a ſhape, and ſuch an air,
No female e'er poſſeſs'd before:
Of fate and heav'n I aſk no more.

III.

Let fame, who with the reſt makes free,
Or celebrate, or wink at me:
Let me, inſtead of rivals, find
Friends and allies in woman-kind:
Let what I do, or ſay, or wear,
Be faſhion'd 'mongſt the young and fair:
Indulge, ye pow'rs, whom I adore,
Theſe trivial boons, I aſk no more.

IV.

Let crowds of lovers throng my gate,
And in obſequious levees wait,
To make all day a grand parade,
All night as grand a ſerenade:
Let them waft ſighs, and verſes ſing,
And ev'ry amorous preſent bring:
Let them grant all they have in ſtore,
Of them and heav'n, I aſk no more.

The Dying RAKE'S *Soliloquy.*

FROM folly to vice, and from vice to the grave,
Behold, I am haſt'ning, half fool and half knave.
When my health and my fortune to riot gave way,
And my vigour and pow'rs felt a total decay,
The doctors were call'd; who, by virtue of fees,
Pronounc'd that their ſkill cou'd remove the diſeaſe:

But

But reduc'd by their arts, and quite worn to a lath,
My carcaſe was ſent to to the vultures at *Bath*:
When drench'd and well drain'd by the faculty there,
All the hope that remain'd was to try native air:
Scarce a doit in my purſe, or a drop in my veins,
To my old mortgag'd houſe they convey'd my remains:
No friend to aſſiſt, no relation to grieve,
And ſcarcely a bed my bare bones to receive;
With ſolitude curs'd, and tormented with pain,
Diſtemper'd my body, diſtracted my brain:
No more by debauch, or companions deceiv'd;
But dreading that vengeance, I once diſbelieev'd,
Encompaſs'd with horrors, and each mortal evil,
I wait for the paſſport of death to the devil!

An Inſtance of a Man's being Honeſt: or, The affecting Hiſtory of LEONTINE *and* CLORA.

SOME time ſince, a country gentleman of good underſtanding, but a little antiquated in his dreſs and deportment, walked into a quadrangle of —— college, to view the building. His uncouth garb drew round him ſeveral of the young ſtudents, who, as they are apt to miſplace their wit, as well as their time and money, began to banter, or, which is a more faſhionable word, to humbug the good old gentleman, on account of his dreſs.

* This was obſerved by a young ſtudent, reading at one of the windows, who perceiving that the poor old gentleman was greatly embarraſſed, came down to his relief. He rallied his brother ſtudents ſufficiently, yet in a manner, aud with a grace, that beſpoke the man of ſenſe and politeneſs. He told them, their behaviour was baſe, rude, and ungenerous, mean, and unmanly; that

* The ingenious Students would do well to diſcountenance this vice.

he

he was aſhamed any of his aſſociates ſhould be ſo remarkably depraved. That if they conſidered themſelves as ſcholars and gentlemen they ſhould act conſiſtently with that character, but if they preferred the name of buffoon to that of a fine gentleman, they had better change their garb, and barter the gown for a coat of many colours. At this they all departed, and moſt of them with ſeeming concern; for virtue will ever be ſecretly eſteemed and admired, even by the moſt abandoned. After they were diſperſed, Leontine (for that was the young gentleman's name) took the ſtranger by the hand, deſired that he would refreſh himſelf with a glaſs of wine, and at the ſame time begged of him not to take any bad impreſſion of the univerſity, from the rude ſample he had received. The good old gentleman without heſitation accepted of the favour; and after he was ſufficiently refreſhed, Leontine ſhewed him every thing that was worthy his notice in the univerſity. By the obſervations and reflections which Arcaſto made (for ſo we ſhall call the old gentleman) Leontine found that he was a man of exquiſite taſte and judgment; and of a generous and chearful diſpoſition. What he had of the old man in him, appeared rather as a foil to ſet off his other excellent qualities; and notwithſtanding the great diſparity in their age, Leontine thought himſelf happy in his acquaintance. When Arcaſto left the univerſity he embraced Leontine, and gave him a ſtrong invitation to his country ſeat, which requeſt was ſoon after repeated by a letter, attended with a conſiderable preſent. Leontine, the next vacation, returned the old gentleman's viſit, and was received with all the tender tokens of friendſhip and eſteem. At his firſt entrance he was ſtruck with the ſplendor and magnificence of the houſe, the furniture, and the attendants, and had the pleaſure to find that his friend was a man of much greater conſequence than he imagined. After the old gentleman had talked ſome little time to Leontine, and given him ſeveral affectionate looks, and friendly ſhakes of the hand, he introduced him to his daughter, who was indeed a beauty inferior to none in that country. After dinner they took a turn in the garden, where Leontine

was

was ſurpriſed to ſee how the dædal hand of nature was improved by the aid of art. That every thing might wear the face of nature, all exotics were excluded, to make room for plants of our own growth. The thorn, the hazel, and even the bramble, had a place among the reſt. There was a delightful and juſt irregularity in the trees, ſome whereof towered their tops to the clouds, while others humbly ſubmitted to their ſuperiors, and bowed themſelves beneath their branches. His ſtatues were not placed at the extremity of an avenue, or to terminate a walk, but hid themſelves among the trees, and the underwoods. Thus by endeavouring, as it were, to conceal his riches, Arcaſto made every thing more agreeable, and more ſuperb and grand. Through theſe trees, loaded with pippins and pears, you might ſee Pomona. Flora had hid herſelf in a large buſh of roſes, jeſſamin, and honeyſuccles; ſurrounded with tulips, pinks, and carnations. Sylvanus was retired into a thicket of trees. Diana, out of regard to her chaſtity, was cloathed ſo thick, you could hardly ſee her; and Bacchus was rejoicing under a vine.

In the middle of the garden was a ſort of wilderneſs, or thicket of trees and ſhrubs; where Arcaſto, at the requeſt of this daughter, (who was his only child) had erected a little hovel in form of a ruined cottage. The inſide of it was ceiled with moſs, and the outſide overrun with a thick ivy, that afforded a ſafe aſylum for the birds, eſpecially the ſmaller ſort, which were ſeen in great numbers, and were the only inhabitants of the place, except the young lady miſs Clora, who ſpent great part of her time with them; and had, by frequent feeding them, taught them to hop round her like ſo many tame doves. Kindneſs and conſtancy will tame the fierceſt animals; and it is perhaps owing to our cruelty that we are abandoned by thoſe agreeable companions. While Leontine was admiring the ruſticity of the hovel, and the harmony of the birds, Clora reached an ivory flagellet, and played ſeveral ſhort tunes, which, to Leontine's great ſurpriſe, were repeated by ſome bulfinches, and imitated by other birds. It was impoſſible to enter this retired place without being charmed, and eſpecially with

with the divine Clora, who had the art of making every thing ſurpaſſingly agreeable. Leontine, the moment he ſaw her was ſtruck with admiration, which by Clora's good ſenſe and engaging behaviour was ſoon converted into a violent flame; which, however, he concealed, till he had reaſon to believe from the manner in which ſhe entertained him, and her behaviour, that ſhe herſelf was in the ſame ſituation. There are certain indelible characters in every face, which, when compared with the actions of the party, will to a nicety diſcover the ſentiments of the heart: for, as a certain great general and politician obſerves, 'tis much eaſier for a man to command a large army than the muſcles of his own face; and a lady of Clora's good ſenſe muſt undoubtedly have drawn the ſame concluſion of her lover. Leontine's honour, and the friendſhip he bore to her father, would not permit him to make any advances without his conſent, which he endeavoured to aſk, but was ſtill intimidated by the inequality of their fortunes. A man of ſenſe is never ſo much at a loſs for words as in matters of love. Arcaſto, however, was a gentleman of too much good ſenſe and penetration not to perceive from his manner, and the interruptions in his diſcourſe, that ſomething of this ſort was labouring in his breaſt; and, to relieve him from the perplexity, and ſave him the pain of a bluſh, the old gentleman aſked him, If any thing he was poſſeſſed of could make him happier? and generouſly bid him ſpeak without fear or ceremony. Leontine immediately unboſomed himſelf; and good old Arcaſto, without making any reply, led him by the hand to Clora, who was then in the garden, and ſaluting her, ſaid, *My dear child, this is the only gentleman in the world to whom I am ambitious of being related; and if you can approve of him for a husband, it will greatly add to my felicity;* and then turning ſhort left them together.

The manner of Arcaſto's making this propoſal to his daughter, (though it proceeded from candour and generoſity, and was the overflowings of his friendſhip and good-nature) gave Clora ſome reaſon to apprehend, that this courtſhip was concerted between her father, and

Leontine

Leontine at their laſt interview; and that the paſſion the young gentleman expreſſed for her, might not ariſe ſo much from a conſideration of her perſonal merit as her plentiful fortune. She was therefore determined to be ſatisfied in this point before ſhe gave Leontine any hopes of ſucceſs; and as they walked together in the garden, ſhe made no reply to any thing he ſaid for near an hour: and before they left the garden, as he earneſtly entreated to know the cauſe of her grief, ſhe fell upon her knees, and begged of him, if he had the leaſt regard for her future welfare, to forbear any farther ſollicitation; adding withal, that this refuſal did not proceed from any diſlike ſhe had to his perſon or character; but was in conſequence of her being previouſly engaged, unknown to her father, to a young gentleman who had been viſitting in that neighbourhood, and was then gone to town. This was the ſevereſt ſhock Leontine had ever felt. He ſtood motionleſs for ſome time, and was unable to make her any reply. At laſt, collecting all his ſpirits, and ſentiments of honour and generoſity, he with tears told her, That whatever his fate might be, his love for her, and his friendſhip for her good father, would not permit him to attempt any thing that might give her a moment's uneaſineſs; and that he would not only decline his own ſuit, but endeavour to obtain her father's conſent, for her to marry the man to whom ſhe was ſo ſolemnly engaged. From this time Leontine grew very penſive and melancholy, but did not forget his promiſe to Clora; and having obtained her father's conſent for her to marry the perſon ſhe mentioned, he one evening gave it her in the garden, aſſuring her at the ſame time, that he therewith ſurrendered his peace, and every thing that was dear and valuable to him on earth; and after he had embraced her, retired with precipitation. Clora, though ſhe perceived him trembling and cold at the time he left her, took the other turn in the garden to enjoy this ill-timed artifice; for ſhe was under no engagement to any one; but, on the contrary, was deeply enamoured with Leontine, was determined to marry him, and only made uſe of this artifice, as I have already obſerved, to try his

affection. She enjoyed this the more, as it raiſed him in her eſteem, and convinced her of his truth and fidelity. But while ſhe was thus heaping up happineſs to herſelf, her father called to know what had been done, that Leontine ſhould himſelf take his horſe out of the ſtable and ride away, even after it was dark, without ſo much as taking leave of him, or ſpeaking to any of the family. Here all the woman was alarm'd: her piles of promiſed joy and pleaſure vaniſhed, and her whole thoughts were now employed for the recovery of the loſt Leontine. To her father ſhe diſcovered the whole affair, who was greatly enraged at her indiſcretion, and much affected at the loſs of his friend. Meſſengers were ſent to all the places in the neighbourhood where they knew he was acquainted, and another diſpatched to the univerſity. Her fears were yet more increaſed and multiplied by a violent tempeſt which then aroſe, of the moſt terrible thunder and lightning, attended with both hail and rain, and which ſhe ſuppoſed would overtake him before he could poſſibly get over the plains. The quarrel between her father and ſhe had rendered a ſeperate apartment neceſſary: there ſhe remained inconſolable till the meſſenger returned, without any tidings of Leontine, and then ſhe was ſeized with hyſterics, and confined to her bed. This brought on a reconciliation with good old Arcaſto, who, ſeeing his daughter ſo ill, would not leave her day nor night, and impatiently waited to hear from Leontine. After they had remained in this perplexed and miſerable ſtate near a fortnight, a gentleman's ſervant came one morning, juſt as they had raiſed the poor lady to give her a jelly, with a letter directed to miſs Clora, and to be delivered into her hands only. The old gentleman, when he ſaw the letter, (concluding it muſt come from Leontine) ſprung from his chair with joy; and, ſnatching it from the ſervant, ran to Clora, kiſſed her, and put the letter into her hand. She, ready to devour it with eagerneſs, cried out, my Leontine! my Leontine! and breaking it open, after a ſhort pauſe, in which I perceived her ſoul labouring with ſomething too great for utterance, cried, ha! his Will! —— his Will! —— and died away. I was myſelf

myſelf too much affected to obſerve how good old Arcaſto received this ſhock; and my indiſpoſition obliged me to leave the room; but in the afternoon I had the misfortune to hear that the poor old gentleman was confined to his chamber, and attended by three phyſicians; and that the unhappy Clora had loſt the uſe of her reaſon, and raved to an amazing degree. Arcaſto's ſervant, from whom I had this melancholy account, brought me alſo the following copy of the letter, which occaſioned this woeful ſcene of diſtreſs.

To Miſs CLORA ***.

Madam,

I Have the unhappineſs to inform you that Mr. Leontine (who was my dear and much eſteemed friend) died of a violent fever, and ſtrong convulſions, laſt night at eleven o'clock. It was occaſioned, as we apprehend, by a ſevere cold, which he took in the late violent tempeſt; for he came to my houſe in the night extremely wet, and greatly indiſpoſed. You muſt imagine, that all poſſible means were uſed to preſerve a life I ſo much valued. Dr. *** and another phyſician of his acquaintance attended him. In the intervals of his delirium, he made the incloſed will, with expreſs orders for me to open it in the preſence of ſome gentleman mentioned on the back thereof, the day after his deceaſe; which was done this day purſuant to that direction. And as, after ſome few legacies, and money bequeathed to charitable uſes, the remainder of his fortune is left to you; we thought it moſt adviſable to ſend you the will, eſpecially as he deſired that you might have the direction of his funeral. I muſt not omit to inform you, that he frequently called upon you with great emotion; and alſo deſired to ſee your good father. But this I was not informed of 'till about two hours before he died, and then I would have ſent, but the phyſicians aſſured me, that he could not poſſibly live an hour. I can only judge of your loſs and your father's, by what I ſuſtain myſelf; for he was of all men to me the moſt valuable. But let us conſider, madam, that our friends are born to die, and that

it is our duty to ſubmit tamely, nay chearfully, to the diſpenſations of providence; to whoſe gracious protection I recommend you, and am, Madam,

Your greatly affected friend and ſervant,

J. R.

P. S. As we were long acquainted, and by friendſhip cloſely connected, I ſhould eſteem it a ſingular favour, if you would permit me to bury him in my vault.

A Letter from an Engliſh *School Maſter to a Printer of a News Paper.*

SUR I am informmed by readin the newis thatt you putt advertiſſementts upon the newis and I would have you advertize this advertiſſementt thatt I ſends yow in thiſs Jettar.

Wrighten and Readden
and
Trew Spellen
and Allſo
Marchantts Ackounrs With dowble Entery
and Likewiſe
Geograffy and Aſttronnomy, and Aſttrollogy
and Allſo
Mathimattecks and Arathmeteck
tawt here By * * * * * * *

Poſt Skriptt,

Girlls and Bouys Bourded and good Yozitch for Chillderen.

And if anny boddy cums too you too enquier ſend them too me att my Howſe whear I lives and I will yowſe them well and learne them thier Boocks and teatch them ſoonner then anny boddy ſhall in thiſs Kingdomm.

Your Ombell Sarvantt,

* * * * * * *

This inſtructor of mankind has, in the great hurry he was in to diſplay his genius, omitted his place of reſidence; by which means he may chance to loſe the benefit

nefit of this advertiſement, as well as the honour of the performance. As there is an incongruity in the advertiſement and directions he has given me, which I think no ſchool miſtreſs whatever could be guilty of, I hope Mr. *F**** will not be diſp'eaſed, that I have concealed his real name, ſince the only motive which induced me to it, was that his own boys might not laugh at him, and his authority be loſt in his own province.

The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM. Numb. CLXXIII.

Publiſhed in London, April the 22d. 1756.

IT was the advice of an old friend of mine upon his death-bed to his ſon, who had been guilty of ſome enormous offences which he wiſhed to keep concealed, that he ſhould take care how he offered himſelf as a candidate for a ſeat in parliament; for that an oppoſition would be like doom's-day to him, when all his ſins would be remembered and brought to light. This is generally the caſe at elections; the moſt ſecret actions of the candidates themſelves are not only revealed, but the aſhes of their anceſtors are ranſacked in the grave, to ſupply matter for ſcandal and defamation.

Common as this obſervation may be, it will enable us to account for all the malice and uncharitableneſs which we meet with in the world. We are all candidates for wealth, honour, or fame, and cannot bear that another ſhould ſucceed in what ourſelves have failed.

But why the ſpirit of defamation ſhould be ſo frequently exerted againſt the dead, is a matter ſomewhat puzzling. Death, by putting an end to rivalſhip, ſhould, one would think, put an end to all the animoſities which aroſe from that rivalſhip; and the grave

that buries the man, ſhould bury alſo his failings. But according to Shakeſpear,

The EVIL *that men do, lives after them;*
The GOOD *is oft' interred with their bones.*

It is indeed very hard, that death which pays all other debts, ſhould be able to make no compoſition with envy: yet ſo it is; and, excepting a late memorable inſtance, where the virtues of a great and good man were too glaring in his life to be forgotten at his death, I have ſcarcely known it to be otherwiſe. The ladies indeed, whom I am always ambitious of honouring, have too much gentleneſs and good-humour to defame the dead, eſpecially their dead huſbands. After burying the very worſt in the world, it is uſual with them, on a ſecond marriage with the beſt, to put them daily in mind of the complying diſpoſitions and other virtues of their *poor dear firſt husbands*.

Happy is it that the works of men of wit, learning and genius have juſtice done them after their deaths, though I am apt to believe the merit we aſcribe to them then, has its foundation in ill-nature; as by admiring the productions of the dead, we are enabled by the compariſon, to condemn thoſe of the living. We read the works of the former with a deſire to find out beauties, and of the latter to diſcover faults. Our acquaintance with an author is another circumſtance againſt him. We are too apt to connect the foibles of his life with what he writes: and if he has unfortunately wanted talents to ſhine in converſation, we are generally blind to the wit of his writings. The reaſoning of an atheiſt in proof of a firſt cauſe, or of a libertine for morality, is ſure to be laughed at by thoſe who know them; and it is only when a man's writings can be ſeparated from his life, that they will be read with candour and impartiality. It may be obſerved farther, that in a country like ours, where party is apt to influence every thing, a man that profeſſes himſelf openly on one ſide of the queſtion, will never be allowed the leaſt degree of merit by thoſe on the other. Of this the immortal Milton is a witneſs, whoſe attachments to Cromwell had thrown

ſuch

ſuch a cloud over his abilities at the reſtoration, that the copy of the nobleſt poem in the world was not only ſold for a mere trifle, but many years elapſed before it was diſcovered to be a work worth reading. Even Addiſon, whoſe Spectators and other eſſays are deſervedly the admiration of all who read them, and by compariſon with which it is a kind of faſhion to condemn all other writings of the ſame kind, gives us to underſtand in his Spectator, number 542, and elſewhere in that work, that he met with as many cavillers as any of his ſucceſſors.

I have been led by theſe reflections ſeriouſly to conſider what method an author ought to take, to ſecure to his writings the approbation of the public while he is ſtill alive. It was the ſaying of doctor Radcliffe to a young phyſician, who aſked him what he ſhould do to get practice. "Turn atheiſt, and make yourſelf talked of." But though many a young phyſician may have availed himſelf of this advice, there are other practices that may ſucceed better with an author. Perſonal ſlander has always been eſteemed a very excellent method, and ſo indeed has wantonneſs but where ſometimes ſees them in very modern performances, they ſeldom fail of drawing the attention of the public. I have known naſtineſs attended with very happy effects, inaſmuch as it frequently ſupplies the want of wit, and is ſure of exciting the laugh in the genteeleſt companies. That the ladies are not diſpleaſed at it, is eaſy to be accounted for; naſtineſs is a ſtranger to them, and therefore entitled to their reſpect.

But if an author unfortunately wants talents for this kind of writing, there is nothing left for him that I know of, but to die as faſt as he can, that his works may ſurvive him. But the diſadvantage even in this caſe is, that common and natural deaths are but very little talked of; ſo that a man may give up the ghoſt to no manner of purpoſe: it is therefore moſt earneſtly to be recommended to all authors who are ambitious of ſudden and laſting fame, that they ſet about ſome device to get themſelves hanged. The ſeſſions-paper is more univerſally read than any other of the papers, and the deaths

it records are more authentic and intereſting. A good dying ſpeech would be an excellent preface to an author's works, and make every body purchaſers. An advertiſement like the following could never fail of exciting curioſity.

" This day are publiſhed the poetical, moral, and " entertaining works of Thomas Crambo, Eſq; now " under ſentence of death in Newgate, for a rape and " murder."

Under theſe circumſtances indeed, an author may taſte of fame before death, and take his leap from the cart, with this comfortable aſſurance, that he has embraced the only opportunity in his power of making a proviſion for his family.

If it ſhould be aſked why the having committed a rape or a murder ſhould raiſe the curioſity of the public to peruſe the author's works, the anſwer is, that people who do ſpirited things, are ſuppoſed to write in a ſpirited manner. It is for this reaſon that we are ſo fond of the hiſtories of warriors and great men, who, though they have happened to eſcape the gallows, have done ſomething every day to ſhew that they deſerved it.

It is indeed as much to be wondered at as lamented, that while every author knows how eſſential it is both to his fame and the ſupport of his family to get himſelf hanged, that we do not ſee the words, EXECUTED AT TYBURN, always ſubjoined to his name in the title-page of his works. I hope it is not that authors have leſs regard for their families than other men that this is not uſually the caſe: for as to the love of life, we cannot ſuppoſe them to be poſſeſſed of it in an equal degree with other people; nor can they poſſibly be ignorant that the world will have a particular ſatisfaction in hearing that they have made ſo deſirable an end.

As for myſelf, I am an old man, and have not ſpirit enough to engage in any of thoſe enterprizes that would entitle my works to univerſal eſteem. It was expected indeed, that when I declared in my firſt paper againſt meddling with religion, I would avow myſelf an atheiſt in the ſecond; but this is a diſcovery that I have not hitherto thought proper to make: nor have I by any

ſtrokes

ſtrokes of perſonal abuſe, lewdneſs or naſtineſs, endeavoured to introduce my papers into every family. And to confeſs the truth, I have at preſent no deſigns of committing any capital offence, being, as I ſaid before, too old to raviſh, and having too tender a diſpoſition to commit a murder. I ſhall therefore content myſelf with going on in the old way, and leave my writings to ſhift for themſelves, without deputing the Ordinary of Newgate to publiſh an account of the birth, parentage, and education, the trial, confeſſion, condemnation and execution of the author, together with a catalogue of the works he has left behind him.

A Political Dialogue between Mr. Crib, *a Taylor; Mr.* Patch, *a Cobler; and* Jerry Pickbone, *a Footman: taken in ſhort Hand, in* 1745, *at a Gin-ſhop in London.*

CRIB. I tell you maſter *Patch*, 'tis this war, 'tis this damn'd war, that makes every thing ſo plaguy dear.

Patch. Are we at war now with the Turks or Infidels?

Crib. No, no —— 'tis with French, and the queen of *Hung-a-ry.*

Jerry. Aye, aye, —— 'tis with the Papiſhes, 'tis with the Papiſhes.

Patch. Are thoſe Papiſhes the great Hottentots that eat men.

Crib. Pſhaw! you fool, —your Papiſh is a man as you or I may be. —He won't eat a morſel of you, if he was ready to ſtarve.

Jerry. But he will broil you upon a gridiron tho', if you don't believe in the Pope and the Devil, and kiſs the Pretender's great toe.

Patch. What may that ſame Pretender be? can you give a body a ſubſcription of him?

Crib.

Crib. Why, as to that there—— your pretender, is your fellow that pretends to this and that and t'other, in the way of talk; ——— and after all his pretending, 'tis an errant pretence—— that there is your Pretender.

Jerry. Aye, aye——that there is your Pretender.

Patch. To be certain, it's a rare thing to be a ſcolard; tho' in my day, Mr. *Jerry*, in my day, I was as good as the beſt of you all.———My ſchool-miſtreſs ſaid, as a man may ſay as to that there, that I took my learning better than any of my playmates. Odds wickers, I got thro' the primmer and pſalter in five years time or leſs, and before I was twenty, I could ſpelt without miſſing one word, the firſt chapter of the ſecond book of Barnicles.

Crib. [*Winking to Jerry*] damn'd fool! he means Cornicles.

Jerry. Why maſter *Patch*,—you were quite a genus, quite a marvellous youth.

Patch. 'Tis very true as to that there, for I wou'd ſcorn to ſuppoſe upon any man.

Crib. [*Winking to Jerry again*] damn'd fool! he means expoſe upon any man.

Jerry. [*With his hat cockt, and his arms a kimbo*] To be ſure learning is a pretty thing, a very pretty thing.——I thank my ſtars, I have my ſhare of that. ——I came of handſome parentage, and they took ſpecial care of my edocation.

Crib. Of what calling might they be, pray ſir.

Jerry. Why, my father was tapſter to one of the genteeleſt vinegar ſhops in all London, and my mother was head maid to an orange-woman, at the little theatre in the Hay-market.

Patch. Oh, 'tis a rare thing to come of a good family!

Jerry. Aye, maſter *Patch*, I had all the reaſon in the 'verſal world to be content.——There was not a happier lad upon the face of the yearth, 'till the devil put it into my head to travel.

Crib. Pray, might you travel into *Holland*, or quite t'other way among the Dutch.

Jerry.

Jerry. No, maſter *Crib*, I did not travel into any of thoſe African countries.—I travell'd, as the ſaying is, pretty much at home.——At firſt I went about with a puppet-ſhow man, in capacity of a performer on the ſalt-box; afterwards indeed, I had preferment offered me, for I might have been a fire-eater to a famous mountebank.

Crib. That was a rare thing, how hapt you to miſs of it.

Jerry. Why—one day as I was trudging the ſtreets with my drum——

[*Here they were interrupted by Mrs.* Nippakin *the landlady, demanding eighteen-pence.*]

Patch. Eghteen-pence already!

Crib. Aye, 'tis this war, maſter *Patch*, this damn'd war, that makes every thing ſo plaguy dear.

The CONNOISSEUR: By Mr. *Town.*

Publiſhed in London, April 22. 1756.

Ergo haud difficile eſt perituram arceſſere ſummam
Lancibus oppoſitis, vel matris imagine fractâ.

JUV.

I Have often amuſed myſelf with conſidering the mean and ridiculous ſhifts, to which the extravagant are ſometimes reduced. When the certain ſupplies of a regular income are exhauſted, they are obliged to caſt about for ready caſh, and ſet the invention to work in order to deviſe the means of repairing their finances. Such attempts to enlarge their revenue have frequently driven thoſe, whoſe great ſouls would not be curbed by the ſtraitneſs of their circumſtances, into very uncommon undertakings: they have ſent lords to *Arthur's* *, and ladies to aſſemblies, or ſometimes worſe places. We may

* An eminent Chocolate-houſe in London, formerly WHITE's.

may ſafely conclude, that whoever breaks through all œconomy, will ſoon diſcard honeſty; though perhaps it might be deemed *ſcandalam magnatum* to aver, that prodigal men of quality have often ſold their country to redeem their eſtates, and that extravagant ladies have been known to make up the deficiencies of their pin-money by pilfering and larceny.

But one of the firſt and chief reſources of extravagance, both in high and low life, is the Pawnbrokers. I never paſs by one of thoſe ſhops without conſidering them as the repoſitories of half the jewels, plate, *&c.* in town. It is true, indeed, that the honeſt and induſtrious are ſometimes forced to ſupply their neceſſities by this method: but if we were to enquire, to whom the ſeveral articles in theſe miſcellaneous warehouſes belong, we ſhould find the greateſt part of them to be the property of the idle and infamous among the vulgar, or the prodigal and luxurious among the great: and if, in imitation of the antients, who placed the Temple of Honour behind the Temple of Virtue, propriety ſhould be attempted in the ſituation of Pawnbroker's ſhops, they would be placed contiguous to a gin-ſhop, as in the ingenious print of *Hogarth*, or behind a tavern, gaming-houſe, or bagnio.

Going home late laſt Saturday night, I was witneſs to a curious dialogue at the door of one of theſe houſes. An honeſt journeyman carpenter, whoſe wife, it ſeems, had pawned his beſt cloaths, having juſt received his week's pay, was come to redeem them, that he might appear as fine as he uſually did on Sunday: but it being paſt twelve o'clock, the man of the houſe, who kept up the converſation by means of a little grate in the door, refuſed to deliver them; though the poor carpenter begged hard for his holiday cloaths, as the morrow was *Eaſter* Sunday. This accident led me to reflect on the various perſons in town, who carry on this kind of commerce with the pawnbrokers, and gave occaſion to the following dream.

I was ſcarce aſleep, before I found myſelf at the entrance of a blind alley, which was terminated by a little hatch; where I ſaw a vaſt concourſe of people, of different

different ages, ſex, and condition, going in and coming out. Some of theſe, I obſerved, as they went up, very richly dreſt; and others were adorned with jewels and coſtly trinkets; but I could not help remarking, that at their return they were all diveſted of their finery; and ſeveral had even their gowns and coats ſtript off their backs. A lady, who ſtrutted up in a rich brocaded ſuit, ſneaked back again in an ordinary ſtuff night-gown; a ſecond retreated with the loſs of a diamond ſolitaire and pearl necklace; and a third, who had bundled up her whole ſtock of linen, ſcarce eſcaped with what ſhe had upon her back. I obſerved ſeveral gentlemen, who brought their ſideboards of plate, to be melted down, as it were, into current ſpecie: many had their pockets diſburthened of their watches; and ſome, even among the military gentlemen, were obliged to deliver up their ſwords. Others of the company marched up heavy laden with pictures, houſehold goods, and domeſtic utenſils: one carried a ſpit; another brandiſhed a gridiron; a third flouriſhed a frying-pan; while a fourth brought to my remembrance the old ſign of the Dog's Head in the Porridge-pot. I ſaw ſeveral trot up merrily with their chairs, tables, and other furniture: but I could not help pitying one poor creature among the reſt, who, after having ſtript his whole houſe, even to his feather-bed, ſtalked along like a Lock-patient, wrapt up in the blankets, while his wife accompanied him, doing penance in the ſheets.

As I was naturally curious to ſee the inſide of this receptacle, where all theſe various ſpoils were depoſited, I ſtept up to the hatch; and meeting a grave old gentleman at the threſhold, I deſired him to inform me what place it was, and what buſineſs was tranſacted there. He very courteouſly took me by the hand, and, leading me through a dark paſſage, brought me into a ſpacious hall, which he told me was the Temple of Uſury, and that he himſelf was the chief prieſt of it. One part of this building was hung round with all kinds of apparel, like the ſale-ſhops in *Monmouth Street* *; another was ſtrewed with a variety of goods, and reſembled the brokers' ſhops

* A ſtreet in London where ſecond-hand cloths are ſold.

in *Harp Alley* *; and another part was furniſhed with ſuch an immenſe quantity of jewels and rich plate, that I ſhould rather have fancied myſelf in the Church of the Lady of *Loretto*. All theſe, my guide informed me, were the offerings of that croud, which I had ſeen reſorting to this Temple. The churches in Roman-catholic countries have commonly a croſs fixed upon them; the *Chineſe* erect dragons and hang bells about their Pagods; and the *Turkiſh* Moſques have their peculiar hieroglyphics: but I could not help taking particular notice, that this Temple of Uſury had its veſtibule adorned with three wooden balls painted blue; the myſtery of which, I was told, was as dark and unfathomable as the *Pythagorean* number, or the ſecret doctrines of *Triſmegiſt*.

When I had in ſome meaſure ſatisfied my curioſity in taking a general ſurvey of the Temple, my inſtructor led me to an interior corner of it, where the moſt ſplendid offerings were ſpread upon a large altar. This bauble, ſaid he, ſhewing me an elegant ſprig of diamonds, is an aigret, ſent in laſt week by a lady of quality, who has ever ſince kept home with her head muffled up in a double clout for a pretended fit of the tooth-ach. She has at different times made an offering of all her jewels: and beſides theſe, her whole wardrobe was very lately lodged here, which threw her into an hyſteric fever, and confined her to her bed-gown for upwards of a month. Thoſe ear-rings and other jewels are the *paraphernalia* of a young bride; who was ſo conſtant a votary to this place, that, when nothing elſe remained for an offering, ſhe even brought in her wedding-ring. You may be ſurpriſed, perhaps, to behold ſuch a variety of necklaces, girdle-buckles, ſolitaires, and other female ornaments, as are here collected: but it is obſervable, that their devotions in the Temple of Uſury have been chiefly encouraged and kept alive by their aſſiſting at the midnight orgies of Avarice.

Nor are the gentlemen, continued he, leſs encouragers of our rites. That gold watch lay ſnug, for a conſiderable time, in the fob of a young man of quality; but it

* Harp-alley in London, ſimilar to our Bride's-alley.

it was one night jerked out by a ſingle throw of the dice at a gaming-table, and made its way into the pocket of a ſtranger, who placed it here, to keep company with ſeveral others, which have been brought hither on a ſimilar occaſion. Thoſe brilliant buckles once glittered on the ſhoes of a very pretty fellow, who ſet out laſt winter on his travels into foreign parts, but never got farther than *Boulogne:* and that ſword with the rich fillagree hilt, and elegantly-fancied ſword-knot with gold taſſels, once dangled at the ſide of a ſpirited buck, who left it here two years ago, when he went off in a great hurry to take poſſeſſion of a large eſtate in his native country, *Ireland*, whence he is not yet returned. You may ſee many others of theſe inſtruments of death, which ruſt peacefully in the ſcabbards, as being of no uſe whatever to their owners: that, which commonly hangs upon the vacant peg there, belongs, you muſt know, to a noble captain; it is called upon duty once a month, and is at this inſtant mounting guard at St. *James*'s.

Not far from theſe rich ornaments hung ſeveral embroidered coats, laced waiſtcoats, *Point d'Eſpagne* hats, &c. This ſuit, ſaid my venerable inſtructor, pointing to one richly embroidered, was made up for a noble lord on the laſt Birth-day, and was conveyed hither the very next morning after it had appeared at court. That jemmy waiſtcoat with the gold-worked button-holes, on the next peg, was the property of a ſmart templar, who, having ſpent a night out of his chambers, ſent his waiſtcoat hither in the morning, as a penitential offering, by his landlady. As to that heap of camblet gowns, checked aprons, and coloured hadkerchiefs, which you ſee ſtrung together a little farther off, they are oblations made here by a ſect of maudlin votaries, who reſort to this Temple to pay their devotions to a Goddeſs, whom they have chriſtened Madam *Gin*, but whom they ſometimes honour with the more proper appellation of *Strip me Naked.*

While my conductor was thus relating the hiſtory of the various offerings, and the perſons who had made them, he was ſuddenly called aſide to a dark cloſet,

ſeveral of which were erected near the entrance, and appeared not unlike the confeſſionals of the Romiſh prieſts. Theſe little boxes, I found, were appointed to receive the votaries, who came to pay their devotions, and make their offerings: but the neceſſary rites and ceremonies were commonly ſolemnized with as much caution and privacy, as the myſteries of the *Bona Dea* among the *Romans*. At preſent, however, there was a greater noiſe and hubbub than uſual. A perſon of the firſt rank in the kingdom, who had made ſome very conſiderable oblations of gold and ſilver plate, was now about to celebrate a feaſt in honour of *Bacchus*, in which theſe rich utenſils would be requiſite, on which occaſion he prayed to have the uſe of them. The chief prieſt, after having received the cuſtomary fee, granted a diſpenſation for this purpoſe, and loaded the meſſengers with a number of wrought ewers, vaſes, and chargers, at the ſame time commiſſioning two or three of the inferior officials of the Temple to attend the celebration of the feaſt, and to take care that the plate was duly returned, and ſafely lodged again in the Temple.

Theſe matters were ſcarce adjuſted, before an unexpected incident filled the whole Temple with confuſion and diſturbance. A rude tribe of officers broke in upon us, put a ſtop to the rites, and ſeized the chief prieſt himſelf, charging him with having prophaned the place by a crime almoſt as infamous as ſacrilege. He was accuſed of having encouraged robbers to ſtrip the citizens of their moſt valuable effects, and for a ſmall reward to depoſit them as offerings. The clamour on this occaſion was very great, and at laſt one of the officers, methought, ſeized me, as a party concerned; when endeavouring to clear myſelf, and ſtrugling to get out of his clutches, I awoke.

On a virtuous Talker.

IF virtue's always in thy mouth, how can,
It e'er have time to reach thy heart, fond man?

SONG

SONG 62. *On Miſs* SCOTT.

A beautiful young Lady whom the Writer ſaw in Publick attended by a very ugly Sea Captain.

By the Author of the Ballad on Lovely HARRIOTE, in page 113 of this Vol.

COME one of ye laſſes,
Who dwell in Parnaſſus,
To me now on Pegaſus trot;
And bring me ſome verſe
That I may rehearſe
The praiſes of pretty Miſs *Scott.*

When I ſaw the fair maid
Firſt in ———'s gay ſhade,
I wiſh'd—but I dare not ſay what;
If I had her alone,
With a ſigh and a groan
I'd whiſper it all to Miſs *Scott.*

Full cloſe by her ſide,
By way of a guide,
A damn'd ugly fellow ſhe'd got,
The dog did appear,
Like the dev'l at Eve's ear,
He's ſo foul, and ſo fair is Miſs *Scott.*

He'd a traitorous face,
And a Jeſuit's grace,
Yet you'd ſwear he'd no hand in the plot;
He was fitter to go
With a drum at a ſhow,
Than to follow the charming Miſs *Scott.*

Oh had I a part
In the heav'n of her heart,
Contented I'd dwell in a cot;
What are titles but toys,
What is fame but a noiſe,
When compar'd with the charms of Miſs *Scott?*

The pain of dull pleaſure,
The poorneſs of treaſure,
Are the rake's and the miſer's ſad lot;
But riches immenſe,
And pleaſure intenſe,
Can come from no fund but Miſs *Scott*.

Whoe'er in this dearth
Of enjoyments on earth
Thinks of bliſs, is a fool and a ſot:
But we that are wiſe,
Know that happineſs lies
In heav'n, or pretty Miſs *Scott*.

The ſcholar in books,
The glutton in cooks,
The drunkard delights in his pot;
But what is dull thinking,
Or eating, or drinking,
To the feaſting on pretty Miſs *Scott*.

Some greatly deſire,
Wiſdom to acquire,
Some after religion are hot;
But wiſdom's a fool,
And zeal it is cool,
If compar'd with my flame for Miſs *Scott*.

Oh! ſhe's all that is rare,
Engaging and fair,
A good huſband alone ſhe has not.
And that, if I might,
I'd give her to-night,
T'accompliſh the charming Miſs *Scott*.

On a bad Hiſtory-Painter.

DEUCALION, 'mid'ſt the floods, in daggl'd hue,
And Phaeton on fire, the DAUBER drew.
What's of moſt worth, and which the beſt, he cries?
Why, by their properties their worth we'll prize.
Each riſing pond its own Deucalion claims,
And Phaeton is worthy of the flames.

From

From MARTIAL.

Dic mihi ſi fueris tu Leo, qualis eris?

IF bleſt with riches, all the world my ſlave,
You aſk me, friend, how then I ſhould behave?
How can you leave me thus 'midſt doubts involv'd,
This queſtion by another muſt be ſolv'd.
Should Jove thy ſoft humanity withdraw,
Change for the lion's main, and fang, and paw:
When thus intruſted, with a brutal pow'r,
Would you not bully, plunder, and devour?

BAGGATELLES.

By Charles Conundrum, *Eſq*; *a Graduate of the Univerſity of* NONSENSE.

Ride, ſi ſapis. —— MART.

A notable piece of Logic; in which, among other things, are determined the *Longitude*, and *Perpetual Motion*; with a view to the the art of Flying.

IT is agreed, that whatſoever *may*,
That likewiſe *can*; for *can* doth *may* obey:
But who both *may*, and *can*, is more than man?
For *can* MAY MAY; but MAY *can* never *can!*

A grand Conundrum, written by Omechund, *Poet Laureat to the Great Moghol.*

K. Stands for *king* of *France*, and K. for *knave*;
The univerſal monarch, or the ſlave.
If K. ſhould in *America* ſucceed;
Then K. will be *a-merry-K.* indeed.

A REBUS *upon a* CONUNDRUM.

ONE third of Coloſſus, or half of a cold,
With a maiden recluſe of a ſanctified mould,
Add to theſe a moſt noiſy and empty machine,
And a thing *without meaning* you'll find they will *mean*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MY friend, Charles Conundrum, *having a large heap of ſuch* witty nonſenſe *as the foregoing articles under the head of* BAGGATELLES, *promiſes to ſupply me, from time to time, with what quantity I ſhall think proper to ſprinkle my Magazine with: and as I am ſenſible that an exuberance of ſheer wit would be diſguſting, I ſhall improve my friend's offer, and make bold, ſometimes, to accommodate my readers with thoſe reſting places;— though to ſome people, no doubt, they will appear the moſt brilliant part of this work.*

SONG 63. *An Elegiac* BALLAD.

YOUNG Colin has thrown down his reed;
And no more will he tune us a ſong:
As he walks o'er the green flow'ry mead,
He goes ſilently weeping along.
The virgins would wake him to love;
While, ſighing, he hangs down his head:
They tempt him to ſport in the grove;
But he cries, *His dear* NANCY *is dead.*

Old Ægon, the pride of the vale,
Strives with wine to diſpel all his care:
In vain; for the youth has a tale
Neither Bacchus, or Cupid, can hear.
He talks not of lillies in May;
Nor the roſe-buds of June, as they ſpread:
He ſays, they may droop, and decay;
For, alas! *his dear* NANCY *is dead.*

He

He rang'd o'er the lawn, and the field;
With fair NANCY all-gay by his ſide:
Ye linnets, no muſic ye yield,
Since ſweet NANCY unhappily dy'd.
All-penſive, he treads the deep wood;
And will tears with ſad Philomel ſhed:
He thinks nothing pleaſing, or good;
But would die, ſince *his* NANCY *is dead.*

The Huſband's Wiſh.

IF e'er to mortals you extend your care,
Hear, all ye gods, and grant my warmeſt pray'r:
Shou'd I, hard fortune! to a wife be join'd,
May ſhe not be too fair, or I be blind.

Epitaph on a talkative Lady.

HOW apt are men to lye! how dare they ſay,
When life is loſt, all learning fleets away?
Since this glad grave holds *Cloe*, fair and young;
Who, where ſhe is, firſt *learn'd* to *hold her tongue.*

SONG 64.

The Hop-Planter's *Ballad*; *or*, Down with the *French.*

COME, my jolly briſk boys, lay your hop-poles aſide,
Each lad take his cann and his wench;
Old *England* now ſails with the wind and the tide
To rouſe us, and down with the *French.*

What's he that preſides at the court of *Verſailles*,
To the planter that ſits on this bench?
Huzza! for your hops, your ſtout beer, and good ales;
Down with *French* wine, and down with the *French.*

Inſpir'd

Inſpir'd by ſuch martial ſtrong liquors as theſe,
Our thirſt for revenge we will quench:
Our ſov'reign, our ſailors, our ſhips, and our ſeas,
Are united to down with the *French*.

Tho' void of all weapons, of guns, and of ſwords,
While his fiſt a brave *Briton* can clench,
He will ſway by the weapons which nature affords,
'Gainſt the arts and the arms of the *French*.

Our ports, like our hearts, ſhall be open and free,
We ſcorn for to fly or intrench:
Take your liquor, my bucks, take your liquor with glee,
Down with that, and then down with the *French*.

ANECDOTES.

CLI.

THE late Sir William Trumball was wont to tell a ſtory which he had from one that was preſent when king Charles I. being with ſome of his court at Oxford, during his troubles, and a diſcourſe ariſing what ſort of dogs deſerved the pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the ſpaniel or greyhound; the king gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound; *becauſe*, ſaid he, *it has all the* good-nature *of the other without its* fawning.

CLII.

WHEN Sir Charles Wager commanded the ſquadron in the Baltic in 1725, which was ſent thither in order to preſerve the peace of the North, he diſpatched a frigate to Peterſbourg with a letter from the late king to the Czarina. Upon receiving it ſhe enquired of the officer who had the honour to preſent it, *What number of ſhips the Engliſh ſquadron might conſiſt of?*

His

His anſwer was, *of twenty-two. How*, ſaid ſhe, in ſurpriſe, *twenty-two ſail of men of war to bring me one ſingle letter! 'tis the deareſt poſtage I have ever heard of, and I hope it is not expected an anſwer ſhould be ſent back at the ſame charge.*

CLIII.

PHILIP I. of Spain took a particular delight in the plainneſs of his equipage and entertainments; a nobleman being entertained by him at dinner, took occaſion to inform his majeſty of the magnificence with which his courtiers treated one another, and told him, that in the evening a grand banquet was to be given by the archbiſhop of Toledo, where his majeſty might be an eye-witneſs of the truth. The king got himſelf introduced incognito into the banquetting-room, and obſerved the vaſtneſs of the preparations, the grandeur of the entertainment, and withal heard their diſcourſe, wherein they boaſted of their great eſtates, and the penſions they held from the king. Next morning he gave out that he was much indiſpoſed, and was about to make his will; whereupon all the lords of his council repaired to court. At noon he came into the council-chamber, and directing his diſcourſe to the archbiſhop, aſked him, how many kings of Spain he had known in his time? He anſwered, *four. What, no more!* cries the king; how can that be, when in the ſhort ſpace of my own life I have known twenty. The lords preſent looked at one another, and could not think what he meant; when his majeſty proceeding, *Why, you are all kings*, ſaid he, *you feaſt like kings, and you boaſt of the wealth of kings, and therefore it is but juſt you ſhould bear part of the burthen of the war like kings; and accordingly a moiety of your revenues muſt be converted to the payment of the army.*

CLIV.

IN the reign of queen Ann, captain Hardy, whoſe ſhip was ſtationed at Lagos-bay, happened to receive undoubted advice of the arrival of the Spaniſh galleons under the convoy of 17 men of war, in the harbour of Vigo;

Vigo; and without any warrant for ſo doing ſet ſail, and made ſuch expedition that he came up with Sir George Rook, who was then admiral and commander in chief in the Mediterranean, and gave him that intelligence, which engaged him to make the beſt of his way to Vigo, where all the before-mentioned galleons and men of war were either taken or deſtroyed. Sir George was ſenſible of the importance of the advice, and the ſucceſsful expedition of the captain; but after the fight was over, the victory obtained, and the proper advantages made of it, the admiral ordered captain Hardy on board; and with a ſtern countenance, *You have done, Sir,* ſaid he, *a very important piece of ſervice to the queen; you have added to the honour and riches of your country by your diligence; but don't you know that you are at this inſtant liable to be ſhot for quitting your ſtation?—He's unworthy to bear a commiſſion under her majeſty,* replied the captain, *who holds his own life as aught, when the glory and intereſt of his queen and country requires him to hazard it.* On this heroic anſwer, the admiral diſpatched him home with the firſt news of the victory, and letters of recommendation to the queen, who inſtantly knighted him, and afterwards made him a rear-admiral.

CLV.

THE prince of Conti being highly pleaſed with the intrepid behaviour of a grenadier at the ſiege of Philipſburgh, in 1734, threw him his purſe, excuſing the ſmallneſs of the ſum it contained, as being too poor a reward for his courage. Next morning the grenadier went to the prince with a couple of diamond rings and other jewels of conſiderable value. *Sir,* ſaid he, *the gold I found in your purſe I ſuppoſe your highneſs intended me; but* theſe *I bring back to you* as having no claim to them. *You have, ſoldier,* anſwered the prince, *doubly deſerved them by your bravery, and by your honeſty; therefore they are yours.*

CLVI.

THERE is a ſtory of Seſoſtris king of Egypt, who being many years blind was reſtored to ſight by ſaluting a woman who had never known a man beſides her huſband.

It

CLVII.

IT is reported of Socrates, that though he has written the ſevereſt of any againſt women, yet upon making a diſcourſe concerning love, he preſſed his point with ſo much ſucceſs, that all the batchelors in his audience haſted away to their ſweethearts with a reſolution to marry the firſt opportunity; and all the married men hurried home, in raptures, to their wives.

CLVIII.

THE lord-chancellor Digby relates a ſingular ſtory of a deaf nobleman in Spain, who, from a conſtant obſervation of the various motions of the lips, tongue, and eyes, of the perſons with whom he converſed, perfectly underſtood what was ſaid to him, and could give appoſite anſwers, if he could ſee the perſon that talked to him. the inference was, that his eyes performed the office of ears to him, and that the privation of one ſenſe adds to the vivacity of another.

CLIX.

THE old earl of Derby, who lived in the reigns of James and Charles I. wore ſuch plain apparel that he could not be diſtinguiſhed by his garb from the better ſort of farmers; and going to court in his ordinary habit, was denied entrance into the privy-chamber by a fine-dreſs'd Scot, who told him, that was no place for plowmen, that none came there but gentlemen, or ſuch who dreſſed like gentlemen. The earl replied, he wore the cloaths he uſed to wear, and if the Scots did ſo, they would make but a mean figure in the Engliſh court. The king, hearing a diſpute at the chamber-door, came out to know what occaſined it; to whom the earl ſaid, *Nothing, my liege, but your countrymen having left their manners and their rags behind them in Scotland, neither know themſelves, nor their betters.* The king being angry at the affront offered to ſo great a man, ſaid, 'My good lord Derby, I am ſorry for the 'abuſe given you by my ſervant; and, to make your 'lordſhip ſatisfaction, I will command him to be hanged, 'if your lordſhip deſires it.' The earl replied, that

too ſmall an attonement for the affront put upon my honour, and I expect his puniſhment ſhould be more exemplary. 'Name it, my lord, ſaid the king, and it 'ſhall be done.' *Why then*, ſaid the earl *I deſire your majeſty would ſend him home again.*

CLX.

KING Edward IV. is ſaid to have been one of the handſomeſt men of his age, tall, fair-complexioned, and of a moſt majeſtic preſence. In the 14th year of his reign a free benevolence being granted to maintain a war againſt France, he pleaſantly demanded of a rich widow, what ſhe would give him towards bearing his expences in that war. *By my troth*, quoth ſhe, *king, thou'rt e'en a handſom man, and for thy lovely face thou ſha't ha twonty ponds.* That ſum being great in thoſe days, and more by half than the king expected, he gave the widow thanks, and kindly ſaluted her; which had ſo joyous an effect upon the good old lady, that ſhe replied, *Neay now, king, byth' meſs thou ſha't ha twonty ponds more*; and ordered it to be paid accordingly.

CLXI.

THE reverend Mr. Carter, late incumbent of Bramford in Suffolk, a man of great learning, and as great modeſty, happening to dine among others of the clergy at an alderman's houſe in Ipſwich, one of the company being full of himſelf, engroſſed the whole converſation, and at length challenged any man preſent to ſtart a queſtion in theology or natural philoſophy that he could not give a full and ſatisfactory anſwer to. The vanity of the man ſtruck every body dumb, which increaſed his volubility the more; when Mr. Carter thought fit to check his career by a ſimple propoſition: *Here*, ſays he, *is a fiſh that has always lived in ſalt water, pray tell me why it ſhould come out a freſh fiſh, and not a ſalt one?* Being unable to make any reply, he ſaid not a word more, but left the company to purſue more agreeable converſation.

The

CLXII.

THE vicar of Bray in Berkſhire, England, being a papiſt under the reign of Henry VIII. and a proteſtant under Edward VI. a papiſt again under queen Mary, and a proteſtant in the reign of queen Elizabeth, was reproached as the ſcandal of his gown, by turning from one religion to another; *I cannot help that* ſaid the vicar, *but if I changed my religion, I am ſure I have kept true to my principle, which is, to live and die the vicar of Bray.*

CLXIII.

THERE is a ſtory of Sir William Kingſton, who was provoſt-marſhal to Edward VI. that after a rebellion that happened in that reign upon the alteration of religion, he invited himſelf to dine with the mayor of Bodwin in Cornwal, who, thinking himſelf honoured, provided a handſome entertainment for him ſuitable to his dignity. While dinner was getting ready, the provoſt took Mr. Bowyer aſide, (for that was the mayor's name) and whiſpered in his ear, that there muſt be an execution that afternoon, and therefore ordered him to cauſe a gallows to be ſet up over-againſt his own door. The mayor obeyed his command, and after dinner the provoſt took the mayor by the hand, and deſired him to lead him to the place of execution, which when he beheld, he aſked the mayor, if he thought it was ſtrong enough. *Yes*, ſays the mayor, *doubtleſs it is.* Well, then, ſaid Sir William, get up and try, for it is provided for you. I hope, Sir, ſaid the mayor, you are not in earneſt. By my troth, ſays the provoſt, there is no remedy, for you have been a buſy rebel. And ſo, without any form of trial, cauſed the mayor to be executed.

CLXIV.

ANOTHER ſtory is told of a millar, who having been very active in the ſame rebellion, and fearing the diabolical ſpirit of Kingſton, who ſhewed no mercy wherever he came, went from home, and told a young, ſtout fellow, his ſervant, that if any gentlemen ſhould

come and enquire for him, to tell them that he was the millar. The provoſt came, as the millar had foreſeen, and the ſervant ſaid as he was ordered; upon which the provoſt commanded his mermidons to ſeize him, and hang him on the next tree. The poor fellow hearing this, cried out, *I am not the millar, but the millar's man!* Nay, friend, ſaid Sir William, I will take thee at thy firſt word; if thou art the millar, thou art a buſy knave, and a rebel, and deſerveſt to be hanged; if thou art not the millar, thou art a falſe, lying knave, and can'ſt not do thy maſter better ſervice than to be hanged for him. And ſo cauſed the fellow to be executed.

CLXV.

CAPTAIN Porter, a gay officer in Frazer's regiment, fell in love with a ſprightly young lady at Henley upon Thames, and married her. Being in lodging ſome time after at a village in that neighbourhood, they hired a very pretty maid; and as they were all young and had but little to do, they were wont to divert the time in romping, without any exception taken, till one day the miſtreſs bolting open the chamber-door a little too abruptly, diſcovered Betty and her maſter more familiar together than ſhe had reaſon to deſire they ſhould continue; but bridling her paſſion, ſhe pulled to the door, and inſtantly withdrew. The girl as ſoon as ſhe could recover herſelf from her deſhabille, haſtened after her miſtreſs, and in a violent agitation, madam, ſaid ſhe, I deſire you would take warning, for I would not live with my maſter for a king's ranſom; there never was ſo rude a man born; he's always pulling one about, or ſwearing at one. Well, well, Bett, ſaid the miſtreſs, who could not help ſmiling, moderate your paſſion, and never mind him; if he pulls you about, do you pull him again; and if you pull him a-days, I'll pull him a-nights, and I warrant you we tame him between us.

CLXVI.

MARSHAL Villars, upon the death of the duke of Vandome, in Lewis XIVth's time, was made governor of Provence in his room; and when the marſhal went

went to take poſſeſſion of his new government, the deputies of the province made him the uſual preſent of a purſe full of Louis d'Ors; but the perſon who had the honour to preſent it, ſaid to him, *Here, my lord, is ſuch another purſe as that we gave to the duke de Vendôme, when like you, he came to be our governor; but the prince, after accepting it as a teſtimony of our regard to him, very generouſly returned it.*——*Ah!* ſaid marſhal Villars, ſqueezing the purſe into his pocket, *Monſieur Vendôme was a ſurprizing man; he has not left his fellow behind him.*

A New Ride to RUMFORD; *Being an Epiſtle from* Ralph Ragandjaw.

IT has been a cuſtom from time immemorial, for people who had falſe or defective *bottoms*, to go to be repaired at *Rumford*. If any perſon of quality had a lanthorn-jaw'd backſide, away they went to be plumpt at *Rumford*; or if the reverſe was the complaint, they poſted away, in order to be chipt down to a faſhionable foundation at *Rumford* The political family of the BROAD-BOTTOMS in particular, have all been at *Rumford*, and are now *quite in another way*. Incredible ſums of money, and vaſt eſtates undoubtedly have been procured and amaſſed by this art of New-bottoming, but as I cannot but conſider their poſteriors as the inferior end of the human body, ſince its offices are not extravagantly delicate; I therefore would humbly recommend to your readers, Sir, the care of the *top* rather than the *bottom*, the *head* rather than the *tail*. NOVERINT UNIVERSI, therefore, or in *Engliſh*, Be it known to all men, that I RALPH RAGANDJAW, of *Rumford*, have invented and cauſed to be made, a compleat ſet of *tops* or *heads*, adapted to people of all denominations, trades and profeſſions. Inſomuch, as that all people, who are *wrong-headed*, may for a ſmall gratuity change their jobbernouls for ſuch as will ſuit them better. It was the ſpeech of *friar* Bacon's *brazen-head*

(and by the bye, there's many a brazen-head now living that never ſpoke ſo much to the purpoſe) I ſay its ſpeech was,

TIME WAS.
TIME IS.
And
TIME SHALL BE.

This ſpeech I look upon as a predictien of my art; the interpretation of which (in the manner of modern commentators) is this, The TIME WAS, when all men were drivelers; The TIME IS, in which they continue ſo to be, But the TIME SHALL BE, when *Ralph Ragand-jaw* of *Rumford*, ſhall *new-top* mankind, and ſet nature, who is now in an arſi-verſy ſituation, upright upon her legs again. The method of my proceedings is as follows; When any perſon of quality, or plebeian, comes to be *new top'd*, the firſt thing I do, is to chop off his head upon a block, always at hand for that purpoſe, after which operation, I lead him into my *head-ſhop*, where he is at liberty to pick and chuſe; and if at a month's end he diſlikes his new head, why he is welcome to change it for any other, without the leaſt additional expence, or he may have his own again, only upon ſwearing to the identity of it. Nothing can be more equitable, betwixt man and man, than a proceedure of this nature; and if every one would act thus honeſtly, my art would be ſuperfluous. The different materials which I make uſe of for the compoſition of my heads, are in general,

For lawyers	—— ——	braſs.
For politicians	—— ——	lead.
For phyſicians	—— ——	wood.
For beaux	——— ——	paper.
For belles	——— ——	dough.
For fidlers	—— ———	tin.

And for critics, caſuiſts, ſtockjobbers, mathematicians, metaphyſicians, modern poets, bricklayers and paviors,

Rare old Engliſh flint, or your right good ſubſtantial Portland-ſtone.

Thi

This is all at preſent, but I will ſend hereafter a particular account of whoever ſhall come to barter ſkulls with me, and begin, as all reformations ſhould do, to ſet the *bodies*, right, by firſt regulating the *heads*.

Yours,

RALPH RAGANDJAW.

A Letter to the Royal Society, containing ſome new and curious Improvements upon the CAT ORGAN.

Gentlemen,

I Need not inform perſons of your infinite experience erudition, that the *Cat Organ*, as it has hitherto been made uſe of, was no more than what followeth, *viz.* A plain harpſichord, which inſtead of having ſtrings and jacks, conſiſts of cats of different ſizes, included in boxes, whoſe voices expreſs every note in the gamut, which is extorted from the impriſoned animals, by placing their tails in grooves, which are properly ſqueezed by the impreſſion of the organiſt's fingers on the keys. ——This inſtrument, unimproved as it was, I have often heard with incredible delight; but eſpecially in the *grand* and the *plaintive*.—This delight grew upon me every time I was preſent at its performance. At length I ſhut myſelf up for ſeven years to ſtudy ſome additions and improvements, which I have at length accompliſhed, agreeable to my warmeſt wiſhes, and which I with all due ſubmiſſion now lay before you.

In the firſt place then it is univerſally known and acknowledged that theſe animals, at the time of their amours, are the moſt muſical creatures in nature; I would therefore recommend it to all and ſingular *Cat Organiſts*, to have a moſt eſpecial regard to the time of cater-wawaling, particularly if they have any thing very *auguſt* or *affecting* to exhibit.

Secondly, it is alſo very well known that the beſt voices are improved by caſtration, I therefore never have leſs than eight geldings in my treble clift.——And here I cannot help informing you of an experiment I lately made on an Italian boar-cat, and a native of the ſame gender; and I ſolemnly proteſt that, after the operation, my country animal had every whit as delicate, piercing, and comprehenſive a tone as the foreigner.—And I make no ſort of doubt but ſome of the harmonious Engliſhmen would ſhine with an equal luſtre, if they had the ſame ADVANTAGES as the Italians.——This may be worth the conſideration of the people in power:——For, if this experiment had been tried with ſucceſs, how many thouſand pounds would it have ſaved the nation?

Thirdly, Of the *forte* and *piano*.——I muſt not omit to tell you, gentlemen, that my *Cat Organ* reſembles a double harpſichord; for as that has two rows of keys, ſo mine has two layers of cats.——The upper row on which I play *piano*, or ſoftly, conſiſts of cats, both of a leſſer ſize, and whoſe tails are ſqueezed by a much leſs degree of preſſure; that is, by nothing but the bare extremity of the key.—But the lower row, on which I play *forte*, or loudly, contains an harmonious ſociety of banging grimalkins; and whoſe tails are ſeverely pricked by braſs-pins, inſerted at the end of the key for that purpoſe.

Fourthly. Of the *ſhake*.——There was one enormous defect in this inſtrument, before I took it in hand, and that was in the ſhake; the imperfectneſs of which gave me great offence.——But as it is now managed, it has the moſt raviſhing effect in the world.——There are between all the keys little wires fixed almoſt imperceptibly.——Theſe go underneath 'till they reach each puſs's throat.——At the extremity of theſe wires are placed horizontally wren's quills, about the length of a quarter of an inch.——When the artiſt therefore has a mind to form his ſhake, he touches the wires, which ſoon ſends the quills in a tickle, tickle, tickle, up to the cat's throat, and cauſes the moſt gurgling, warbling, ſhaking,

ſhaking, quaking, trembling, murmuring ſound in the world.

Fifthly, Of the *ſtaccato*, and an infallible method of keeping the four-footed performers under proper regulations.

The moſt intolerable deficiency of the old *Cat Organ*, was as follows: Some of the cats were apt to continue their mew after the proper note was expreſſed, to the great confuſion of the tune and vexation of the organiſt. —This I have entirely cured; and, I think, I can play the moſt perfect *ſtaccato* in the world.——I have underneath my inſtrument a treddle, like that of a ſpinning-wheel, which I work with my foot: this treddle actuates a certain number of forceps or pincers, which open and ſhut at my pleaſure, upon the noſes and chins of all the cats; and if any of them overact their part, I tip St. Dunſtan upon Mrs. puſs, and ſhe is obliged, of neceſſity, to be ſilent

Sixthly, Of the education of cats for the organ.—— My predeceſſors were egregiouſly out in this article, as well as many others, which, whatever it may appear to the incredulous or incurious, is a matter of the laſt importance.——With regard to their diet, milk and ſlummery, fry'd mice and fiſh have the beſt effect;——I mean for the trebles and tenors: as for the baſes, I have fed them with good ſucceſs on bullock's liver, hog's harſlet, and ſometimes with viands, of a much leſs delicate nature.——As for exerciſe, moderate mouſing; and being well tugged and hauled about by the children will very well ſuffice.

Mr. Collier, in his eſſay on muſic, ſays, that he makes no doubt but that there might be a warlike inſtrument contrived, of ſuch an hideous ſound, that inſtead of inſpiring men with courage, it would ſtrike the moſt undaunted with diſmay. This may be effected by the abovementioned inſtrument: for though the *Cat Organ* when accurately in tune, is incomparably melodious, yet it may be ſo managed, as to utter ſhrieks very little inferior to the cries of the infernals themſelves.—— Happy that inſtrument, where terror and tranſport, ornament and utility are ſo exquiſitely blended:——

which,

which, by its perſuaſive harmony, can, at one time, draw St. Cecilia from the ſpheres; and, at another, with proper alteration, would frighten away the devil himſelf in *propria perſona*.

I am,

Gentlemen,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

M. M.

A Scheme for a Bill of Annihilation; *in a Letter to the Rt. Hon. the E---- of C-----.*

My Lord,

AS the troubles and diſcontents of mankind, are daily increaſing, and their patience diminiſhing in the ſame proportion; I humbly offer to your lordſhip's conſideration, a ſcheme, which will be a catholicon againſt all diſorders and diſturbances, which are, have been, or may be incident to human nature. The whole affair, my lord, is no more than this, to erect in ſome commodious part of this oppulent city, *an Office of Annihilation*, where all afflicted and diſcontented perſons may come, in order to be annihilated by one or more of the auguſt College of phyſicians, who there muſt regularly attend for that purpoſe.—Half the work, my lord, is done to our hands, for I can demonſtrate, that at leaſt one moiety of the people that *breath*, cannot be ſaid to *exiſt* with any propriety of language, *cogito, ergo ſum, I think, therefore I am*, is the great Des Cartes's definition of exiſtence. If this be true, thoſe that do not exiſt, which obſervation diſpatches ten millions at a blow——If the naturalization bill paſs into a law, this will clear the way for it; for by annihilating ſo many of our countrymen, we ſhall make more room for foreigners, a piece of complaiſance, which is as amiable as it is neceſſary. It is almoſt incredible what advantages would redound from this affair.——All thoſe poor objects, which, to the ſcandal of humanity are ſtarving and rotting in the ſtreets, might

might be ordered to the office.——In ſhort, every body that was weary of their being, might apply to the phyſician in waiting; for this is a diſeaſe he would never fail to cure. I muſt take the liberty to add, that your lordſhip is deeply intereſted in this affair, in reſpect to ſome advantages that will more immediately happen to yourſelf.——You might ſend ſix or ſeven cartloads of thoſe blockheads to the office, who have had the enormous impudence to affix your name to their Grub-ſtreet traſh, or, what is ſtill worſe, to father upon your lordſhip's manly wit, the puny paltry product of their own fumbling deſpicable dulneſs. There is not, my lord, among all the peſt of ſociety, a more contemptible ſet of men than your pettyfogging attorneys, your haberdaſhers of *ſmall ware* in the law.—Theſe I would have ſent to the office firſt of all; for the ſooner annihilation ſhould happen to them, the ſooner mankind might expect the invaluable bleſſings of peace and good neighbourhood. In ſhort, ſince every profeſſion is too much crowded with its reſpecti e votaries, I would, by this means, lop off all the redundant and uſeleſs members.——I would finally have commanded to the office—all authors, who have no qualification, but vanity.—All patrons, who give merit nothing, but their *word*.—All pedants, pyrates, and pamphlet-clubs, with every thing that is offenſive and detrimental to good learning, good ſenſe, and good manners. Which is all at preſent, from,

My Lord,

Your lordſhip's

moſt obedient humble ſervant,

M. M.

The Virtues of LAUGHTER.

THE chymiſts have not been more buſied about the philoſopher's ſtone, the aſtonomers about the longitude, or the mechanicks about the perpetual motion,

motion, than the phyſicians have in diſcovering a panacea, for the cure of all diſeaſes incident to the human ſyſtem.

My diligence in ſearch of that valuable noſtrum has been unwearied, and my application perhaps not to be equalled, by any philoſopher of them all.

I journeyed whole nights among the ſtars, examined the human frame, and diſſected the animal, vegetable, and foſſil kingdoms, but was unable to find any thing that could ſet me in the right road, till by reading a very great author, I diſcovered, that poyſon, the worſt of all diſorders, had been cured by the power of muſic.

Well, if ſo, ſays I, the univerſal panacea muſt then be a medicine that can be applied to the *mind*, and this induced me firſt to open this work, which I had not long erected, before I diſcovered that laughing to a certain degree, was this long wiſhed for and much deſired noſtrum, and the numbers I have cured, of thoſe who have applied to *my* diſpenſary, is beyond meaſure ſurprizing.

This noſtrum produces various effects at one and the ſame time, and thoſe are more or leſs copious, in proportion to the doſe directed.

I have known a ſtory from my facetious friend dean Swift, cure a whole company of the ſtrangury: a leſſon from a loving wife raiſe a huſband from a lethargy; thouſands and tens of thouſands have been cured by the frequent uſe of *my* magazine; and though the ladies may ſometimes laugh till they cry, yet is their beauty always benefited by it—for after the pearly dews are diſpelled, their eyes, like April ſuns, appear more brilliant than ever.

Among the antients this noſtrum was in ſuch repute, for conſumptions and all decays, that *laugh and be fat*, was a maxim with Hippocrates, Celſus, and Galen, and the malicious report that was raiſed of a man's having killed himſelf with laughing at reading me, is ſo far from being true, that the gentleman is now ready to affirm that he is yet alive; and if his word in this caſe ſhould not be ſufficient, I can produce the teſtimony of ſeveral to prove, that he is not only living, but in a better ſtate of health,

than

than he was before he came under my hands, and drank my decoction.

I may ſafely conclude with this maxim (a maxim as ſelf evident as any axiom in Euclid) That *while we laugh heartily* we ſhall never die of any diſorder *whatſoever.*

A Diſſertation on the following moſt excellent old Rules, videlicet.

COME WHEN YOU ARE CALLED,
DO AS YOU ARE BID, and
SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU.

Notwithſtanding theſe rules are ſo obvious and intelligible, that any ruſtic may underſtand them, yet the perpetual breach of them makes it neceſſary for me to preach them into practice at this juncture. I ſhall conſider them in their proper order, and endeavour to ſet them in a proper light.—And firſt,

COME WHEN YOU ARE CALLED.

I had a violent hoarſeneſs upon me for three months with calling my *man*, who was ſo wilfully deaf, that neither the jingling of the bell, the ſtamping of my foot, nor my own voice (which heaven be praiſed is pretty diſtinguiſhable) could ever make him approach when I wanted him.

And now for the ſecond rule,

DO AS YOU ARE BID.

This I look upon to be one of the moſt capital rules in the world, *in* this are included, and *by* this are inculcated the duty of a child to his parents, of a ſoldier to his general, of a ſubject to his prince, with an hundred and fifty *& cæteras*. I was credibly informed by the ghoſt of Sir Thomas More, which appeared to me a few nights ago, that no biſhoprick, or indeed any poſt of honour, dignity or profit whatſoever, was diſpoſed of

in the kingdom of UTOPIA, without the perſons preferred previouſly giving ſecurity to obſerve this truly GOLDEN rule—and I deſire all my readers would ſtrictly adhere to this injunction of DOING AS THEY ARE BID, when I command them to buy up all the odd numbers of my Magazine, and compleat their ſets immediately.

And now I come to the moſt important article of all.

SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU.

About two years ago I took the grand tour of Europe. I viſited all the iſlands in Archipelago—I went to Turky and Grand Cairo, but never could find one ſingle perſon in all my travels that had wit enough to obſerve this rule. I had a dog indeed whoſe name was *Gin* (though he was but a ſtupid dog I promiſe you) that never failed ſhutting the door if he could; but if it was ſo ſituated that he could not manage it, he barked at it, in order to ſhew his indignation, and that he was convinced in his own mind, that it was very wrong the door ſhould remain open. As trifling an affair as this may ſeem to ſome criticaſters, there has many a life been loſt by this ridiculous piece of negligence: colds have been catched, thieves and murderers have had admiſſion into the houſes of honeſt men, virgins have been deflowered merely by a contempt of this rule: and if I had a voice ten thouſand times louder than Stentor, or even thunder itſelf, I would get upon the top of a ſteeple and bellow out,

COME WHEN YOU ARE CALLED,
DO AS YOU ARE BID, and
SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU.

To a young Lady, on her having the Small-Pox.

CUPID who long had vainly ſtrove,
To bend Miranda's heart to love,
Exhauſted all his little arts,
And ſquander'd quivers full of darts,

Reſolv'd

Reſolv'd to preſs the ſiege in form,
And try both ſtratagem and ſtorm.
He ſummons all his force to wars,
And mounts the trenches like Villars:
Beaux in battalia fill the line,
Auxiliary wits combine;
Experienc'd troops, determin'd each,
With joy to die upon the breach:
Nay, even men of ſenſe appear,
In quality of volunteer.
Here, note, 'tis rarely Cupid's way,
To keep the men of ſenſe in pay;
For women's hearts, the learned hold,
Yield rather to caprice and gold.
But let us hear how Cupid ſped:
Th' attack himſelf in perſon led;
He play'd his batteries upon her,
Diſtinction, equipage, and honour;
But neither titles, pomp, or ſtate,
Could bring her to capitulate.
The little warrior ſtorm'd and fretted,
To find his efforts all defeated;
Efforts, he ſolemnly proteſted,
No female e'er before reſiſted:
Then, raging, ſwore like any Turk,
Since heav'n and earth can't do the work,
I'll go to hell itſelf for aid,
To humble this imperious maid;
That flinty citadel, her heart,
Perchance is proof againſt my art;
But for her face—ay—that's my own,
I'll ſpoil the out-works of the town;
The rebel ſhall, at leaſt, deplore
My vengeance, tho' ſhe braves my pow'r
He ſpoke, and urg'd the dire deſign;
Remorſeleſs ſprung the fatal mine;
Offspring of Erebus and night,
The curſt contagion ſeeks the light.
Around its waſteful influence ſpreads,
The ſick'ning roſes hang their heads,
And lillies ſhrink into their beds,

No more ; 'tis fit we draw a veil,
When tears, as well as language, fail.
Inſulting Cupid cleſt the air,
And laughing loud, upbraids the fair;
Ingrate, your pride at length will prove,
What 'tis to ſlight the god of love.

SONG 65.

A Ballad; compoſed by Miſs Nelly Pentweazle, *a young lady of fifteen; and may with great propriety be ſung at Chriſtenings.*

The tune of, *Lumps of Pudding.*

OF all my experience how vaſt the amount,
Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count!
Was ever poor damſel ſo ſadly betray'd,
For to live to theſe years, and yet ſtill be a maid!

Ye heroes triumphant by land and by ſea,
Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me,
You can ſtorm a ſtrong fort, or can form a blockade,
Yet ye ſtand by, like daſtards, and ſee me a maid!

Ye lawyers ſo juſt, who with ſlippery tongue
Can do what you pleaſe, or with right or with wrong,
Can it be or by law or by equity ſaid,
That a buxom young girl ought to die an old maid?

Ye learned phyſicians, whoſe excellent ſkill
Can ſave or demoliſh, can cure or can kill,
To a poor forlorn damſel contribute your aid,
Who is ſick—very ſick—of remaining a maid.

You, fops, I invoke not to liſt to my ſong,
Who anſwer no end, and to no ſex belong,
Ye echoes of echoes, and ſhadows of ſhade,——
For if I had you——I might ſtill be a maid.

To a young Lady, with a preſent of Ribbands.

NOT Iris, with her mingled brede, can ſhow,
More glorious colours in her heav'nly bow,
Than what the loom for thee has wove.
But vain is all this elegance of art;
Thy native beauties ſooner win the heart,
And ſooner lure the ſoul to love.
Others adorn'd alone by art, we ſee;
Nature herſelf has artiſt turn'd for thee.

The SHREW.

BAWLETTA's bleſt with each external grace,
That can adorn the fair;
Has all the Paphian goddeſs in her face,
All Juno in her air;
She's fair, majeſtic, nobly-born, and young,
Of fortune copious,—but ſhe has a *tongue!*

The Remedy worſe than the Diſeaſe.

CLODIO diſdained the rural fair;
Becauſe his father wore a garter:
He married Sylvia, got a ſtar,
And deck'd his honours with a Tartar.
Both are extremely happy; both obtain
A mutual pleaſure, and a mutual pain;
The huſband curſes his unhappy life;
His diſcontent gives pleaſure to the wife.

The BAG-WIG *and the* TOBACCO-PIPE.
A FABLE.

A Bag-wig of a jauntee air,
Trickt up with all a barber's care,
Loaded with powder and perfume,
Hung in a ſpendthrift's dreſſing room;

Cloſe by its ſide, by chance convey'd,
A black Tobacco-pipe was laid ;
And with its vapours far and near
Outſtunk the eſſence of Monſieur :
At which its rage, the thing of hair,
Thus, briſtling up, began declare :
" Bak'd dirt, that with intruſion rude
" Breaks in upon my ſolitude ;
" And with thy fetid breath defiles
" The air for forty thouſand miles.—
" Avaunt—pollution's in thy touch—
" Oh barbarous Engliſh!——horrid Dutch!
" I cannot bear it.—Here, Sue, Nan,
" Go call the maid to call the man ;
" And bid him come without delay,
" To take this odious pipe away.——
" Hideous!——ſure ſome one ſmoak'd thee, friend,
" Reverſely at his t'other end.
" Oh, what mixt odours! what a throng
" Of ſalt and ſour, and ſtale and ſtrong!
" A moſt unnatural combination,
" Enough to mar all perſpiration ——
" Monſtrous!—again—'twou'd vex a ſaint.
" Suſan, the drops——or elſe I faint!"——
The pipe, (for 'twas a pipe of ſoul)
Raiſing himſelf upon his bowl
In ſmoke, like oracle of old,
Did thus his ſentiments unfold :
" Why, whats the matter, goodman ſwagger,
" Thou ſlanting, French, fantaſtic bragger?
" Whoſe whole fine ſpeech is (with a pox)
" Ridiculous and heterodox.
" 'Twas better for the Engliſh nation
" Before ſuch ſcoundrels came in faſhion;
" When none ſought hair in realms unknown,
" But every blockhead bore his own.
" Know, puppy, I'm an Engliſh pipe,
" Deem'd worthy of each Briton's gripe;
" Who with my cloud-compelling aid
" Help our plantations and our trade;

" And

" And am when ſober and when mellow,
" An *upright*, *downright* honeſt fellow.
" Tho' fools, like you, may think me rough,
" And ſcorn me 'cauſe I am in buff;
" Yet your contempt I glad receive,
" 'Tis all the fame that you can give.
" *None finery or foppery prize*
" *But they who've ſomething to diſguiſe;*
" *For ſimple nature hates abuſe,*
" *And* PLAINNESS *is the dreſs of* USE.

EPITAPH *on an Infant.*

BENEATH a ſleeping infant lies,
To earth her body's lent;
More glorious ſhe'll hereafter riſe,
Tho' not more innocent.

And when the archangel's trump ſhall blow,
And ſouls with bodies join,
Millions ſhall wiſh their life below
Had been as ſhort as thine.

RIDDLE XIII.

BEFORE creating *nature* will'd
That atoms into form ſhou'd jar,
By me the boundleſs ſpace was fill'd,
On me was built the firſt made ſtar.
For me the *Saint* will break his word;
By the proud atheiſt I'm rever'd,
At me the *coward* draws his ſword,
And by the *hero* I am fear'd.
Scorn'd by the meek and humble mind,
Yet often by the *vain* poſſeſt;
Heard by the *deaf*, ſeen by the *blind*,
And to the *troubl'd conſcience* reſt:

Than

Than *Wiſdom*'s ſacred ſelf I'm wiſer,
And yet by ev'ry *blockhead* known;
I'm freely given by the *miſer*,
Kept by the *prodigal* alone.
The **** God bleſs him! as ('tis ſaid)
At me is ſometimes in a paſſion;
Yet even *him* I can perſuade,
To act againſt his inclination.
As *vice* deform'd, as *virtue* fair,
The courtier's loſs, the *patriot*'s gains,
The *poet*'s purſe, the *coxcomb*'s care,
Read, and you'll have me for your pains.

RIDDLE XIV.

IN *youth* exalted high in *air*,
Or *bathing* in the *waters* fair;
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my *body* all in *white*:
My perſon *tall*, and ſlender waſte,
On either ſide with *fringes* grac'd;
'Till me that tyrant man eſpy'd,
And drag'd me from my mother's ſide:
No wonder now I look ſo thin;
The tyrant ſtrip'd me to the ſkin;
My *skin* he *flay'd*, my *hair* he *cropt*,
At head and foot my body lopt:
And then, with heart more hard than ſtone,
He pickt my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more he took a freak,
To ſlit my tongue and make me ſpeak:
But that which wonderful appears,
I ſpeak to eyes and not to ears.
He oft employs me in diſguiſe,
And makes me tell a thouſand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in truſt
To pleaſe his malice, or his luſt.
From me no ſecret he can hide;
I ſee his vanity and pride:

And

And my delight is to expoſe
His follies to his greateſt foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I underſtand.
Without my aid the beſt divine
In learning wou'd not know a line:
The lawyer muſt forget his pleading,
The ſcholar cou'd not ſhew his reading.
Nay; Man my maſter is my ſlave;
I give command to kill or ſave,
Can grant ten thouſand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
But while I thus my life relate,
I only haſten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpity'd and forgot;
And on ſome dunghil left to rot.

Anſwers to all the Riddles in this vol. will be inſerted in the contents.

SONG 66.

Sung at the Sheep Sheering in the WINTER'S TALE.

COME, come, my good ſhepherds, our flocks we muſt ſhear,
In your holiday ſuits with your laſſes appear;
The happieſt of folk are the guileleſs and free,
And who are ſo guileleſs, ſo happy as we?

We harbour no paſſions by luxury taught,
We practiſe no arts with hypocriſy fraught;
What we think in our hearts, you may read in our eyes,
For knowing no falſhood, we need no diſguiſe.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led,
But we as the children of nature are bred;
By her hands alone we are painted and dreſs'd,
For the roſes will bloom, when there's peace in the breaſt.

That,

That, Giant, Ambition, we never can dread,
Our roofs are too low for ſo lofty a head;
Content and ſweet chearfulneſs open our door,
They ſmile with the ſimple, and feed with the poor.

When love has poſſeſs'd us, that love we reveal,
Like the flocks that we feed are the paſſions we feel;
So harmleſs and ſimple we ſport and we play,
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

ADVENTURE XIV.

The NIGHT ADVENTURER, *continued.*

THOUGH the unaccountable Don Diego was diſcharged out of priſon, and cleared of the crimes laid to his charge, yet was he reſolved to impoſe a penalty upon himſelf. He had been ſo much put out of countenance by his friends ripping up to him all the extravagant actions of his life, that it went to his very heart, and therefore he reſolved to baniſh himſelf for a time from Madrid, and endeavour to reform, rather in compliance to thoſe who wiſhed him well, than for his own ſatisfaction. He ſet out for that city in Spain, which is reckoned to abound in learning above any other in Europe; and, in reality, ſciences are ſo common there, that they are not only taught by day in the ſchools, but at night in the cellars. This is the city of Salamanca, ſeated on the river the Spaniards call Tormes, which they reckon more fruitful than the Nile, becauſe its banks are covered with infinite plenty of ſeveral ſorts of delicious fruit, fit to pleaſe the moſt dainty palates, and too precious for vulgar groſs appetites.

This voluntary baniſhment was the more acceptable to Don Diego, on account that the principal motive of it

it was to recover two thouſand ducats become due to him, as the only heir of his family, by the courteſy of his brothers, who were pleaſed to die out of kindneſs to him. He had ſubſtantial creditors to deal with, who brought him the ſum in lawful money, as ſoon as they heard of his arrival. This made him not return the ſooner, the wonders he had heard of Salamanca, prevailing with him to make ſome ſtay there, to ſee whether the effect were anſwerable to fame. Having ſatisfied his curioſity, he ſet out from thence doubly enriched, carrying away abundance of good books, though, perhaps, it was rather out of oſtentation, than to make any good uſe of them, like many others in this age, who have great numbers of good books, and well bound, but never read, ſerving only for ſhow, like hangings or pictures.

Being come back to Madrid, he locked up his ducats in a curious cabinet, with his rings and jewels, reſolving they ſhould not ſee the ſun, but lie buried, 'till he had ſome ſufficient occaſion to ſhow them the world again. The two firſt nights after his return home were dedicated to repoſe, and he diverted himſelf in turning over his new books; but when that ſhort term was expired, growing weary of that long confinement, and fancying he forfeited the liberties and franchiſes of his natural inclination, he reſolved to go take the air the next night, and that earlier than uſual, that he might have more leiſure to walk the ſtreets of Madrid.

However, he could not put his deſign in execution, by reaſon of the viſits he received from his friends, who being informed of his return, came to welcome him. The forwardeſt in this point of civility, was a gentleman called the miraculous Knight, becauſe, though he had no eſtate or income, he made a very good figure in the court, keeping a handſome retinue, and dreſſing as well as any man; which made many ſuſpect that he had ſome underhand way of cheating or ſtealing; but they did him wrong, as will appear in the ſequel of this ſtory. Don Diego gave him an account of the ſucceſs of his voyage, and to confirm what he ſaid, opened his cabinet before him, and ſhewed him his ſmall treaſure, I mean his ducats and jewels; for he was ſo full, that his ſatisfaction

ſaction over-flowed. After much common diſcourſe of what had happened at Madrid during Don Diego's abſence, the Miraculous Knight took leave of him; and though he would fain have ſtayed him to ſupper, the Knight excuſed himſelf with much ceremony.

When he was gone, our adventurer received two or three viſits more, which kept him at home till near midnight, much againſt his will, becauſe they were people for whom he had no great value, and of very indifferent converſation; but ſuch things muſt be often born with in this world. At length they departed; Don Diego took a light ſupper, as if he had been upon earneſt buſineſs; and about one of the clock ſet out from his houſe, yet ſomewhat uneaſy in his mind, for having been ſo open-hearted with the Miraculous Knight, fearing leſt he, or ſome other by his inſtigation, ſhould plot againſt his ducats, and contrive to ruin the ſatisfaction he had placed in them. Being diſturbed with theſe thoughts, he turned back to go home again, deſigning to remove his cabinet out of the lower room up ſtairs, as believing it ſafer there; and paſſing by a church-yard which was near his houſe, he heard a doleful voice, intermixed with many groans, which ſeemed to come from the charnel-houſe, where the bones of the dead were laid up, which made his hair ſtand up an end, his eyes to ſtare, and his ears to give more attention. He ſtopped ſhort and heard the groans redouble, whereupon he began to conſider that it was one of the moſt heroic adventures that could befal an errant night-walker; and that if he did not attempt to ſee the end of it, he ſhould ever after have the worſe conceit of his courage.

He called to mind the adventure in the Apple-ſtreet *, which was only a repreſentation by perſons diſguiſed, but concluded, that this being the real habitation of the dead, there could be no deceit. He drew near, and perceived a ſmall glimmering through a cranny in a board, and going round it found a door, out of which there came more light. being about to go in boldly, he trod on a dead man's dry rib, that ſnapped under his foot, at which noiſe a manly voice aſked him, *Who is there?*

At

* See Adventure XI. Vol. I. page 238.

At the ſame time out came a handſome man, with a ſword in one hand, and a dark-lanthorn in the other, ſo that there was no ſeeing him that held it. Don Diego perceiving the glittering of the ſword, drew his, and immediately the man that made towards him, cried out, *Don Diego, my dear friend?* He knew him by his voice, but not by his perſon, by reaſon of the ſhade of the lanthorn, and perceived it was the Miraculous Knight, who had been to viſit him that evening.

Don Diego amazed to meet him in that manner, aſked what he did there? *Alas! Don Diego*, ſaid he, *you come at a time when I am full of trouble; but in ſhort, I muſt tell you, I have been married almoſt theſe two years to a young lady of quality, and yet no creature knows of it but only two friends, and the prieſt that married us. This young lady has ever ſince continued at her father's houſe, without being the leaſt ſuſpected by any body, either at home or abroad. Immediately after I left you, ſhe ſent for me, and told me, that her time was up, the pains began to come faſt upon her; that fearing her father's ſeverity, who would certainly murder her, if he diſcovered her offence, ſhe deſired me to take her away from his houſe, and convey her to ſome place where ſhe might be delivered with leſs dread. Being altogether ſurpriſed at this accident, and conſidering your houſe was clear, you not being married, I was going to put myſelf into your protection, and to commit my ſecret, and this young lady's honour to your diſcretion. But as we were paſſing by this church-yard, I conducting her with this lanthorn, the throws came ſo faſt upon her, that ſhe could go no farther; and I was forced as faſt as I could to bring her into this charnel-houſe, which by good luck I found open.*

The Knight was juſt come to theſe laſt words, when the woman gave notice of her being there, crying out, *Jeſus, Jeſus*, and then fetching up a long ſigh, *God be praiſed*, ſaid ſhe, *it is over.* The Knight ran haſtily to her, and ſo did Don Diego, and found ſhe was delivered of a beautiful child, born under moſt inauſpicious circumſtances, had they been ſuperſtitious, as entering in to life in the very manſions of death. It was a ſtrange

ſpectacle to ſee the poor lady ſtretched out upon ſo many dry bones, and the infant born amidſt the dead. The father took up the little babe, and wrapping it up in his cloak, recommended the mother to Don Diego, and went away with the child to a midwife's he had in fee ſeveral days before for that purpoſe, and ordered her to provide a nurſe.

Don Diego was left there by himſelf, with the lanthorn in his hand, comforting and encouraging the poor lying-in lady. There was ſo little candle in the lanthorn, that as ſoon as the Knight was gone it went out, leaving them in that dreadful darkneſs. I am in the wrong to call it dreadful, at leaſt to our adventurer, who moſt delighted in it. Whilſt he was taken up about this work of charity, one of the notableſt thiefs in Madrid had got intelligence of his ducats, and underſtanding he had left them deſolate that night, he made to his houſe with a good pick-lock that opened all the doors. Having ſearched all the rooms, he met with the cabinet the treaſure was committed to, broke it open very dextrouſly, and ſeized the bag with all the jewels. Not ſo ſatisfied, he opened a trunk, whence he took two ſuits of cloaths, and making all up into a bundle, with the gold in the middle, and the jewels tied up in a napkin, he laid it on his back, and made away with all poſſible expedition.

He was not gone far from Don Diego's houſe, when he ſpied the watch going the rounds, and before they could diſcover him, he fled towards the church-yard we laſt ſpoke of. The watch hearing him run, ſuſpected he muſt be ſome malefactor, and made after him; but he being light of heels, got to the charnel-houſe, where he dropt the bundle at the lying-in woman's feet, which ſtruck ſuch a terror into her, not knowing what it might be, that ſhe forgot all her pains. Don Diego, little thinking that he was put into poſſeſſion of his own goods, ſtept out with his ſword in his hand, to know what was the occaſion of the noiſe he had heard. The thief hearing him walk over the dry bones of the dead, which crackled under his feet, thought it had been ſome evil ſpirit ſent by providence to puniſh him for his crime;

for

for a wicked man fears every thing; and conſidering they could not find the theft upon him, choſe rather to fall into the hands of human devils, than of the infernal.

Coming out of the church-yard, he meets the watch, who had purſued him, full but, they having laid in ambuſh to catch him; but the thief being ſtrong and ſkilful at his weapon, drawing a good backſword he had, laid about him ſo ſucceſsfully, that he made way through them, and got ſafe off.

In the mean while Don Diego coming out to the entrance of the church yard, without meeting any thing, and hearing no more noiſe, thought it a raſhneſs to go any farther, and an indiſcretion to forſake the poor weak woman he was intruſted with, and therefore returned to her, whom he found full of grief, and complaining heavily againſt the Miraculous Knight, blaming his ſtay with ſuch words and expreſſions, as teſtified they came from a woman of parts. Don Diego perceiving ſhe was ſomewhat recovered, offered to conduct her to a married man's houſe, who had been his ſervant, and lived cloſe by there. She conſented to the propoſal, he helped her up, groping and letting her reſt on his arm, led her gently to that houſe, where ſhe was courteouſly received, as well out of reſpect to him that brought her, as for the regard due to her beauty, which charmed all that beheld it. Had not Don Diego's thoughts been then wholly taken up with the care of his ducats, I cannot tell but he might eaſily have given way to be in love with that lady; for when he ſaw her by the light, he perceived enough perfection to enamour him. A midwife was ſent for to aſſiſt her in all that remains to be done after delivery, and in the mean while ſhe was put into ſuch a delicate neat bed, as might have ſtilled the thoughts of a jealous man, and lulled him aſleep. Let us leave them both there in this condition, and go ſee how the miraculous Knight was ſpending his time, for he very well deſerved that name, fortune having in him given wonderful inſtances of her unaccountable favours.

He being very ſollicitous to have the child taken care of, becauſe it was indiſpoſed, and conſidering the mother would be in trouble for his ſtay, deſired the nurſe's huſband to take a lanthorn, and go make his excuſe to Don Diego and the lady he would find with him, and to beg he would make proviſion for the unfortunate woman, putting her into ſome ſafe place where ſhe might be furniſhed with what was neceſſary in her condition. When the man came to the church-yard, Don Diego was already gone to fulfil his requeſt, though he had not heard it. The nurſe's huſband coming into the charnel-houſe, where the Knight had told him he ſhould find Don Diego and the mother of the child, and ſeeing nothing but the horrors of death, was going out backwards, not daring to turn his back upon all thoſe dreadful ſpectacles, for fear they ſhould riſe and fall upon him unawares. When he was near the door of the charnel-houſe, he happened to ſet his foot upon the bundle the thief had dropt there, as he fled from the watch, and finding it ſunk under him, cried out, fancying he had trod on ſome corps newly brought in, till putting his lanthorn to it, he found his miſtake, and perceived it was only a bundle of cloaths. He conſidered with himſelf whether he ſhould carry it away or no; but concluding that the dead could lay no claim, he reſolved to lay it on his back, thinking it very ſtrange that he ſhould be ſo well clad, where all people are left naked.

I queſtion not, reader, but you begin to be impatient to hear whether this man could enjoy the ſweets of this good fortune, without ſome allay of ſorrow, but have patience and I will put you out of pain. Don Diego having left the lady in ſafety, and been anxious for his treaſure, haſted home to ſee if all were ſafe, and coming to his houſe, went directly up ſtairs to the room where he had left his cabinet, and found it broke open, which touched him ſo to the quick, that he had like to have dropt down; but recovering himſelf, he perceived the miſchief had been done, his cabinet rifled, and his trunk open. Not knowing who to charge this upon, he concluded it was the Miraculous Knight had played him this game, whilſt he ſtaid to guard his lady; for his long

long ſtay gave occaſion to ſuſpect he might be guilty of this foul action. To loſe no time, he returned to the church-yard with more haſte than he came, fancying that the Knight would not fail to be there, to look for his wife, the better to counterfeit innocence. By good luck Don Diego came to the charnel-houſe juſt as the man ſent by the Knight was going out. Our adventurer in a rage for the robbery, and fully concluding that was the Knight, as he had before conceited, fell upon the man ſo furiouſly, that he dropt the bundle, calling him thief, and threatning to make an example of him. At the ſame time an officer of the watch happened to paſs by, going home diſcontented for having ſpent the whole night patrouling about with his companions, without lighting on any booty. He bid them both to keep the peace, and anſwer his queſtions, which they immediately obeyed, for in Spain the meaneſt officer of juſtice is much reſpected.

The day began then to break, and the heat of Don Diego's paſſion being ſomewhat over, he had leiſure to obſerve, that the man he had taken was not the Knight, and the unknown perſon finding himſelf at liberty, and wiſely conſidering, that, though innocent, being found with the bundle upon him, he might be brought into trouble, he thought fit to make the beſt of his way, and truſt to his heels to bring him off. In ſhort, he vaniſhed in a moment, leaving Don Diego to anſwer for both. Whilſt the officer was putting himſelf into the poſture of an examiner, up comes the real thief, who having made his eſcape from the watch, had waited till it was day to come and carry off the bundle he had ſtole, from among the dead with whom he had left it in truſt. He diſcovered at ſome diſtance two men, which were our adventurer and the officer contending together: however, he by degrees drew near them very impudently, with his hat in hand, liſtening to their diſcourſe, and at the ſame time ſquinting upon the bundle. At laſt the officer, touching Don Diego with his rod, commanded him in the king's name to follow him. The thief ſeeing them in motion, took up the bundle by ſilent conſent of

Don Diego and the officer, and followed them, each of them thinking he had been the other's ſervant.

Whilſt all theſe things were in agitation, the Miraculous Knight was fretting with impatience, expecting the returning of the man he had ſent to Don Diego. Being tired with waiting, he went out to ſeek him, and coming to the church-yard, he found neither the meſſenger, nor thoſe he had ſent him to. Thence he went on to Don Diego's, where he heard the diſmal news of robbery, but no body could tell where he was. This was a mighty trouble to him, being at once concerned for the misfortune befallen his friend, and becauſe he knew not where the lady was that he had committed to his charge, though he did not queſtion but ſhe was in good hands, and that he had too much courage to forſake her.

In the mean while Don Diego going along with the officer, came to the juſtice's door, and looking about for the man who had taken up the bundle, whom, as has been ſaid, he took to be the officer's man, and the officer concluded to be his, and not ſeeing him, he aſked the officer, where he was? threatening to make him accountable for it. The officer reſenting his words, anſwered him boldly, That he was not now in a place where he could play his knaviſh pranks. This expreſſion put Don Diego into ſuch a great heat, that he laid the officer on ſeveral ſtrokes with the flat of his ſword about the head, at whoſe cries the juſtice came out, and having heard both parties, and underſtanding Don Diego's quality, he ordered him to be confined to his houſe, and two officers to guard him.

The Miraculous Knight being tired with running up and down, without hearing any news of thoſe he ſought after, returned to his child's nurſe, whom he found unfit to ſuckle it. Her huſband, flying from juſtice, had called there in a mighty fright, telling her, he was obliged to be gone, and abſcond for ſome time, becauſe ſome ſtolen goods had been found upon him, and therefore he muſt get out of the way, for fear of being thrown into goal; and without explaining himſelf any farther, he ſcampered off, leaving his wife in ſuch a conſternation, that he

her milk immediately went away. This new accident put the miraculous Knight into ſuch confuſion, that had he not been a man of great temper, it would have gone near to diſtract him. He had the charge of a child, and was deprived of the means of giving it the neceſſary ſuſtenance to ſupport life. In this perplexity, heaven put it into his thoughts to ſend for a hackney-coach, into which he went with the infant, carrying it to a village near Madrid, called Xetafe, deſigning to have it bred there very privately. The thief who had again poſſeſſed himſelf ſo boldly of the bundle before Don Diego and the officer, and ſeemed to follow, had dropped them at the firſt turning of a ſtreet; and to prevent being followed by the tract, thought it beſt to depart Madrid, to enjoy the fruit of his wicked ſucceſs with more ſafety, diſguiſing the cloaths and jewels, with the aſſiſtance of ſome knaviſh brokers and goldſmiths, who make it their buſineſs to metamorphoze ſtolen goods. The lying-in woman was infinitely afflicted, being in a manner forſaken by her lover, and by him who had brought her into that houſe among people who were altogether ſtrangers to her, who nevertheleſs attended her with all poſſible care, in purſuance to the orders given by Don Diego.

Her father and mother miſſing her, left no ſtone unturned to hear what was become of her, but all in vain. In ſhort, there was nothing but trouble and confuſion among all the parties concerned, each had their affliction and ſorrow, as well as the other.

The Miraculous Knight came to Xetafe in the evening, where he found all he had occaſion for to his heart's content; he had put the infant into a good nurſe's hands in leſs than an hour, and was preparing to return to Madrid. As he was getting into the coach, he heard a mighty noiſe in the inn, he turned in again, and ſpied a man who held another by the collar, and tugged him about as if he would have throttled him. *Have I got you,* ſaid he, *thou villain, thou thief; you are the man that robbed me about a year ago at my houſe at Toledo; I am reſolved I will cut your throat, that your blood may make ſatisfaction for my goods you ſtole. This bundle*

you

you bring is certainly ſome freſh robbery you have committed at Madrid, for which it is likely ſeveral as unfortunate people as myſelf are now at their wits end.

The houſe was immediately filled with people at the cries of this paſſionate man. The Miraculous Knight broke through the throng, came up to the perſon impeached, examined him, and, by his anſwers, perceived he was the thief that robbed Don Diego, who, as providence had ordered it, took up his lodging in that inn, with a merchant of Toledo, whom he had robbed ſome time before. The mayor of the town was called, the bundle opened in his preſence, and an inventory taken of all there was in it, which was left in the cuſtody of the maſter of the houſe. The criminal was put into goal, and the Knight returned ro Madrid, to carry Don Diego the good news, which was very acceptable to him; and in return, he carried the Knight to ſee his lying-in lady, who was no leſs overjoyed at this viſit.

Don Diego was much troubled in conſcience, for having ſuſpected the Miraculous Knight to be guilty of ſo foul an action; yet he was in ſome meaſure excuſable, having grounded this conceit on the common received opinion, that the Knight could not live at ſo high a rate without being concerned in ſome baſe employ; but now Don Diego underſtood that he was maintained by the lady that fed his amorous flame, ſhe being the only daughter of very rich parents; and having for four years laſt paſt ſupplied him plentifully with as much as kept him handſomely at court, Don Diego being eaſed of the care of the young lady, applied himſelf in the next place to recover what had been ſtolen from him. He got an order from court to fetch up the thief and the robbery, to have him tried at Madrid; where, as ſoon as he came, he confeſſed all his crimes, and for his ingenuity was rewarded with a halter. Don Diego was again put in poſſeſſion of his goods, not but that his purſe paid for it becauſe juſtice is a precious thing, and muſt be purchaſed at a dear rate. The firſt nurſe's huſband was recalled from the voluntary baniſhment he had condemned himſelf to for fear.

In

In the mean while the Miraculous Knight being deſirous to deliver the lady's father and mother from the great pain and trouble they were in, applied himſelf to ſeveral perſons of note, as prelates, religious men of known piety, and miniſters of ſtate, who being prevailed upon by the continual ſubmiſſive intreaties of that beautiful creature the Knight's miſtreſs, or rather bride, took the matter in hand with ſuch zeal and diſcretion, that in a few days they prevailed on the father and mother, and perſwaded them not only to forgive their daughter and her lover, but to approve of their marriage, as if they had been really conſenting to it. Love, which had been the cauſe of the offence, was now the chief pleader in this cauſe, and ſo entirely gained the hearts of both father and mother, that upon making the reconciliation, they demanded the infant to entail their eſtate upon him.

All their relations were invited to the celebration of the nuptials; that is, the ſolemn worldly part, for all the ceremonies of the church had been performed before. Don Diego took particular ſatisfaction in his friend's good fortune, and contracted a more intimate friendſhip with him than before. On the other hand, the Knight ſtudied nothing more than how to find opportunities of expreſſing how ſenſible he was of his obligation to him, for his care, and the ſignal ſervices he had done his beloved, who alſo owned herſelf indebted to the kindneſs.

It was believed that Don Diego, having had ſo much experience of the many troubles and misfortunes the life of man is ſubject to, his own being ſo often in danger, would, for the future, have lived within ſome bounds, and endeavoured to employ his time better than he had done till then, but the world was much deceived in him. He was ſo highly pleaſed with the ſucceſs of his adventures, that it emboldened him to look out for others ſtill more dangerous. Beſides, he fancied that the night adventures befallen to other men, which parents tell their children by the fire-ſide as wonderful and prodigious accidents, were nothing but mere cheats and fables to ſcare fools; becauſe thoſe men being frighted

at the firſt ſhow of danger, and wanting courage to ſee the utmoſt of it, have impoſed their wild notions upon others for wonders. In ſhort, they are generally weak people that tell us ſtories of ſpirits and hobgoblins; for there is no church-yard ſo frightful as a fearful man's heart.

(*His other Adventures hereafter.*]

An Epiſtle from VENUS *to her Rivals, our* Ladies.

Ladies,

NOtwithſtanding the conteſt between us on the ſcore of beauty, I deign to ſend you this billet, and though I am a goddeſs, and you but mortals, to offer you terms of accommodation and friendſhip.

I was formed out of the waves that inviron your iſland, and no wonder you like me ſhould be fair.—I grant you have beauty and wit, but not in the ſuperlative degree, for no goddeſs can bear to ſubmit to mortals in point of perfection. That your charms have drawn my gallant Mars among ye, is evident from the figure your ſons make in the field, and the terrors they deal among the nations: and my bold blade has had the front to own it even to my face, and often bullied me on the ſubject of your beauty.—My old fool Vulcan too, I hear, comes limping among ye; but I don't much regret the loſs of him; for we young goddeſſes regard our old huſbands as little as you mortals do yours; I married him for pelf, not for love; and I know you all proceed upon the ſame principle, however artfully you may diſguiſe your ſentiments.—Take Vulcan and welcome, but let Mars be mine.—Methinks I am ſorry too for the loſs of one of my Cupids. No goddeſs, or even a mortal, can patiently bear to be robbed of her attendants any more than of her beauty; but as you have ſtolen him from me, treat him kindly, for I love the child.

The

The CONNOISSEUR: By Mr. *Town.*

Publiſhed in London April 29. 1756.

Communi ſenſu planè caret.—— HOR.

THERE is no race of people, that has been more conſpicuous in almoſt every relation of life, than the illuſtrious family of NONSENSE. In every age of the world they have ſhone forth with uncommon luſtre, and have made a wonderful progreſs in all the arts and ſciences. They have at different ſeaſons delivered ſpeeches from the throne, harangued at the bar, debated in parliament, and gone amazing lengths in philoſophical enquiries and metaphyſical diſquiſitions. In a word, the whole hiſtory of the world, moral and political, is but a *Cyclopædia of* NONSENSE. For which reaſon, conſidering the dignity and importance of the family, and the infinite ſervice it has been of to me and many of my cotemporaries, I have reſolved to oblige the public with a kind of abſtract of the hiſtory of NONSENSE.

NONSENSE was the daughter of IGNORANCE, begot on FALSEHOOD many ages ago in a dark cavern in BOEOTIA. As ſhe grew up, ſhe inherited all the qualities of her parents: ſhe diſcovered too warm a genius to require being ſent to ſchool; but while other dull brats were poring over an horn-book, ſhe amuſed herſelf with ſpreading fantaſtical lies, taught her by her mamma, and which have in latter ages been familiarly known to us under the names of *Sham*, *Banter*, and *Humbug*. When ſhe grew up, ſhe received the addreſſes, and ſoon became the wife, of IMPUDENCE. Who he was, or of what profeſſion, is uncertain: Some ſay he was the ſon of IGNORANCE by another *venter*, and was ſuffered to become the huſband of NONSENSE in thoſe dark ages of the world, as the *Ptolemies* of *Ægypt* married their own ſiſters. Some record, that he was in the army; others, that he was an interpreter of the laws; and others,

others, a divine. However this was, NONSENSE and IMPUDENCE were ſoon inſeparably united to each other, and became the founders of a more noble and numerous family, than any yet preſerved on any tree of deſcent whatſoever; of which ingenious device they were ſaid to have been the firſt inventors.

It is my chief intent at preſent to record the great exploits of that branch of the family, who have made themſelves remarkable in *England*; though they began to ſignalize themſelves very early, and are ſtill very flouriſhing in moſt parts of the world. Many of them were *Ægyptian* Prieſts four thouſand years ago, and told the people, that it was religion to worſhip dogs, monkeys, and green leeks: and their deſcendants prevailed on the *Greeks* and *Romans* to build temples in honour of ſuppoſed deities, who were in their own eſtimation of them, whores and whore-mongers, pickpockets and drunkards. Others roſe up ſome ages after in *Turky*, and perſuaded the people to embrace the doctrine of bloodſhed and the ſword, *in the name of the moſt merciful God:* and others have manifeſted their lineal deſcent from NONSENSE and IMPUDENCE, by affirming that there is no God at all. There were alſo among them many ſhrewd philoſophers; ſome of whom, though they were racked with a fit of the ſtone, or laid up with a gouty toe, declared that they felt not the leaſt degree of pain; and others would not truſt their own eyes, but when they ſaw an horſe or a dog, could not tell whether it was not a chair or a table, and even made a doubt of their own exiſtence.

We have no certain account of the progreſs of NONSENSE here in *England*, till after the Reformation. All we hear of her and her progeny before that period of time is, that they led a lazy life among the monks in cloyſters and convents, dreaming over old legends of ſaints, drawing up breviaries and maſs-books, and ſtringing together ſome barbarous *Latin* verſes in rhyme. In the days of Queen *Elizabeth*, ſo little encouragement was given to her family, that it ſeemed to have been almoſt extinct: but in the ſucceeding reign it flouriſhed again, and filled the moſt conſiderable offices in the nation.

nation. NONSENSE became a great favourite at court, where ſhe was highly careſſed on account of her wit, which conſiſted in puns and quibles; and the bonny monarch himſelf was thought to take a more than ordinary delight in her converſation. At this time, many of her progeny took orders, and got themſelves preferred to the beſt livings, by turning the Evangeliſts into punſters, and making St. *Paul* quibble from the pulpit. Among the reſt, there was a biſhop, a favourite ſon of NONSENSE, of whom it is particularly recorded, that he uſed to tickle his courtly audience, by telling them that *matrimony* was become a *matter of money*, with many other right reverend jeſts recorded in *Joe Millar*. Several brothers of this family were likewiſe bred to the bar, and very gravely harangued againſt old women ſucked by devils in the ſhape of ram-cats, *&c.* As an inſtance of their profound wiſdom and ſagacity, I need only mention that juſt and truly pious act of parliament made againſt the crying ſin of witchcraft. 1 *Jac.* I. chap. 12. *Such as ſhall uſe invocation or conjuration of any evil ſpirit, or ſhall conſult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil ſpirit to any intent, or take up any dead perſon, or part thereof, to be uſed in witchcraft, or have uſed any of the ſaid arts whereby any perſon ſhall be killed, conſumed, or lamed in his or her body, they, together with their acceſſories before the fact, ſhall ſuffer as felons, without benefit of clergy.*

In the troubleſome times of King *Charles* the firſt, NONSENSE and her family ſided with the Parliament. Theſe ſet up new ſects in religion: ſome of them cropt their hair ſhort, and called themſelves the *enlightened*; ſome fell into trances, and pretended to ſee holy viſions; while others got into tubs, and held forth, with many whinings, and groans, and ſnuffling through the noſe. In the merry days of King *Charles* the ſecond, NONSENSE aſſumed a more gay and libertine air; and her progeny, from fanatics, became downright infidels. Several courtiers of the family wrote lewd plays, as well as luſcious love-ſongs, and other looſe verſes, which were collected together, and greedily bought up in miſcellanies. In the ſucceeding reign, ſome of the kindred,

who had received their education at St. *Omers*, thought themſelves on the point of eſtabliſhing NONSENSE in church and ſtate, and were preparing to make bonfires on the occaſion in *Smithfield*, when they were obliged to leave the kingdom.

Since the revolution, the field of politics has afforded large ſcope for NONSENSE and her family to make themſelves remarkable. Hence aroſe the various ſects in party, diſtinguiſhed by the names of *Whig* and *Tory*, *Miniſterial* and *Jacobite*, *Sunderlandians*, *Oxfordians*, *Godolphinians*, *Bolingbrokians*, *Walpolians*, *Pelhamians*, *&c. &c. &c.* names, which have kindled as hot a war in pamplets and journals, as the *Guelphs* and *Gibilines* in *Italy*, or the *Big* and *Little-Endians* in the kingdom of *Lilliput*.

I have here endeavoured to give a ſhort abridgement of the Hiſtory of NONSENSE: though a very ſmall part of the exploits of the family can be included in ſo compendious a chronicle. Some of them were very deep ſcholars, and filled the Profeſſors' Chairs at the Univerſities. They compoſed many elaborate diſſertations to convince the world, that two and two make four; and diſcovered by dint of ſyllogiſm, that white is not black. Their enquiries in natural Philoſophy were no leſs extraordinary: many ſpent their lives and their fortunes in attempting to diſcover a wonderful Stone, that ſhould turn every baſer metal into gold; and others employed themſelves in making artificial wings, by the help of which they ſhould fly up into the world of the moon. Another branch of the family took to the *Belles Lettres*, and were the original founders of the learned Society of *Grub-ſtreet*.

Never was any æra in the annals of NONSENSE more illuſtrious than the preſent; nor did that noble family ever more ſignally diſtinguiſh itſelf in every occupation. In Oratory, who are greater proficients than the progeny of NONSENSE? witneſs many long and eloquent ſpeeches delivered in St. *Setphen*'s Chapel, in *Weſtminſter* Hall, at Aſſizes and Quarter-Seſſions, at *Clare-market*, and the *Robin-Hood*.—In Philoſophy, what marvellous things have not been proved by NONSENSE? the ſometime Profeſſor

Profeſſor of Aſtronomy at *Greſham* College ſhewed Sir *Iſaac Newton* to be a mere aſs, and wire-drawed the books of *Moſes* into a complete ſyſtem of Natural Philoſophy: Life-guard-men have with the utmoſt certainty of NONSENSE foretold Earthquakes; and others have penned curious eſſays on Air-quakes, Water-quakes, and Comets.—In Politics, how ſucceſsfully have the ſons of NONSENSE bandied about the terms of Court and Country? How wiſely have they debated upon Taxes; and with what amazing penetration did they but lately foreſee an Invaſion?—In Religion, their domain is particularly extenſive: for, though NONSENSE is excluded at leaſt from the firſt part of the ſervice in all regular churches, yet ſhe often occupies the whole ceremony at the Tabernacle and Foundery in *Moorfields*, and the Chapel in *Long-Acre*. But for the credit of ſo polite an age, be it known, that the children of NONSENSE, who are many of them people of faſhion, are as often ſeen at the Play-houſe as at Church: and it is ſomething ſtrange, that the family of NONSENSE is now divided againſt itſelf, and in high conteſt about the management of their favourite amuſement—the OPERA.

A new Ride to Rumford, *being the ſecond Epiſtle from* Ralph Ragandjaw. *

Sir,

WHEN I found by your kind anſwer, that you highly approved of my new ſcheme, for the reformormation of the ſkulls of this kingdom; I immediately adverti ſed my *head-ſhop* in all the papers; the conſequence of which was a crowd of cuſtomers from all parts of the nation, but more eſpecially from your renowned metropolis. The perſon that would have given me handſel was Mr. *Timothy Trip* the dancing-maſter, but I rejected his cuſtom for reaſons with which you ſhall be acquainted preſently. He came, or rather danced into my ſhop, to the tune of *Charming Phillis*, and aſked me if it was not I that kept the

 warehouſe

* See page 149 of this Vol.

warehouſe for heads; to which I anſwered in the affirmative. Then, ſays he, I want one; to which I replied, that I believed it, not as yet knowing his profeſſion. After taking three or four minuets about the room, he pitched upon a leaden head of the firſt magnitude, and deſired to know my terms. I humbly begged leave firſt to examine his own, which I ſoon found to have no intrinſic value, and therefore could be only ſaleable (like a volume of modern poetry) by weight. I then put both the heads into my ſcales; when lo! my artificial leaden head (to uſe a phraſe of *Milton*) *kick'd the beam*, and the natural leaden head of the dancing maſter preponderated. After this I deſired to know his profeſſion, which when he had informed me of, I addreſſed him in the following manner: "Sir, I am an "honeſt man, and ſcorn to impoſe upon any one; you "ſee your own head both in ſolidity and ſpecific gra-"vity is greatly ſuperior, ſo that you would be cheated "by a change; and if you will take my advice, ſell "me your own, for (though but one) I look upon it "to be ſupernumerary. *Albertus Pompoſiſſimus*, in the "third book of his Statics, has this remarkable expreſ-"ſion, *viz. Nature certainly does a work of ſuper-"erogation, when ſhe gives an head to a dancing maſter.*" Mr. *Trip* upon this was affronted, and immediately left me, by putting into employment his heels, the proper and *only* utenſils of his profeſſion. The next perſon that approached was an actual, and, let me add, a very good cuſtomer, for he was a perſon of rank, whoſe traffick with me, as likewiſe that of many others, ſhall be communicated to you in a poſt or two.

Yours to command,

R—— R——.

BAGGATELLES.

A Droll QUESTION.

A French gentleman being in company with ſeveral ladies that were puzzling him with Riddles, at laſt it came to his turn to give them the following, which was very modeſt he aſſured them.

The

The man var willing, the womam var willing, but the ting between his leg var no willing; vat be dat ladies? After many wrong gueſſes, one ſaid it was a man and woman on horſeback, which wanted to get home, but the creature being tired did not care to ſtir any farther.

Other Queſtions: By Charles Conundrum, *Eſq;*

Q. Wha is that which was to-morrow, and will be yeſterday,

A. *To day.*

Q. What part of grammar is the venereal diſeaſe?

A. *The Sin-Tax.*

Q. Why is truth ſo hard to come at in the political world?

A. *Becauſe probability no longer keeps the door.*

Q. Where ſhould a lady clap her hands, if a man entered a room when ſhe was undreſſed?

A. *On the man's eyes.*

Q. What is that which God never ſees, kings ſeldom ſee, but I often ſee?

A. *An equal.*

SONG 67.

On the FEMALE SEX.

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
At all times and at ev'ry place;
You ſcold, repeat, and ſing, and ſay,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever ceaſe.

Forbear, my *Celia*, oh! forbear,
If your own health or ours you prize;
For all mankind, that hear you, ſwear
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
Your fame's by your own noiſe obſcur'd;
All are diſtracted, while they gaze,
But if they liſten, all are cur'd.

Your ſilence wou'd acquire more praiſe
Then all you ſay, or all I write;
One look ten thouſand charms diſplays:
Then huſh——and be an angel quite.

An EPIGRAM.

By Timothy Tadpole, *on* Jack Spriggins, *who is in love with a very* lean *lady.*

AT each girl tight and freſh,
I've the luſt of the fleſh,
This crime thy friend *Timothy* owns;
But, *Jack*, is not thine
More atrocious than mine,
Since thou haſt the luſt of the bones?

SONG 68.

AT St. Oſyth by the mill
There lives a lovely laſs;
Oh! had I her good-will,
How gaily life wou'd paſs.
No bold intruding care
My bliſs ſhould e'er deſtroy,
Her ſmiles wou'd gild deſpair,
And brighten ev'ry joy.

Like nature's rural ſcene,
Her artleſs beauties charm;
Like them with joy ſerene,
Our wiſhing hearts they warm.

Her

Her wit, with ſweetneſs crown'd,
Steals every ſenſe away,
The liſt'ning ſwains around
Forget the ſhort'ning day.

Health, freedom, wealth, and eaſe,
Without her taſteleſs are;
She gives them pow'r to pleaſe,
And makes them worth our care;
Is there, ye fates, a bliſs
Reſerv'd my future ſhare,
Indulgent hear my wiſh,
And grant it all in her.

RIDDLE XV.

E'RE time, or place, or forms were uſher'd in,
I am of ancient ſacred origin.
O'th' empty ſpace, once an unqueſtion'd king,
'Till half my native lot I did reſign
To a bright rival, who to me muſt owe
His glorious luſtre, and dominion too:
'Twas from my pregnant undiſcerned womb,
That all exiſtent forms at firſt did come.
To me the ſtars above their brightneſs owe,
And mortals their repoſe below:
To my protection the diſtreſſed flee,
Under my ſhade the conſcious lovers free.
I bear alternate rule, one half of time,
By undiſturbed right I juſtly claim.
Then of my ſilent reign th' advantage take,
And try what of the myſt'ry you can make.

RIDDLE XVI.

I Came of the Cyclopean race,
Like them one eye adorns my face,
I'th' middle of my forehead plac'd.
But all the works the Cyclops have
Wrought in their ſubterranean cave,

Ev'n

Ev'n when our Aphrodite's requeſt
They on Æneis ſhield and creſt,
The fate of future Rome foretold,
(As poets fabuliz'd of old,)
Were not ſo elegant and fine,
Or of ſuch various kinds as mine.
You'd judge me by my equipage,
The greateſt warrior of the age;
For if you do ſurvey me round,
Nothing but ſteel is to be found,
Yet going armed cap-a-pee,
Like the old knights of Errantry,
I am not fam'd for chivalry.
Giants or monſters I ne'er kill,
But tender ladies blood I ſpill.

Anſwers to all the Riddles in this vol. will be inſerted in the contents.

A COUNTRY JUSTICE, *a true Story.*

BESET with books, but little law,
I once a country juſtice ſaw,
A lighted pipe regal'd his noſe,
A mug of ale diſpell'd his woes;
His face like morning ſun appear'd,
An elbow chair his body rear'd:
Before this man of law was brought,
A girl, who in the fact was caught:
Juſtice firſt took a ſwig of ale,
Then bid the wench begin her tale;
Leer'd at the girl, each word ſhe ſpoke,
Quite tickled at the ſmutty joke;
Made her the luſcious tale repeat,
And when, and how, was done the feat:
Thus warm'd, he takes the wench aſide,
Tells her far worſe will her betide;
That Bridewell inſtant is her lot,
Unleſs ſhe'll let him——you know what.

A very pretty raſcal! A fine fellow this to preſerve peace, and protect virtue and modeſty; I have a great mind to put the rogue's name at full length.

From

From my REGISTRY.

SONG 69.

ALTIDORE, in the County of Wicklow, a Ballad: Wrote at the Requeſt of a Friend.

Tune, At St. Oſyth by the Mill: *which Song is inſerted in page* 186.

WHY wou'd, Amintor, you
impoſe a taſk ſo hard?
A taſk, that might ſubdue
Apollo's favorite bard:
Is it, alas! for one,
With rough untutor'd pen,
To paint the riſing ſun,
Or ſing the beſt of men?

But, Sir, ſince you command,
Tho' ſure to be undone,
I'd take the flaming ſtand,
And fall with Phaeton.
Yet where ſhall I commence?
I cannot bear the ſight;
Joys croud on every ſenſe,
And torture with delight.

The ſwain, who Cowper's brow
Sung ſweetly heretofore,
He'd ſtood amaz'd, I trow,
At ſight of *Altidore!*
In Richmond's praiſe, the muſe
Has oft' been known to ſoar;
A nobler theme they chuſe,
Who ſing of *Altidore.*

Methinks I hear them ſay,
Your rapt'rous ſtuff give o'er;
And in plain terms, I pray,
Deſcribe us *Altidore.*

Upon a ſunny hill,
With heath all cover'd o'er;
Enrich'd with many a rill,
Stands beauteous *Altidore*.

Your eye commands a plain,
For twenty miles and more,
Where baſk the ſheep, the ſwain,
At lovely *Altidore*.
If novelty prevails,
And fields delight no more,
Survey the clifts of Wales,
From heavenly *Altidore*.

No muſic there is heard,
Save beagles, twice a ſcore;
And Robin, pretty bird,
That warbles, *Altidore*.
There nature, bounteous dame,
Unboſoms all her ſtore;
And art, with conſcious ſhame,
Abandons *Altidore*.

No griping cares approach,
No want attends the door;
Or on the joys encroach,
That circle *Altidore*.
And he, whoſe generous heart,
Poſſeſſes all this ſtore;
So friendly acts his part,
None envy *Altidore*.

The VILLAIN. *A true Hiſtory.*

AS we have many more male than female writers, it is not to be wondered at, that the vices and foibles of the women are moſt maliciouſly ſatyrized; it ſhall be my province ſometimes to give the fair ſex their revenge,

venge, by laying open the villainy of theſe lords of the creation. In their tranſactions with each other they are obliged to keep up an appearance of probity, but in regard to women, every ſtratagem, every deceit is put in practice to corrupt the innocent, and to betray the unwary. But why it ſhould be a leſs crime to deceive an unexperienced girl, whoſe age and ſituation render it impoſſible ſhe ſhould know the world, than it would be to direct a blind man to the brink of a precipice, I am at a loſs to imagine; yet cuſtom, that tyrant cuſtom, has taught us this, and many more abſurdities. The following fact, ſeems to me to ſhew as much baſeneſs on one ſide, and artleſs innocence on the other, as any thing I have heard.

Mrs. *Jenny* **** having lately loſt her father, that ſhe might not be a burden to her mother, who had for her own ſupport but a ſmall annuity, determined to apply to a relation in town, for her aſſiſtance in getting her a genteel ſervice, in order to this, ſhe took a place in a ſtage coach; the other paſſengers were an elderly gentlewoman and her ſon a lad of about fifteen, and three gentlemen. The early hour of ſetting out, and their being entire ſtrangers to each other, kept them almoſt ſilent for the firſt ten miles: by this time the young ſpark grew exceeding ſick, and the indulgent mother inſiſted on being ſet down at the firſt town they came to. They were now near the town where the coach uſually puts up that the company might breakfaſt. They no ſooner arrived, than the young man and his mother retired to a chamber, leaving our country woman to purſue her journey, without any of her own ſex to accompany her. The firſt day was paſt without any more than the common civility of bearing her expences, which was equally divided between the three men; only now and then a ſmile of approbation, accompanied with a ſigh, ſeemed as it were to eſcape from the genteeleſt and beſt dreſſed of them, whenever ſhe by chance caſt her eyes on his. At ſupper, he ſhewed the utmoſt aſſiduity to pleaſe her, inſiſted on her being lodged in the beſt room in the houſe, and, in ſhort, ſpared neither pains nor expence to render himſelf agreeable. Thus they went on

for

for the firſt three days: bur on the fourth, which was to be the laſt of their being together, he appeared diſconcerted and uneaſy. At noon, he intreated her to permit him to walk with her in the garden of the inn, where they dined, for a few minutes: there he made the warmeſt profeſſions of love, mixed with the moſt ſolemn appeals to heaven, that he had no other views than thoſe which were for her honour and intereſt; he told her, he muſt unavoidably be unhappy if ſhe refuſed to let him know where he might ſee her again. To all this ſhe replied, that providence had placed her in ſuch a ſituation that it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould grant his requeſt, ſince ſhe did not know where ſhe ſhould be fixed; as her buſiſineſs in town was only to get a ſervice. A ſervice! he returned with ſome emotion; no, no, that muſt never be the caſe, while I have an eſtate to maintain, or hands to work for you. I am at preſent poſſeſſed of upwards of 400*l.* a year; and expect by the death of an uncle, to more than double my fortuner If, deareſt creature, I am ſo happy as not to be diſagreeable to you, conſent to ſhare it with me. By this time the coachman called, which relieved *Jenny* from her embarraſſment. At length they arrived at their journey's end. She was met at the inn by her couſin, to whoſe houſe ſhe went for that night. As they were getting into a hackney coach, ſhe obſerved her lover ſpeak to the coachman, and look earneſtly at the coach-door, but ſhe knew not what this meant. Next day ſhe was ſurprized at hearing herſelf called by a voice ſhe knew to be her fellow traveller's. This interview was the forerunner of many more; till at laſt, after a ſtrict enquiry into his character and circumſtances, ſhe conſented to be his wife; but as their marriage was to be kept private, he propoſed ——— as the moſt proper place for the performance of the ceremony. This, with ſome reluctance, ſhe agreed to; when, as if recollecting himſelf, he cried, There can be no occaſion for our running the hazard of being ſeen, ſince a miniſter will come to us, and it will be equally valid. This alſo, weak and unthinking, ſhe conſented to. The next day they went to a tavern, and he ordered a drawer, whom he aſked for at the bar, to go for a clergyman. This

ſame

ſame drawer ſerved for both father and Clerk. The ſolemn ceremony being over, he carried her to genteel lodgings, where he behaved with the utmoſt tenderneſs for three months. She was now with child, and he began to be leſs frequent in his viſits; when one day, on her deſiring leave to acquaint her mother with her happineſs, he told her, that happineſs was hers no longer than ſhe kept it a ſecret, and immediately left her. She ſaw him no more for ſeveral days; and when he came home, was in the height of ill-humour, and told her he was going out of town for a fortnight. She aſked him for money for her ſupport, when flinging her a guinea, he flounced out of the room. This behaviour, ſo different from what ſhe had reaſon to expect, filled her heart with anguiſh, and her eyes with tears. But who can deſcribe the aſtoniſhment, the miſery, the torture, of this poor creature, when the woman of the houſe told her, ſhe muſt provide herſelf with other lodgings; for the gentleman, whom ſhe called her huſband, had payed her to that time, and told her, ſhe muſt expect no more from him! She ran —— ſhe flew to the tavern where ſhe was married; but, on enquiry, found the drawer had been diſcharged two months before: ſhe then aſked, if any of the family knew the miniſter that was ſent for by Mr. **** but they all pretended ignorance. Thus artfully deprived of every reſource, to whom could ſhe apply for juſtice? The wretch that betrayed her was flown; her kinſwoman refuſed her ſuccour, called her an infamous creature; and, to compleat her miſery, told her, that ſhe had the week before received a letter, which gave an account of the death of her mother. Loaded with grief, ſhe returned to her lodgings: the woman had compaſſion enough to let her remain there that night, and the next morning ſhe was in a high fever. The expence of an apothecary and nurſe ſoon diſſipated her little ſtore, and the pity of her landlady did not continue much longer. By this time the ſtrength of her conſtitution got the better of the diſtemper: and ſhe lives to feel more diſtreſs. But if the villain, the cruel, the inhuman villain! ſtill refuſes to provide for

her and his child, his name and place of abode ſhall ſoon be made public.

An EPISTLE *to a new born Infant.*

By Miſs ——

YOU are heartily welcome, my dear little couſin into this world; long may you continue in it, in all the happineſs it can give; and beſtow enough on all your friends to anſwer fully the impatience with which you have been expected.——May you grow up with all the accompliſhments that your good friend the biſhop of *Derry* can already imagine in you; and in the mean time may you have a nurſe with a tuneable voice, that may not talk an immoderate deal of nonſenſe to you. ——You are at preſent, my dear, in a very philoſophical diſpoſition.—The gaieties and follies of life have no attractions for you; its ſorrows you kindly commiſerate; however, do not much ſuffer them to diſturb your ſlumbers, and find joy in nothing but harmony and repoſe. You have as yet contracted no partialities, are ignorant of party diſtinctions, and look with a perfect indifference on all human ſplendors. The vanities of dreſs you have an abſolute diſlike to, and are very likely for many months to obſerve the biſhop of *Briſtol*'s firſt rule of converſation, Silence; tho' tempted to tranſgreſs it by the novelty and ſtrangeneſs of all the objects around you; as you advance farther in life, this philoſophical temper will wear off by degrees; the firſt object of your admiration will probably be a candle, and thence, as we all do, you will contract a taſte for the gaudy and the glaring, without making one moral reflection on the danger of ſuch falſe admiration, as leads people many times to burn their fingers.——You will begin to ſhew great partiality to ſome very good aunts, who will contribute towards ſpoiling you; but you will be equally fond of your excellent mamma, who will teach you by her example all ſorts of good qualities; only let me warn you

you of one thing, my dear, do not learn of her ſuch an immoderate love of home, as is quite contrary to all the privileges of this poliſhed age, and to give up entirely thoſe pretty graces of whim, flutter, and affectation, that ſo many charitable poets have declared to be the prerogative of our ſex—Ah! my poor couſin, to what purpoſe will you boaſt this prerogative when your nurſe, with anxious cares to ſow the ſeeds of jealouſy and emulation as early as poſſible, tells you, you have a little brother come to put your noſe out of joint: there will be nothing, I believe, to be done then but to be mighty good; and prove (what, believe me, admits of very little diſpute, though it has occaſioned abundance) that we girls, however people may give themſelves an air of being diſappointed at us, are by no means to be deſpiſed: let the men unenvied ſhine in public, it is we muſt make their homes delightful to them; or, if they provoke us, miſerably uncomfortable. I do not expect you ſhould anſwer this letter yet a-while, my dear, but as I dare ſay you have the greateſt intereſt with your papa, will beg you to prevail on him, that we may know by a line, before his time is engroſſed by another ſecret committee, that you and your mama are well; in the mean time I will aſſure you that all here rejoice in your exiſtence, and that I am, my very young correſpondent,

Yours, &c.

ANECDOTES.

CLXVII.

VILLARS, duke of Buckingham, about the latter end of K. James's reign, and the beginning of that of K. Charles I. had made imſelf by his miſmanagement ſo obnoxious to the Commons, that Sir Edward Cook declared him publickly in the houſe, to be the cauſe of all the national miſery; and that, till the king was informed of it, they could neither go out with honour, nor ſit with honour there. The duke being

told of this afterwards, as he ſat at dinner at his own table. *Tuſh*, ſaid he, ſmiling, *what ſignifies what the Commons of England ſay—without my leave they dare do nothing——no, not ſo much as to touch the hair of a dog.*

[This, however, proved a fatal menace to him, and gave occaſion to one of the boldeſt murders recorded in hiſtory; the ſtory of it is thus related by different authors.]

CLXVIII.

ONE John Felton, a gentleman of a reputable family in Suffolk, and formerly a lieutenant in the king's ſervice, being inflamed by the popular reſentment, took it into his head that he ſhould do God good ſervice if he killed the duke, and accordingly having provided no other inſtrument than an ordinary knife which he bought for a ſhilling, he repaired to Portſmouth (where the duke was then haſtening out a fleet for the relief of Rochelle) and arrived on the eve of St. Bartholomew. Next morning the duke receiving letters, that Rochelle had relieved itſelf, had ordered breakfaſt to be got ready with all expedition, that he might go and acquaint the king, who was then at Sir Daniel Norton's, but a few miles off, with the good news: the chamber where the duke was dreſſing himſelf, in the mean time, was full of company; and, among the reſt, Monſ. Soubiez, brother to the duke of Rohan, and other French gentlemen, who were earneſtly preſſing the departure of the fleet, leſt the news the duke had received ſhould be premature, and the place be ruined and loſt by an ill-timed delay. Their diſcourſe, according to the cuſtom of their nation, was held with ſuch vehemence, that the ſtanders-by, who did not underſtand French, thought they were angry; and the duke being told that breakfaſt was ready, and drawing towards the door, where the hangings were held up to let him paſs, in that very paſſage turning to Sir John Fryer, the colonel in waiting, to iſſue his commands, he was on the ſudden ſtruck upon the breaſt with a knife; upon which, without uſing any other

other words but *the villain hath killed me*, and in the ſame moment pulling out the knife, he fell down dead, the knife having pierced his heart. No man had ſeen the blow, but in the confuſion many imagined it came from the French; and it was next to a miracle they were not all killed on the ſpot. In the hurry a hat was taken up, in the inſide of which four or five lines of that declaration were written, wherein the commons had ſtyled the duke an enemy to the kingdom, and underneath upon the ſame paper a ſhort ejaculation. It was inſtantly concluded, that the perſon to whom this hat belonged, muſt be the man who had done the murder; and accordingly a gentleman being obſerved walking very penſively before the door without a hat, the word was given that *there was the villain that had killed the duke*; and while the multitude crowded to ſee him, and every one was aſking *Which is he? Which is he?* The man very compoſedly anſwered, *I am he.* The moſt furious ran with their drawn ſwords to kill him; while he, with all the unconcern in the world, expoſed himſelf to the utmoſt violence of their rage; but others of a more deliberate temper defended him, and carried him into a private room, in order to paſs examination, while he was yet uncollected. The chief thing aimed at was to learn his accomplices, and in order to induce him to that diſcovery, it was intimated to him that the duke was not yet dead; but to this he replied with a ſmile, *I know he muſt be dead, for I had the force of forty men when I ſtruck him.* He added, that they need give themſelves no trouble about his accomplices, for no man living had credit enough with him to engage him to kill a worm; that what he had done was a matter of conſcience, for which he was ready and willing to ſuffer the ſevereſt penalties of the law; and that the motives upon which he acted would appear, if his hat were found, in which, leſt he ſhould periſh in the attempt, he had written them, that the world might not be at a loſs to account for the deed. Nothing further could be gathered from him upon this occaſion, and therefore he was removed to London, where he remained four months in priſon before he was brought to trial, in which time he was more than once examined

before the council; and though he ſtill perſiſted in his former declaration, that no man knew of his deſign, yet *Laud* would not be convinced but the Puritans were concerned in the conſpiracy, and threatened Felton with the rack if he did not confeſs it; Felton replied with a compoſure equally admired and applauded, *That if it muſt be ſo, he could not tell whom he might nominate in the extremity of torture; and if what he then ſhould ſay muſt paſs for truth, he could not tell whether his lordſhip; or which of their lordſhips preſent, he might name, for torture might draw unexpected things from him;* after this, ſays Ruſhworth, he was aſked no more queſtions, but remanded back to priſon. Biſhop Laud, however, perſiſted in putting him to the rack, on which a debate aroſe, and his majeſty being preſent, moved that the queſtion might be propounded to the judges, who unanimouſly declared, *That he ought not by the law of England to be put to the rack, for no ſuch puniſhment is known or allowed by our law;* however, Felton himſelf, after he had been in priſon ſome time, became ſo full of remorſe, that upon his trial at the King's Bench bar, he earneſtly beſought the judges, that while he was yet alive, his hand might be ſtruck off with which he had committed the impious act; and before, and at his death, he behaved like a man truly ſenſible of his enormous crime.

CLXIX.

THERE is a remarkable ſtory told by lord Clarendon, concerning ſome previous intimations which the duke received of his untimely death, by means of an apparition, which was this: There was, ſays he, an officer in the King's wardrobe in Windſor caſtle, of a good reputation for honeſty and diſcretion, and then about the age of fifty years or more. This man had, in his youth, been bred in a ſchool, in the pariſh where Sir George Villars the father of the duke lived; and had been much cheriſhed and obliged, in that ſeaſon of his age, by the ſaid Sir George, whom afterwards he never ſaw. About ſix months before the miſerable end of the duke of Buckingham, about midnight, this man, being in

in his bed, at Windſor where his office was, and in a good ſtate of health, there appeared to him on the ſide of his bed, a man of a very venerable aſpect, who drew the curtains of his bed, and, fixing his eyes upon him, aſked him, if he knew him. the poor man, half dead with fear and apprehenſion, being aſked the ſecond time, Whether he remembered him? and having in that time called to his memory the preſence of Sir George Villars, and the very cloaths he uſed to wear, in which at that time he ſeemed to be habited; he anſwered him, that he thought him to be that perſon. He replied, 'he was 'in the right; that he was the ſame, and that he ex- 'pected a ſervice from him: which was, that he ſhould 'go from him to his ſon the duke of Buckingham, and 'tell him, if he did not ſomewhat to ingratiate himſelf 'to the people, or, at leaſt, to abate the extreme malice 'they had againſt him, he would be ſuffered to live but 'a ſhort time.' After this diſcourſe he diſappeared, and the poor man, if he had been at all waking, ſlept very well till morning, when he believed all this to be a dream, and conſidered it no otherwiſe.

The next night, or ſhortly after, the ſame perſon appeared to him again in the ſame place, and about the ſame time of the night, with an aſpect a little more ſevere than before; and aſked him, Whether he had done as he had required him? and perceiving he had not, gave him very ſevere reprehenſions; and told him, 'he ex- 'pected more compliance from him; and that if he did 'not perform his commands, he ſhould enjoy no peace 'of mind, but ſhould be always purſued by him.' Upon which, he promiſed to obey him. But the next morning waking out of a good ſleep, though he was exceedingly perplexed with the lively repreſentation of all particulars to his memory, he was willing ſtill to perſuade himſelf that he had only dreamed; and conſidered, that he was a perſon at ſuch a diſtance from the duke, that he knew not how to find admiſſion to his preſence; much leſs had any hope to be believed in what he ſhould ſay. So with great trouble and unquietneſs, he ſpent ſome time in thinking what he ſhould do; and in the end reſolved to do nothing in the matter.

The

The ſame perſon appeared to him the third time with a terrible countenance, and bitterly reproached him for not performing what he had promiſed him to do. The poor man had by this time recovered the courage to tell him, 'That in truth he had deferred the execution of his 'commands, upon conſidering, how difficult a thing it 'would be for him to get any acceſs to the duke, having 'acquaintance with no perſon about him; and if he 'could obtain admiſſion to him, he ſhould never be able 'to perſuade him, that he was ſent in ſuch a manner; 'but he ſhould, at beſt, be thought to be mad, or to be 'ſet on and employed by his own, or the malice of other 'men, to abuſe the duke; and ſo he would be ſure to 'be undone.' The perſon replied, as he had done before, 'That he ſhould never find reſt till he ſhould per-'form what he required; and therefore he were better 'to diſpatch it; that the acceſs to his ſon was known 'to be very eaſy; and that few men waited long for 'him; and for the gaining him credit, he would tell 'him two or three particulars, which he charged him 'never to mention to any perſon living, but to the duke 'himſelf; and he ſhould no ſooner hear them, but he 'would believe all the reſt he ſhould ſay.' And ſo repeating his threats he left him.

In the morning, the poor man, more confirmed by the laſt appearance, made his journey to London, where the court then was. He was very well known to Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the maſters of requeſts, who had married a lady nearly allied to the duke, and was himſelf well received by him. To him this man went; and though he did not acquaint him with all particulars, he ſaid enough to him to let him ſee there was ſomething in it; and the knowledge he had of the ſobriety and diſcretion of the man, made the more impreſſion in him. He deſired, that, by his means he might be brought to the duke; to ſuch a place, and in ſuch a manner, as ſhould be thought fit; affirming, that he had much to ſay to him, and of ſuch a nature as would require privacy, and ſome time and patience in the hearing. Sir Ralph promiſed, he would ſpeak firſt to the duke of him, and then he ſhould underſtand his pleaſure. And accordingly,

accordingly, the firſt opportunity, he did inform the duke of the reputation and honeſty of the man, and then what he deſired, and all he knew of the matter. The duke, according to his uſual condeſcention, told him, that he was the next day early to hunt with the king: that his horſes ſhould attend him at Lambeth-Bridge, where he would land by five of the clock in the morning; and if the man attended him there at that hour, he would walk, and ſpeak with him as long as ſhould be neceſſary. Sir Ralph carried the man with him next morning, and preſented him to the duke at his landing, who received him courteouſly; and walked aſide in conference with him near an hour, none but his own ſervants being then on the place; and they and Sir Ralph at ſuch a diſtance, that they could not hear a word, though the duke ſometimes ſpoke with great commotion; which Sir Ralph the more eaſily obſerved, becauſe he kept his eyes always fixed upon him: and the man told him in his return over the water, 'That when he mentioned thoſe particulars which were to gain him credit, the ſubſtance whereof he ſaid he durſt not impart to him, the duke's colour changed, and he ſwore he could come to that knowledge only by the devil; for that thoſe particulars were known but to himſelf, and to one perſon more, who, he was ſure, would never ſpeak of them.'

This ſtory, which Clarendon has introduced with much ſolemnity, is the more remarkable, as, ever after, the duke appeared abroad with omens of misfortune in his countenance; his unſteady motions, his dark expreſſions, his earneſtly recommending his wife and children to be remembered by biſhop Laud to his royal maſter; his frequent ſolitary interviews with his mother, and his reflections upon the tender ties of nature, and the endearments of life which he was to leave behind him, amount to more than a bare preſumption, that from the moment he was made acquainted with the errand of his deceaſed father, he became ſtrongly poſſeſt with the apprehenſions of his approaching fate.

Though.

CLXX.

THOUGH we are far from recommending the belief of all ſuch ſtories as theſe to our young readers, yet there are ſome ſo ſtrongly atteſted, that it is impoſſible to withold our aſſent to the truth of them; among which we muſt include the following, which ſtands upon the ſtrongeſt degree of evidence that can be produced, and moſt of the witneſſes are ſtill alive.

One Mr. Woodmanſon, while apprentice to a ſhop-keeper at Goſport, that lived over againſt his father's houſe, boarded at his father's; and on the 23d of Auguſt, 1736, at noon, as he was ſtanding at his maſter's door, with his miſtreſs and maid-ſervant, and one Mr. Bloxham, then rider to Mr. Oakes and Company, but now a haberdaſher in Cateaton-ſtreet, heard his father's voice call *Charles*, as he was wont to do at dinner-time. He anſwered, *Coming, Sir;* but being engaged in buſineſs, he ſtaid about four minutes, when he heard the voice a ſecond time call *Charles;* the maid heard it then, and anſwered for him; and he ſtaid to finiſh what he had in hand. He then ſaw the door open, heard his father call a third time in a ſtrong, emphatical, angry tone, and ſhutting the door he heard its ſound: both the miſtreſs and the maid heard this laſt call; on which his miſtreſs puſhed him out of the ſhop, with, *Sirrah, get you gone, your father is quite angry at your ſtay.* He ran over, lifted up the latch, but found the door locked, Then going in at the back gate, ſaw his mother-in-law, who told him his father was not come home, nor would dine at home that day. His ſurprize was great, his hair ſtood on end, and he went back to the company, whoſe conſternation, on hearing the fact, was as great as his own. The maid told him it was a ſign of death, and he would not live long; which made ſuch an impreſſion upon him, that from a lad of raiſed ſpirits and extreme vivacity, he became grave and ſerious, thought of nothing but his approaching end, and held himſelf in conſtant preparation for the period he expected. What is very remarkable, he had an only uncle, (who was governor of the Biddeford, then ſtationed

tioned at Leith) that died there that ſame day, and about the ſame hour.

[This gentleman, who is now in Carolina, ſtill continues the ſame ſerious turn of mind, and his veracity is unqueſtionable.]

CLXXI.

DOCTOR John Reynolds, King's Profeſſor in Oxford, in the reign of king James I. at the firſt was a zealous papiſt, whilſt William his brother was as earneſt a proteſtant; and afterwards providence ſo ordered it, that, by their mutual diſputation, John Reynolds turned an eminent proteſtant, and William an inveterate papiſt, in which profeſſion he died.

This gave occaſion to an excellent copy of verſes, concluding with this diſtich.

Quod genus hoc pugnæ eſt? ubi victus gaudet uterq;
Et ſimul alteruter ſe ſuperaſſe dolet.

What war is this? when conquer'd both are glad;
And either to have conquer'd other, ſad.

CLXXII.

SIR Thomas Wyat, in his inſurrection in queen Mary the firſt's reign, propoſed with his army to reach London in the night; "For (ſays he) we ſhall take our "enemies *napping*, before they *dream* of our coming."

CLXXIII.

WHEN Doctor Swift viſited Waterford, in his tour through Ireland, he requeſted the friendſhip of the reverend Mr. R——n, who was beneficed there, to walk with him and ſhew him the curioſities of the city. paſſing by an old ruinous church-yard, he ſpied a carved ſtone, but the paſſage to it was ſo filthy (being a common ſewer) that he prevailed upon Mr. R——n to take him on his back and land him near this ſtone, whereon was inſcribed the arms of the city, with this motto,

Urbs

Urbs intacta manet. When the Dean returned to his inn he wrote the following lines,

Urbs intacta manet, ſemperq: intacta manebit
*Tangere *Crabrones quis bene ſanus amat.*

Which verſes, for the peruſal of his landlord, he tranſlated thus;

A thiſtle is the Scottiſh arms,
Which to the toucher threatens harms;
What are the arms of Waterford?
That no man touches—but a t——d.

* Waſps, or Hornets.

---

* *A new Ride to* Rumford; *being the third Epiſtle from* Ralph Ragandjaw.

SIR,

I Had the honour to inform you in my laſt, that after Mr. *Timothy Trip* the dancing-maſter had took to his *heels*, a perſon of diſtinction came in, who was an exceeding good cuſtomer.—This perſon of diſtinction, Sir, was no other than the right honourable *Hezekiah* lord viſcount HICKMANBOTTOM, who called for a head of the firſt magnitude, of the moſt precious metal, and the moſt coſtly price. I brought him out a *nominal* gold head (for it *really* was a *Pinchbeck*) for which he gave me a bank note for five hundred pounds; and would you believe it? I ſold his lordſhip's *caſt-off* head to the beſt critic of the Monthly Review for the ſame ſum.

Soon as my lord HICKMANBOTTOM had retired—Mr. *Walter Wiſhy-waſhy*, the CORRECT poet, begged admittance, but before he would traffick with me in the leaſt, he inſiſted upon repeating the following lines.

† Vide page 183 of this Volume.

On

On GENTLENESS.

COME *placid* muſe, come *Gentleneſs's child*,
So *ſoft*, ſo *ſmooth*, ſo *ſimple*, and ſo *mild*;
Oh! let me ſeek the *quiet* evening's *cool*,
Where no rough wind diſturbs the *peaceful pool*,
There, where *Melpomene* her ſkill employs
With ſee-ſaw ſing-ſong, and with jingling joys;
In ſoft inſenſibility embalm'd,
And by ſerene ſecurity be calm'd.
So pretty-pert! and finiking ſo fine!
To tickle, ſooth, and lull the niggling nine,
With ſuckling baby-rhimes the mind to pleaſe,
And give to *eaſineſs* the means of EASE.

I was raviſhed with the *tinkling* of this charming copy of verſes, and gave him a block-tin-head *gratis*, neither would I accept of his own in exchange; but whether the block-tin-head, or his own block-head be the beſt, I leave for ſome future *Scaliger* to determine.

Yours,

R. R.

NOVEL V.*

The GENEROUS HUSBAND, *or the* AMOURS *of* ARABELLA.

THE firſt impreſſions that *love* makes on us are the ſtrongeſt, nor can they be removed by the commands of parents, intereſt, or prudence: how unhappy then are thoſe ladies, who, for the alliance of families, titles, or private views, are torn from the arms of thoſe they love, to be married by mercenary fathers to men they can ſcarce endure. Clerimont, a gentleman

* This is the fifth Novel inſerted in this Magazine, though none of the former were numbered.

of fortune, loved a lady, beautiful, young, and rich: their loves ſeemed ſo much the more happy, becauſe it was approved of by their parents, who deſigned to marry them. Arabella, for ſuch was the lady's name, looked on Clerimont as her huſband, and gave herſelf therefore a liberty to indulge a paſſion which ſhe thought it her duty to increaſe: Clerimont was as fond of his Arabella, and flattered himſelf with the greateſt happineſs, in living with a woman whoſe love was mutual. While the writings for the marriage were drawing, the young lady went to the theatre to ſee a favourite play; in the middle of the firſt act, Cleanthes, a young nobleman of the firſt rank, came into the ſame box where Arabella ſate: her mein, her charms, and her wit, raiſed in him a ſudden paſſion, he knew not how to account for: he gazed, he ſighed, he loved. When the play was over, he conducted her through the crowd to her chair, and was agreeably ſurpriſed, when he ſaw her ſervant, to find it the livery of a gentleman he was very well acquainted with. The next morning he waited on Arabella's father, and enquired after his new charmer; and as ſoon as he heard it was his daughter, he made propoſals for marrying her. The old gentleman, when he was recovered from his ſurpriſe, and found the young nobleman ſerious in his demands, thought the match too advantageous not to be made up as ſoon as poſſible: they agreed to have her jointure ſettled that afternoon; the marriage conſummated the next morning. Cleanthes would fain have ſeen the lady; but her father ſaid it was not ſo proper, 'till he had acquainted her with his intentions. Cleanthes hurried to his lawyer to give inſtructions for the ſettlements; and the old gentleman ſent for Arabella, to inform her of his new engagement: but what words can deſcribe her wonder, and the various effects of love, grief, and deſpair, whilſt ſhe received the charge of giving the next morning her hand in marriage to a lover ſhe knew nothing of. In vain were all her tears, prayers, and intreaties; no reproaches of injuſtice to Clerimont, no argument of future miſery to herſelf, nor all the ſoft perſuaſions of a paternal love could ſet aſide the prevailing arguments of grandeur, title, and riches. Her father was ſevere, and would be obeyed,

and

and haughtily urged, it was nothing but her duty to comply: he threatened her with violence, if ſhe reſiſted his will, and with an imperious command, left her in all the anguiſh of a deſpairing maiden. Scarce had ſhe recovered her ſenſes, when ſhe found means to ſend this news to her Clerimont's lodgings; but he was unhappily gone for a day or two to a country-houſe he had in a neighbouring village, to order ſome repairs for the better reception of his Arabella. The next morning, which was to bring her miſery and a huſband, arrives, after a night ſpent in fears, hopes, and deſpair: her father enters her chamber, renews his reaſons of intereſt, power, and wealth, but finds her ſtill inflexible: as he knew nothing could move her, but perſuading her it was her duty, he threatened her with the heavieſt curſes in caſe of diſobedience. In fine, amidſt the horrors of ſuch a guilt, amidſt the tender thoughts of Clerimont, and the fears of a father's curſe, ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be dragged to the altar, perceiving it impoſſible to avoid the ſacrifice. After the ceremony, ſhe was conducted to her lord's houſe, where, if pomp, titles, and riches could give happineſs with a man ſhe did not love, none could be more happy than Arabella: but in the public joy ſhe ſeemed diſcontented, and broken ſighs, and dejected looks, betrayed the inward ſorrow of her heart. Clerimont heard the next day of Arabella's marriage: and after being informed of the particulars, he could not bear to continue in town, but took poſt horſes immediately for ——, under all the grief a diſappointed lover could bear. Arabella's huſband was good-humoured, complaiſant, and paſſionately fond of her; preventing every wiſh, by giving her every thing ſhe could deſire. But love is very unjuſt; ſhe could only repay the tenderneſs of her huſband in a cold indifference; which he perceived, and was ſenſibly affected with, though he knew not ſhe loved any other perſon. He continued his earneſt endeavours to pleaſe, but without any ſucceſs. At this time, a friend of his arrived from Paris, and told him, without any deſign, of the former love of Arabella and Clerimont. He was thunder ſtruck with the news, and never enquired more into the cauſe of her coldneſs to him: he was con-

vinced of her virtue, as ſhe was ſtrict in her behaviour, cautious of her company, regular in her family, ſhewing great reſpect to him, but no tenderneſs; and he ſaw with grief, it was her good ſenſe only, not her inclination, which made her dutiful to him. He admired her conduct, but complained of his own bad fortune. Among other ſolitary amuſements, Arabella uſed to divert her melancholy in deſigning landſkips, which ſhe did to perfection. In all her deſigns, (her paſſion and thoughts being ſtill fixed on Clerimont,) you might find that unhappy lover; ſometimes as a deſpairing ſhepherd under the covert of a willow; ſometimes as a gay roving ſwain among a troop of country laſſes; juſt as her hope or fear dictated. Cleanthes having often ſeen Clerimont in public places, and knowing his perſon, felt inexpreſſible anguiſh to ſee the heart of his wife ſo ſenſibly affected towards his rival; but he was quite overwhelmed with grief, when he ſaw her hang theſe pictures by her bedſide, that ſo her lover might be the firſt object that appeared to her when ſhe waked; and one morning while her huſband, who deſerved the utmoſt pity, ſeemed to be faſt aſleep, he was ſo unhappy to hear her ſigh, as ſhe looked on thoſe landſkips, and in a paſſionate tone cry out,—*My dear, dear Clerimont!*—But even this declaration moved not Cleanthes to ſhew any reſentment, but, if poſſible, he redoubled his tenderneſs, hoping that might wean her from a paſſion ſo ill placed. Almoſt two years he ſpent in this condition, without being able to change in the leaſt the heart of his Arabella; when deſpairing of her love, he reſolved to make a campaign in Flanders, where, in a deſperate attempt which he had voluntarily undertaken, according to his wiſhes, he received two mortal wounds. He was carried to his tent, where, finding ſome ſtrength remaining, he called for pen and paper, and wrote the following letter to her.

" *My dear Arabella,*

" I would have ſaid Wife, had I not been convinced " that name is hateful to you: as this is the laſt letter " you will ever receive from me, I muſt teſtify in it " my grief for having been the occaſion of the miſery I

" am

" am ſenſible you feel in your loſing Clerimont; but " had I known, my Arabella, your heart had been pre- " engaged, I would not have parted you from the man " you ſo tenderly loved, to have joined you to a huſ- " band you could never endure. That I loved you, by " my actions you may be ſatisfied; but ſhould any doubt " remain, think what I muſt have felt, rather than give " you any uneaſineſs in reproaching you, when I have " beheld the happy Clerimont in every picture, in every " room, nay by your bed-ſide, to be the object of your " wiſhes.—When I have heard you ſigh for him, and " paſſionately call for him.—This I ſilently ſuffered; I " ſaw you indulge a paſſion you ſhould have ſtrove to " ſtifle.—I wiſhed you could have loved me, but wiſhed " in vain. I am now within a few moments of death; " and in theſe lateſt words, I deſire that no uneaſy re- " membrance of what is paſt, may ever diſturb the plea- " ſure which you will ſoon be at liberty to enjoy with " your Clerimont.—Could you have loved me, we both " might have been happy; but your firſt love had made " too ſtrong an impreſſion to be eraſed. You may be " happier with Clerimont, but can never have a more " loving huſband than,

" *Your expiring*

" CLEANTHES."

The news of Cleanthes's death accompanied with this letter, flung her into an extreme grief: but when his body was brought home from the army, to be interred with his anceſtors, ſhe would have ſacrificed herſelf, that ſhe might give him her life, becauſe ſhe did not give him her heart. As often as ſhe called to her mind the love, merit, and tenderneſs of her huſband, with reproaches on her ſtars, her love, and her father, ſhe flung herſelf into all the agonies of rage and madneſs. So violent a ſtate brought on a burning fever, which in a few days terminated in the death of a woman, who died unhappily for being married to the man ſhe could not love, and who might have lived happy with the man ſhe did.

SONG 70.

A new Ballad for the SWAN SOCIETY.*

Tune, *Ye Commons and Peers, &c.*

COME each toper and friend,
Lend your ear and attend
To a ſcheme, which I'll tell you anon;
It is to repair
To the death of old Care,
Who this night will be kill'd at the *Swan.*

No more that old dog
Our gay ſpirits ſhall clog,
And make us look ſallow and wan;
Jolly Bacchus to night
Shall his mittimus write,
And ſend him to hell from the *Swan.*

We'll leave to the Sophy
His ſherbet and coffee,
And ſoup to Monſieur and the Don;
But with punch, and good ale,
We will joyous regale.
Our old gallant hearts at the *Swan.*

Let the 'ſquire mind his hogs,
And to huntſmen and dogs,
Sing tantararara ton ton;
We have joys more extreme,
While ſweet love is our theme,
And we're hunting the flaſk at the *Swan.*

Let the pedant ſevere,
Every day in the year
His leſſon moſt carefully con;
Damn your rods and your blocks,
And your *hics* and your *hocs*,
For to drink is our taſk at the *Swan.*

Here

* A Club that meets at the ſign of the SWAN, a public-houſe in W——d.

Here our bliſs is divine,
We love wit and love wine
As well as did Shakeſpear's Sir John,
The fat knight ne'er would lack,
Or good punch, or good ſack,
Was he here with his friends at the *Swan*.

Come my jolly briſk hearts,
Join your hands to your quarts,
For here muſt be no lookers on;
Let us join hand to hand,
And when we can't ſtand
We will fall all at once at the *Swan*.

I fancy at laſt,
That your patience is paſt,
And my rhimes they are pretty nigh gone;
If applauſe you refuſe,
Yet I hope you'll excuſe
A poor Gooſe that would fain be a Swan.

Epitaph on a JUGGLER.

DEATH came to ſee thy tricks, and cut in twain
Thy thread,—why did'ſt not make it whole again?

APOLLO *and* DAPHNE.

WHEN Phœbus was amorous and and long'd to be rude.
Miſs Daphne cry'd, piſh! and ran ſwiſt to the wood;
And rather than do ſuch a naughty affair,
She became a fine laurel to deck the god's hair.
The nymph was (no doubt) of a cold conſtitution,
For ſure to turn tree was an odd reſolution:
Yet in this ſhe behav'd like a true modern ſpouſe,
For ſhe fled from his arms to diſtinguiſh his brows.

Epitaph

Epitaph on Mr. THOMAS ALLEN.

NO epitaphs need make the juſt man fam'd:
The good are prais'd when they are only nam'd.

RIDDLE XVII.

IN times of yore, when things in common were
'Mongſt pious men, when univerſal love,
To ſcatter'd nations under the expanſe
Of heaven's ſpacious canopy, was taught;
Then ſure the world with golden days was bleſs'd.
But I have reaſon 'gainſt thoſe times t'exclaim,
Since even then this peaceful mutual love
Never diffus'd its influence on me;
For early woes did with my birth commence,
Nature was careleſs and my ſhape deform'd.
Mankind malicious enmity denounc'd,
And vow'd averſion to my future race;
Thus doom'd to vengeance ever ſince I've been,
And now remain the object of their hate.
My food is ſuch as gives me great content,
But always eat with hazard of my life:
Search ev'n in palaces you'll find me there;
Yet oftener with poor Irus I cohabit.
Phillis ſhe calls me vagrant, foe to love,
And the diſturber of a ſweet repoſe:
But when of late her Damon I awoke
At noon of night, and bad him to prepare
For many joys; the ſwain with dreadful ire
My boneleſs trunk ſurpriz'd, and nail'd it down.

RIDDLE XVIII.

WITHIN the bowels of the earth immur'd
And with impenetrable rocks ſecur'd,
I undiſcover'd lay, till painful art,
Depuls'd me from my mother's tender heart.

Some

Some ſay I was engend'red by the ſun,
In beds of adamant to light unknown,
Which no prolific rays did ever pierce,
Since the foundation of the univerſe.
I ſearch the depths of hidden myſteries,
And ſhow the various changes of the ſkies.
I warn the watchful ſhepherds of the plain
To guard their flocks from ſtorms of ſnow or rain.
I ſhow when Boreas thunders in the north,
And Æolus his den of winds lets forth.
I teach the ſeedſman when to plow and ſow,
And point the ſeaſons when to reap and mow.
When I am cruſh'd, t'a thouſand globes I run,
As ſmall as dancing atoms in the ſun;
Each floating particle like rolling ſand
Trills back again, and joins at my command.
So hiſſing ſnakes their young ones rally home,
Who to their mother's bowels quickly come;
When cut in two the ſever'd parts conjoin,
And by a plaſtic touch unite again.
Thro' ſundry tranſmutations I am toſs'd,
And in variety of changes loſt.
Sometimes I'm liquid fire, then ſoon become
A lump of lead, a *caput mortuum.*
Tho' th'Alchymiſt diſſolves my ſhatter'd frame
Into a thouſand ſhapes, I'm ſtill the ſame.

Anſwers to all the Riddles in this vol. will be inſerted in the contents.

From my REGISTRY.

An EPISTLE *From Mrs.* DIANA LACKFOOD, *in one Company of Stroling Players, to Mr.* BARNABY EATAPACE, *in another Company at ſome Diſtance.*

BEFORE this tender ſcrawl I did begin,
T'expell the wind, — I took a cogue of gin;
Gin's all the comfort that your DYE has left,
Of friends, of money, and of thee bereft.

Hogs.

* Hogs, twenty-eight, in twice five weeks we've ſhar'd;
So you may gueſs how nobly I have far'd!
So many ſhifts I for my belly make,
That I have left but one unto my back;
And that, by patching is ſo ſtrong in tail,
Twou'd almoſt ſerve to make a boomboat ſail.
Aprons and caps, I haven't one that's whole,
My ſtays no body have, my ſhoes no ſole:
The Briſtol ſtones, you gave me for a fairing,
With Jackey's ſpoon, my thimble, and my ear-ring,
My capuchin, ſtage ſhoes, and bit of lawn,
Together with my ring, are all in pawn.
Oft' times (for want of dinner) on the ſhore,
Where late I ſaw you, but now ſee no more,
I penſive walk; curſing in vain the ſhip
That bore my EATAPACE from LACKFOOD's lip:
Then raving mad through ev'ry ſtreet I wander,
A melancholy gooſe, without a gander.
But while I thus unwoman every nerve,
Your roving thoughts from me, perhaps, may ſwerve;
Some tragic queen beſtows her maudlin charms,
And folds my BARNY in her ſweaty arms.
Ah no,—you are not falſe,—you ha'n't forgot
How often, for your ſake, I boil'd the pot.
That you might gratify your every ſenſe,
To virtue's rules I quitted my pretence,
And kiſs'd with all, that you might touch the pence.
Send me an anſwer quickly,—tho' I dread it,
For I have heard that you can get no credit:
That hardly once a week your people play,
And beg an audience, even then, they ſay;
Let me, I pray, the truth of all things know,
The child's be——t himſelf, and I muſt go.

Mr. BARNABY's *Anſwer.*

Dear DYE,

YOUR melancholy letter I receiv'd,
And at your ſcurvy circumſtances griev'd,
Your caſe I pity much;—no Cole can ſend,
Cole have I none, or any lending friend: You

* Cant word for Shillings.

You charge me with a crime of blackeſt dye,
But know, my ſoul abhors foul perfidy.
No, Mrs. LACKFOOD, I can ne'er forget
How often, at your coſt, I've turn'd the ſpit,
How often, for my ſake, you boil'd the pot,
And dumpling, pyes, puddings and pancakes got.
Thoſe were my taſte, you knew, ſo thoſe I had;
I am ſorry, DYE, your ſharing is ſo bad:
Yet, I aſſure you, ours is ten-times worſe,
A farthing is the maſter of my purſe.
For ſhirts,—whoever is poſſeſt of one,
I think him happy,—I, alas! have none;
Nor coat, nor breeches, that will keep out weather:
And for my ſhoes and feet, they hold together,
As peaceful huſbands ſhrewiſh wives abide,
Not that they're willing, but becauſe they're ty'd.
My hoſe, good-natur'd ones, in times of yore,
Now grow croſs-grain'd, and will be coax'd no more.
My hat, the tighteſt thing I have about me,
Is grown as tender as a foot that's gouty:
My courſe through ſhoals of fiſh I often ſteer,
For whitings ſell, thirty a penny, here.
If (by hard chance) of meat I get a pound,
I make it ſerve me, well, the ſix days round.
You've heard that none will truſt us; it is true,
We likewiſe have been told the ſame of you.
I think, I nothing now have more to ſay,
But that *George Barnwell*'s given out to day,
Beſpoke by Mr. Mayor;—I'm ſure we play.

NOVEL VI.

The Hiſtory of TACITUS *and* CORINNA.

OF all matrimonial broils and diſquietudes, none was ever conducted with more prudence and ſecrecy, than the late voluntary ſeparation of Tacitus and his fair bride; as perhaps nothing ever gave greater ſurpriſe

priſe to the acquaintance of both, than to ſee two perſons ſo diametrically oppoſite in temper and character, agree in ſo material a point as matrimony.

Corinna, a woman of the moſt finiſhed perſon, was young, gay, fond of play to diſtraction; and ſo careleſs of her words and actions, that her character ſeemed the leaſt thing in the world to be regarded; and rather than loſe her ſhare of pleaſure in a party at quadrille, ſhe would, at any time, break through the rules of reſerve and decorum. It will ſeem ſtrange, no doubt, that a lady, ſo taken up with buſineſs of this kind, ſhould, at the ſame time, be the greateſt coquet in being; but ſo it was, and though her lovers were ſo numerous, not one could boaſt a greater ſhare in her eſteem than the reſt; and few more than that their names were entered in her pocket-book; and notwithſtanding ſhe had, perhaps, a ſet of the moſt practiſed admirers in the gay world, their advances were all diſregarded, for the ſuperior addreſs of their powerful rival Pam, to whoſe ill ſucceſs, in falling a victim to the hearts of ſome of her female antagoniſts (the conſequence of which was a very conſiderable loſs on her ſide) was owing the favourable reception of Tacitus.

It was that lucky criſis, when great with the thoughts of revenge (but, through her ill luck, incapable of purſuing it) he found an opportunity of renewing his addreſſes; which Corinna was in a much better temper than ever to give ear to; ſhe, accordingly, began ſeriouſly to reflect on the ſubject, and very wiſely to weigh the conveniencies and inconveniencies attending it. Tacitus, ſhe knew, was dull, hated gaming, very cautious of giving the world offence, and had a veneration for an irreproachable character: Then, on the other ſide, he was good-natured, rich, fooliſh enough to love her, and very eaſily to be impoſed on; theſe ſhe looked on as very proper accompliſhments in a huſband. Having thus caſt up the account on each ſide, on ballance ſhe ventured to declare Tacitus the happy man; and, as ſuch, he was ſaluted, envied or laughed at amidſt the whole circle of his acquaintance.

It

It is little to be wondered at, if a lady, who had ſo great an averſion to reſtraint before marriage, ſhould have a much greater afterwards, when her liberties and indulgencies (which however before ſhe little enough regarded) were conſiderably increaſed; and Corinna was ſo high ſpirited a creature, that ſhe would go to the utmoſt length of her rein, let it reach as far as it would.

Many months had not run away, during the triumph of the bride, over the too eaſy temper of the fond and obliging Tacitus, ere he began to wake from his dream of happineſs; and coolly to reflect on the proſpect of the continuance of it; and which, from her behaviour at that time, gave him very little ſatisfaction. The conſequence of this reflection was a gentle reprimand to his lady; who, ſurpriſed at this unexpected behaviour, began to exert her ſpirits a little too freely on the occaſion. Though the temper of the huſband was not eaſily moved to reſentment, he laid up her words 'till a proper opportunity; and it was not long before he had a very ſufficient reaſon for ſuch a memorandum, (for when once animoſities are begun, they are of too light and volatile a nature to lie long inactive) which happened thus;—a bad run of cards having reduced the unhappy Corinna to draw rather too ſoon upon her banker, who was no other than Tacitus himſelf, he now ſomewhat more ſeverely reproved her conduct; which reproof had the ſame or worſe effect than former reprehenſions; he, however, made her no other reply than the reminding her of an engagemen he was under for the day; which he immediately went to fulfil, without the leaſt ſign of granting her requeſt.—Now Corinna began to look on her fortune as deſperate, and without ever allowing time for reflection, or ever ſo much as dreaming of the conſequence, was, in the abſence of her huſband, at high game all the day with the celebrated Lorenzo; and having good fortune on her ſide, made ſhift to pick up an hundred guineas, or ſo, before his return.

Perhaps no man had ever the command of his paſſions like Tacitus, he pretended to be wonderfully pleaſed at his wife's good caſt, and thanked the looſer with an exceſs of politeneſs; who, being a man of much greater

gallantry than penetration, went away highly diverted at what he thought the inſenſibility of his behaviour; but was not a little ſurpriſed, the next morning, at the receipt of the following letter.

To LORENZO.

SIR,

"Yeſterday my wife preſſed me for a ſupply to her "extravagancies, which, thinking unreaſonable I refuſed "her; but find ſhe has other friends to apply to, who "are generous enough to make up the deficiencies of a "huſband; but as I ſcorn to be obliged, in this reſpect, "to any man in the world; I deſire to know your mo- "tive for ſo extraordinary a piece of generoſity.—I ex- "pect in this place, Sir, a ſatisfactory anſwer on the "receipt of this.

"TACITUS.

"The Park, Saturday morning."

Lorenzo, who was not up when this came to his hands, jumped out of bed with an air of great ſatisfaction, and ordered his man to prepare his ſword and piſtols; for he was one of thoſe ſort of madmen, who very ſtrenuouſly ſtand up for that ineſtimable privilege of a gentleman —I mean, the liberty of cutting each other's throats, allowing no time for redreſſing or repenting of an injury till too late; while the common race of men are only entitled to bruiſe each other heartily, and live to be good friends again, ſerviceable to each other, and uſeful members of community in general.——Hence animated, the gallant Lorenzo drew his ſword, and, confident of his ſkill in the ſcience, made a paſs at the button of his hat lying on the table; but by ſome means or other, moſt luckily miſſed it.—I ſay luckily, for juſt at that moment it popped into his head, what before he did not at all dream of, the probability of his miſſing in the ſame manner the injured Tacitus; upon which ſome further conſideration enſued, and the effect of it was, the putting his ſword peaceably into its ſcabbard again, and writing the following letter.

To

To TACITUS.

SIR,

" I muſt confeſs you have ſufficient reaſon to be in-
" incenſed—the motive of my generoſity I need not
" explain; and as I am not in a humour to repair one
" injury by committing a other, I am willing, if it will
" be to you any ſatisfaction, to accept of my purſe
" again, for as you have an indiſputable right in the
" lady it was injurious in me to bid money after you
" had bought her. However, Sir, if you are willing
" to part with her on any reaſonable terms, you ſhall
" find me as generous as you could wiſh; or, if you in-
" tend the contrary, I ſhall bid up no more for her.

" LORENZO."

Any other man than Tacitus, might have poſſibly looked on this as the higheſt affront; but, (being fully convinced that happineſs could never ſubſiſt between two perſons of ſuch different tempers as Corinna and himſelf) he was reſolved at all events to bring about, if poſſible, a ſeparation; he accordingly went home, ſhewed her Lorenzo's epiſtle, and calmly, yet with a great deal of reſolution, made overtures on the ſcore of parting—The proſpect of ready money, and the benefit of uſing her pleaſure with it, was too captivating to Corinna, to make her refuſe almoſt any thing on that condition; the many agreeable parties ſhe would be enabled to make one of, and the hopes of the ſum ſhe might poſſibly gain, by having a great deal to ſtake, eaſily determined her reſolution. The ſeparation accordingly enſued, and, as before has been obſerved, with much leſs noiſe than their firſt mutual agreement.

Corinna appears as before, mightily taken up with buſineſs of no conſequence, gaming, followed, toaſted and admired as much as ever; while contented Tacitus appears alſo in *ſtatu quo*; reads the papers of the day, drinks his glaſs; and, as he is out of danger of being accounted an old batchelor, rails at women, proteſts he values the whole ſex as a paragraph in the news; and ſays, *it is very well it is no worſe.*

ANECDOTES.

CLXXIV.

IN 1651, king Charles II. made his laſt effort againſt Oliver to regain the crown, and aſſembling forces in the north, advanced weſtward into England, where he thought he could command the moſt friends; but Oliver intercepting his progreſs at Worceſter, drew on an engagement, which proved deciſive againſt the king. The very night after this battle was fought, Sir Chriſtopher Wren, being at his father's houſe at Knoyle in Wiltſhire, dreamt that he ſaw a fight in a great market-place, which he knew not, where ſome were flying and others purſuing; and among thoſe that fled, he thought he ſaw a kinſman of his, who went into Scotland to join the king's army. The next night this kinſman came to Knoyle, and was the firſt that brought the news of the fight at Worceſter.

CLXXV.

THERE is another remarkable ſtory of this kind related of the ſame Sir Chriſtopher Wren, who being choſen ſurveyor of the royal works to king Charles II. ſoon after his reſtoration, and being called upon to prepare a plan for the reparation only of St. Paul's cathedral, which he was afterwards employed to re-build; before he would raſhly venture to expoſe his judgment upon paper in a matter of ſuch importance, in which the great Mr. Inigo Jones had been engaged before him, thought it prudent to take a ſurvey of the works of the beſt maſters abroad, and accordingly, obtained his majeſty's leave to travel for a few months. While he was at Paris, he was taken ill with a feveriſh diſorder, made but little water, and had a pain in his reins; he ſent for a phyſician who adviſed him to be blooded, and ordered him ſome proper medicines for a pleuritic fever, with which the phyſician thought him dangerouſly attacked; but having an averſion to bleeding, he put off that operation for a day longer, and in the night

night dreaming that he was in a place where palm-trees grew, and that a woman in a romantic habit reached him dates; though he found himſelf much worſe in the morning, yet he ſent for dates, and eating plentifully of them, from the very moment they entered his ſtomach he thought himſelf better, and without any other medicine ſpeedily recovered.

CXXVI.

ANOTHER ſtory of this kind, I ſhall beg leave to relate, and then change the ſubject. In March, 1736, a young woman at Briſtol being taken ill of the ſmall-pox, her mother attended her during her illneſs: her father was a clergyman, more than twenty miles from the city. One night, her ſiſter, who was at her father's, being in bed, heard the voice of her mother lamenting the death of her daughter. This much ſurpriſed her, knowing that her mother was then as far off as Briſtol. When ſhe aroſe in the morning, her father ſeeing her look much concerned, aſked her what was the matter with her? She replied, I believe my ſiſter Molly is dead; for this night I heard the voice of my mother lamenting her death. Says the father, I heard the ſame myſelf, and her voice ſeemed to me to be in my ſtudy. Soon after, the ſame morning, came a meſſenger with tidings of her death. The deceaſed was brought to her father's to be buried, and after the funeral, her mother relating the manner of her daughter's illneſs, and that as ſoon as her daughter was dead, ſhe being weary with watching, and tired for want of ſleep, lay down in her cloaths, and dreamed that ſhe was with them telling her grief for the loſs of her daughter. This ſurpriſed them; and aſking the time, it appeared to be much the ſame in which they heard her voice.

CLXXVII.

BISHOP Ruthal, who in the reign of Henry VIII. by his great learning and abilities did honour to the ſee of Durham, being commanded to write down a true ſtate of the kingdom in general for his majeſty's pri-

vate information, took great pains in the performance, and having fairly tranſcribed it, cauſed the book to be bound in vellum, gilt, and and variouſly ornamented; and, at the ſame time, having taken an account of his own private eſtate, with an inventory of his jewels, plate, and money, he cauſed that likewiſe to be bound and ornamented exactly like the other, and laid them both carefully in his cloſet together. It ſo fell out, however, that the king, upon ſome occaſion, ſent cardinal Wolſey in haſte for the national tract, which he had ſo long expected from Ruthal, but Wolſey received by miſtake, the book which contained the ſchedule of the biſhop's own wealth. This the cardinal ſoon perceived, but being willing to do Ruthal, to whom he had no liking, a ſhrewd turn, he delivered the book to the king juſt as he received it, telling his majeſty, that now if he wanted money, that book would inform him where he might command a million; for ſo much did the biſhop's inventory amount to. As ſoon as the biſhop underſtood his error, it touched him ſo near, that he died ſhortly after.

CLXXVIII.

LE Sac, a famous French dancing maſter, in the reign of queen Anne, in great admiration aſked a friend, whether it were true that Mr. Harley, afterwards earl of Oxford, was made an earl and lord treaſurer? and finding it confirmed, ſaid, *Well, I wonder what the devil the queen could ſee in him; for I attended him two years, and he was the greateſt dunce that ever I taught.*

The CONNOISSEUR: By Mr. *Town.*

Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus—— HOR.

TASTE is at preſent the darling idol of the polite world, and the world of letters; and, indeed, ſeems to be conſidered as the quinteſſence of almoſt all the arts and ſciences. The fine ladies and gentlemen dreſs

dreſs with Taſte, the architects, whether *Gothic* or *Chineſe*, build with Taſte; the painters paint with Taſte; the poets write with Taſte; critics read with Taſte; and in ſhort, fidlers, players, ſingers, dancers, and mechanics themſelves, are all the ſons and daughters of Taſte. Yet in this amazing ſuperabundancy of Taſte few can ſay what it really is, or what the word itſelf ſignifies. Should I attempt to define it in the ſtile of a *Connoiſſeur*, I muſt run over the names of all the famous poets, painters, and ſculptors, ancient and modern; and after having pompouſly harangued on the excellencies of *Apelles*, *Phidias*, *Praxiteles*, *Angelo*, *Rubens*, *Pouſſin*, and *Dominichino*, with a word or two on all *taſteful* compoſitions, ſuch as thoſe of *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Taſſo*, *Dante*, and *Arioſto*, I ſhould leave the reader in wonder of my profound erudition, and as little informed as before. But as deep learning, though more flaming and pompous, is not always ſo uſeful as common ſenſe, I ſhall endeavour to get at the true meaning of the word Taſte, by conſidering what it uſually imports in familiar writings and ordinary converſation.

It is ſuppoſed by *Locke* and other cloſe reaſoners, that words are intended as ſigns of our ideas: but daily experience will convince us, that words are often uſed to expreſs no ideas at all. Thus many perſons, who talk perpetually of Taſte, throw it out as a mere expletive, without any meaning annexed to it. *Bardolph*, when demanded the meaning of the word *accommodated*, wiſely explains it by ſaying that "*accommodated*, ſir, is—"a—a—a—*accommodated*, ſir, is as if one ſhould ſay "—a—*accommodated:*" and if in like manner, you aſk one of thoſe people *What is Taſte?* they will tell you that "Taſte is a kind of a ſort of a—a—a—, in ſhort "Taſte is Taſte." Theſe talkers muſt be conſidered as abſolute blanks in converſation, ſince it is impoſſible to learn the explanation of a term from them, as they affix no determinate meaning to any expreſſion.

Among men of ſenſe, whoſe words carry meaning in their ſound, Taſte is commonly uſed in one of theſe two ſignifications. Firſt, when they give any perſon the appellation of a man of Taſte, they would intimate that he

he has a turn for the polite arts, as well as the leſſer elegancies of life; and that from his natural bent to thoſe ſtudies, and his acquired knowledge in them, he is capable of diſtinguiſhing what is good or bad in any thing of that kind ſubmitted to his judgment. The meaning at other times implied by a Man of Taſte is, that he is not only ſo far an adept in thoſe matters as to be able to judge of them accurately, but is alſo poſſeſſed of the faculty of executing them gracefully. Theſe two ſignifications will perhaps be more eaſily conceived, and clearly illuſtrated, when applied to our Senſual Taſte. The Man of Taſte, according to the firſt, may be conſidered as a *Bon Vivant*, who is fond of the diſhes before him, and diſtinguiſhes nicely what is ſavoury and delicious, or flat and inſipid in the ingredients of each: according to the ſecond, he may be regarded as the Cook, who from knowing what things will mix well together, and diſtinguiſhing by a nice taſte when he has arrived at that happy mixture, is able to compoſe ſuch exquiſite diſhes.

Both theſe ſignifications of the word will be found agreeable to the following definition of it, which I have ſomewhere ſeen, and is the only juſt deſcription of the term, that I ever remember to have met with. "Taſte "conſiſts in a nice harmony between the Fancy and the "Judgment." The moſt chaſtiſed judgment, without genius, can never conſtitute a Man of Taſte; and the moſt luxuriant Imagination, unregulated by Judgment, will only carry us into wild and extravagant deviations from it. To mix oil, vinegar, butter, milk, eggs, &c. incoherently together, would make an Olio not to be reliſhed by any palate; and the man who has no goût for delicacies himſelf will never compoſe a good diſh, though he ſhould ever ſo ſtrictly adhere to the rules of *La Chapelle*, *Hannah Glaſſe*, and *Martha Bradley* *. I confine myſelf at preſent chiefly to that ſignification of the word, which implies the capacity of exerting our own faculties in the ſeveral branches of Taſte, becauſe That always includes the other.

Having thus ſettled what Taſte is, it may not be unentertaining to examine modern Taſte by theſe rules: and

* Authors of cookery books.

and perhaps it will appear, that on the one hand its moſt pleaſing flights and raviſhing elegancies are extravagant and abſurd, and that on the other hand thoſe who affect a correct Taſte in all their undertakings, proceed mechanically without genius. The firſt ſpecies of Taſte, which gives a looſe to the imagination, indulges itſelf in caprice, and is perpetually ſtriking new ſtrokes, is the chief regulator of the faſhion. In dreſs, it has put hunting-poles into the hands of our gentlemen. In equipage, it has built chariots of *papier maché*, and by putting ſpotted *Daniſh* horſes into the harneſs, has made our beaux look like *Bacchus* in his car drawn by leopards. The ornaments, both on the outſide and inſide of our houſes, are all *Gothic* or *Chineſe*; and whoever makes a pagod of his parlour, throws a plank or two with an irregular croſs-barred paling over a dirty ditch, or places battlements on a root-houſe or a ſtable, fits up his houſe and gardens entirely in Taſte.

The ſecond ſort of men of Taſte are to be found chiefly among the Literati, and are thoſe, who deſpiſing the modern whims to which faſhion has given the name of Taſte, pretend to follow with the moſt ſcrupulous exactneſs the chaſte models of the antients. Theſe are the poets who favour us with correct, epithetical, and *taſteful* compoſitions; whoſe works are without blemiſh, and conformable to the preciſe rules of *Quintilian*, *Horace*, and *Ariſtotle*: and as they are intended merely for the peruſal of perſons of the moſt refined Taſte, it is no wonder that they are above the level of common underſtandings. Theſe too are the Critics, who in their comments upon authors, embarraſs us with repeated alluſions to the ſtudy of *Virtú*: And theſe too are the Connoiſſeurs in Architecture, who build ruins after *Vitruvius*, and neceſſaries according to *Palladio*. One gentleman of this caſt has built his villa upon a bleak hill, with four ſpacious porticos, open on each ſide to court the four winds; becauſe, in the ſultry regions of *Italy*, this model has been thought moſt convenient; and another has, in great meaſure, ſhut out the light from his apartments, and cut off all proſpect from his windows, by erecting an high wall before his houſe,

which

which in *Italy* has been judged neceſſary to ſcreen them from the ſun.

Architecture ſeems indeed to be the main article, in which the efforts of Taſte are now diſplayed. Among thoſe who are fond of exerting their fancies in capricious innovations, I might inſtance the many pretty whims, of which an infinite variety may be ſeen within ten miles of *London*. But as a proof of the noble and judicious Taſte among us, I ſhall beg leave to deſcribe, in the ſtile of a Connoiſſeur, a moſt amazing curioſity, erected in a very polite quarter of this town.

In the midſt of a noble and ſpacious area ſtands a grand Obeliſk. The Baſe forms a perfect ſquare with right angles; the body of it is cylindrical; but the Capital is an Heptagon, and has ſeveral curious lines and figures deſcribed on each of its ſeven flat ſides or ſuperficies, which ſerve to terminate as many moſt magnificent and ſtriking Viſtas. This ſuperb Column, no leſs remarkable than the famous Pillar of *Trajan*, ſeems (from the ſeveral Gnomons and other Hieroglyphics ſtuck about it) to have been originally dedicated to the Sun; but it is now known among the vulgar by the more common name of *The Seven Dials*.

The SPEECH *of Lawyer* Brief *againſt Tediouſneſs and Prolixity.*

My lord and gentlemen of the jury,

THERE are a ſet of men in the world of ſuch a tedious, tireſome, trifling, troubleſome habitude, temper, and diſpoſition of mind, that they perplex, confound, intangle, and puzzle every circumſtance in every cauſe which they undertake, protect, defend, and juſtify. Inſtead of coming to the point, matter, buſineſs, debate, they deviate, vary, waver, fly off therefrom. When we expect truth, ſatisfaction, conviction, and deciſion, we find, perceive, obſerve, and remark, nothing but uncertainty, ambiguity, doubtfulneſs, and difficulty.

difficulty. This, my lord, I humbly apprehend, conceive, think, preſume, and ſurmiſe, is owing to tedioufneſs and prolixity; the *nature*, *genius*, and *extent* of which, I ſhall conſider, weigh, examine, expiſcate, and ſcrutinize.——In the firſt place then I ſhall ſhew, prove, and demonſtrate, the *nature* of tedioufneſs and prolixity, by ſhewing, proving, and demonſtrating, that there is nothing ſo *unnatural*; for the buſineſs of a tongue, utterance, ſpeech, or language, is to come to the point, argument, contemplation, or queſtion, at once, poin blank, flap-daſh, and conciſely, without any prevarication, equivocation, retardation, or any circumbendibus whatſoever.——And now in the ſecond, ſucceeding, following place, point and preliminary, I come to promulgate the *genius* of tedioufneſs and prolixity, which is done, effected, performed, and brought about, by manifeſting that they have no *genius* at all; and ſo far from any men of *genius* making uſe of them, none but your egregious, abſurd, ridiculous dolts, dunderheads, and blockheads ever admit, acknowledge, receive, or embrace any ſuch notions, ideas, maxims, principles, or tenets.——Thirdly,—my lord, I beg leave, according to order, form, ſeries, and ſucceſſion, to animadvert upon the *extent* of tedioufneſs and prolixity; and this is managed by demonſtrating that it is infinite and without bounds; and conſequently can have no extent at all.——And now, my lord, I will open the cauſe, ſpring, origin, fountain, riſe, and foundation of theſe vices, which is *tautology*, which is the ſpeaking, ſaying, delivering, uttering, pronouncing, divulging, declaring, remarking, obſerving, repeating, or expreſſing the ſame identical, individual thing, an hundred, and an hundred, and an hundred, and an hundred, and an hundred, and an hundred, hundred hundred times over.——And now, my lord, I beg leave, pardon, permiſſion, and ſufferance, to lay down only ſix and fifty particulars; every particular, my lord, ſhall conſiſt of only ſeventy-two diviſions; every diviſion ſhall comprehend, contain, and conſiſt of only eghty-two ſubdiviſions; every ſubdiviſion ſhall be concluded with the ſix and fortieth article; and every

article

article ſhall conſume, expend, and coſt no more than an hour and a half.

Here the court was out of all manner of patience; and the judge, with great indignation, put a period to a diſcourſe, which, if the lawyer's tongue had been immortal, might have laſted to all eternity.

SONG 71.

The SILENT FAIR.

FROM all her fair loquacious kind
So different is my Roſalind,
That not one accent can I gain
To crown my hopes, or ſooth my pain.

Ye lovers who can conſtrue ſighs,
And are th' interpreters of eyes,
To language all her looks tranſlate,
And in her geſtures read my fate.

And if in them you aught can find,
Aught that's gentle, aught that's kind,
Adieu mean hopes of being great,
And all the littleneſs of ſtate.

All thoughts of grandeur I'll deſpiſe,
That from dependance take their riſe;
To ſerve her ſhall be my employ,
And love's ſweet agony my joy.

See the contraſt to the above ſong in page 185 of this vol.

On Mr. Robert Snipe, *who has a remarkable long Noſe,*

IN ſearch of *Bob Snipe* I've been taking a tour,
Yet to meet him has not been my fate;
Quoth *Tom* he'll be here, on *Cork-hill*, in an hour,
For his *noſe* is now at *James's gate*.

SONG

SONG 72 BALLY SPELLING.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
as pure as fam'd Lewellin;
By waters clear, come ev'ry year,
And drink at *Bally Spelling*.
If ſpots or itch the ſkin enrich,
With rubies paſt the telling;
'Twill clear the ſkin, before you've been
A month at *Bally Spelling*.

If lady's cheek be green as leek,
When ſhe comes from her dwelling;
The kindling roſe within it glows,
When ſhe's at *Bally Spelling*.
The ſooty brown, who comes to town,
Grows here as fair as Helen,
Then back ſhe goes, to kill the beaux,
By dint of *Bally Spelling*.

Our ladies are as freſh and fair,
As roſe or bright Dunkelling;
And Mars might make a fair miſtake,
Were he at *Bally Spelling*.
We men ſubmit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling;
The reaſon's plain, the ladies reign,
They're queens at *Bally Spelling*.

By matchleſs charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the gift of quelling;
Such deſp'rate foes as dare oppoſe
Their pow'r at *Bally Spelling*.
Cold water turns to fire and burns,
I know, becauſe I fell in
A ſtream that came from one bright dame,
Who drank at *Bally Spelling*.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
And bring their Ann or Nell in
With ſo much grace, I'm ſure no place
Can vye with *Bally Spelling*.

No politics, no ſubtle tricks,
No man his country ſelling:
We eat, we drink, we never think
Of theſe at *Bally Spelling.*

The troubled mind, the puſt with wind,
Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are ſure to work their cure,
By drinking *Bally Spelling.*
If dropſey fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe tho' ſwelling;
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt,
A cure at *Bally Spelling.*

Death throws no darts thro' all theſe parts,
No ſexton's here a knelling:
Come judge and try, you'll never die,
And live at *Bally Spelling.*
Except you feel darts tipt with ſteel,
Which here are every belle in,
When from their eyes ſweet ruin flies,
We die at *Bally Spelling.*

Good cheer, ſweet air, much joy, no care,
Your ſight, your taſte, your ſmelling,
Your ears, your touch, tranſporteth much,
Each day at *Bally Spelling.*
Within this ground we all ſleep ſound,
No noiſy dog's a yelling;
Except you wake, for Celia's ſake,
All night at *Bally Spelling.*

Here all you ſee, both he and ſhe,
No lady keeps her cell in:
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at *Bally Spelling.*
My rhymes are gone, I think I've none,
Unleſs I ſhould bring hell in;
But ſince I'm here, to heav'n ſo near,
I can't at *Bally Spelling.*

SONG

SONG 73.

WHEN Briton firſt by Heaven's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main;
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung this ſtrain:
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be ſlaves.

The nations, not ſo bleſs'd as thee,
Muſt in their turns to tyrants fall;
Whilſt thou ſhalt flouriſh, ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all:
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke;
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root thy native oak:
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame,
All their attempts to bear thee down
Will but arouſe, arouſe thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown:
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine;
All thine ſhall be, ſhall be the ſubject main,
And ev'ry ſhore it circles, thine:
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muſes, ſtill with freedom's ſound,
Shall to this happy coaſt repair;
Bleſs'd Iſle, with beauties, with matchleſs beauties crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair:
While Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
Hibernians never will be ſlaves.

RIDDLE XIX.

MY *form* is beauteous to allure the ſight,
My *habit* gay, of colour *gold* and *white*.
Moſt nicely ſhap'd, though of proportion ſmall,
Admir'd by many, and belov'd by all.
When *Sylvia* takes the air it is my pride
To walk with equal paces by her ſide,
Sitting, her ſilken lap becomes my neſt,
And ſleeping, I in her apartment reſt;
I near her perſon conſtantly remain,
A favourite *ſlave*, bound in a *golden chain*.
And oh! how bleſt wou'd *Silvia*'s lover be
Cou'd he exchange eſtates with humble me!
Yet I without delight can near her ſtand,
Nor feel the charming touches of her hand.
And when ſhe caſts on me auſpicious rays,
Blind and inſenſible of ev'ry grace,
I view no feature of her lovely face.
Some hold that birds and quadrupeds, tho' ſeen
To walk and fly, yet move but by machine;
That all things but the human kind they'll prove
Not by inſtinct, but hidden engines move.
Tho' empty ſpeculations theſe, they'll be
Demonſtrative, whene'er they're ſpoke of me;
For tho' I can both *ſpeak* and go *alone*,
Yet are my *motions* to *myſelf unknown*.

RIDDLE XX.

SILENCE, ye *Tories*, lofty *Whigs* attend,
Each fair ænigmatiſt aſſiſtance lend;
Whilſt I a tyrant's wond'rous deeds remark,
In metaphors obſcure, alluſions dark.
The learn'd his title variouſly exp ain'd,
Some held *de facto*, others *jure* gain'd;
But all agree ſome hundred years he's reign'd;
Whom plots nor poyſons, fatal to the great,
Nor all the ſecret engineers of ſtate,
Nor can pretending rivals extirpate.

Invaſions

Invaſions foreign, dauntleſs has withſtood,
Enamel'd o'er with wounds, and painted gay with blood:
Contending parties, vain ſupports he calls,
To his rage victims undiſtingu ſh'd fall,
Jews, Turks, reform'd Jacks, Preſbyters, and all.
To make his birth ſurprizing to mankind,
A merry god and wanton goddeſs join'd.
But he, degen'rate wretch, in fetters binds,
Or male, or female, to no ſex confin'd.
All ties of gratitude and friendſhip ſcorns,
And for good uſage ever ill returns.
The rich and eaſy his reſentment feel,
Whilſt rugged ſwains laugh at the threatned wheel.
Pleas'd with his frowns all paſſively ſubmit,
Nor their allegiance, love, or friendſhip quit,
For he not many ſubjects dooms to die,
But rather life prolongs in miſery.
Thus thoſe unhappy ſlaves that gallies row,
And nought but pain and ſtripes and ſorrows know,
Drudge on, and chearfully endure the chains,
Whilſt life and pleaſing hope of liberty remains.

Anſwers to all the Riddles in this vol. will be inſerted in the contents.

ADVENTURE XV.

The NIGHT ADVENTURER, *continued from page* 178.

THE vanity which had filled Don Diego's heart, for having come off ſo advantageouſly in ſo many perilous adventures, made him deſpiſe all ſorts of dangers. He thought himſelf now proof againſt any accidents, and believed that fortune could not controul his reſolution. Upon this conceit he ſtill ſought new perils, to give the greater proofs of his valour, and gain the repu-

tation of a moſt abſolute brave; but inſtead of purchaſing that good name, he was reckoned a raſh man of an extravagant temper; for whoſoever aſpires to be ſingular, draws on him either the envy or the ſcorn of others.

Don Diego was informed, that the travelling waggons, which paſs through the ſea of duſt in ſummer, and of dirt in winter, that is betwixt Toledo and Madrid performed their journey by night. For this reaſon, and that he might have the opportunity of converſing with darkneſs, not to delight his eyes with ſeeing Toledo once more, though a place the ſun itſelf beholds with pleaſure, he reſolved to undertake that great progreſs, which is juſt twelve leagues. He was alſo moved to it by an earneſt deſire he had to hear the railing and ribaldry there is betwixt the mean ſort of people, who travel that way. To this effect he put on the ſervant's habit the ſollicitor's wife had before perſuaded him to wear for her ſake *, leſt being clad according to his quality, he ſhould happen to give a check to the freedom thoſe people uſe, which had diſappointed him of the ſatisfaction he expected to receive in their billingſgate and nonſenſe. Having armed himſelf with ſword and dagger, he left Madrid about eight at night.

The company he had in the waggon conſiſted of ſome country fellows, ſuch as contract friendſhip over a pot of wine; for in Spain they drink no ale. Don Diego took his place as it fell to his lot, for no compliments are uſed there. As ſoon as the wheels were got off the ſtones upon ſoft ground, every one began to let his clack looſe, making a hideous noiſe, like a clock when the ſpring breaks, and all the wheels run off in confuſion out of their ordinary courſe. Our adventurer was amazed at this Babylonian confuſion of tongues, and no leſs at the barbarous expreſſions he heard; but was pleaſed, that though the diſcourſe was not rhetorical, yet to him it was new. One told how he had paid his foy at taking leave; another, how he had been treated by his friends on that account; another, that he had picked his father's lock to get money; a fourth, that he bid no body farewel, for fear of being ſtopt by his creditors. In ſhort, it was a mad medley of open confeſſion of all their

* See Adventure XIII, page 46.

their exploits, and ſcarce three words of ſenſe to be made out of it.

With this pleaſant diſcourſe they came to Illeſcas, where being at the inn door, before any of them alighted out of the waggon, they fell a brawling about a leather bag, which ſerved one of the company for a cloak-bag and portmanteau, and being now miſſing, the owner would have the waggoner to be accountable for it. They all ſet up the cry againſt him, and from foul words came to blows, ſo that the poor waggoner was knocked down before the inn, much hurt, where the maid of the inn then was, who ſhed ſalt tears upon the body of her unfortunate driver; but he was ſoon revenged, for he that ſtruck him haſting to get out of the waggon, to make his eſcape, hung his foot in a rope, and fell down headlong upon the ſtones, where he lay for dead. The officers of juſtice, who are much of the temper of ſurgeons, that wiſh for nothing more than wounds and broken bones, came in readily to keep the peace, being as nimble with their feet as with their hands, when they ſee they have the prey in their nets. They preſently examined, took depoſitions, and ſent ſome to goal; and for the more ſecurity, they ſeized the waggon and mules; all which they rather do to ſerve their own turn, than to keep good order, or for the public good.

Don Diego who ſtood aſide, as not concerned in the quarrel, was nevertheleſs taken up for being one of the company; and had been infallibly committed to priſon, but that he happened to be known by ſome of the country inferior gentry, who prevailed with the mayor of the town to diſcharge him. His diſguiſe was the occaſion of his being put to that trouble; and therefore when a man goes where he is not known, it is convenient he ſhould endeavour to have his habit recommend him, becauſe that is the thing moſt taken notice of at firſt ſight, and by which we pretend to gueſs at his quality, and ſometimes at his humour. He ſtayed ſeven or eight days at Illeſcas, diverting himſelf with the agreeable frankneſs of a travelling damſel, that was going from Toledo to Madrid, to preſent the lewd courtiers with a freſh

freſh treat. She lay in the ſame inn with Don Diego, who falling into a love-ſick fit, cauſed by her, ſhe endeavoured to apply the cure, not by adminiſtring potions or cordials, but by bleeding his purſe, whence ſhe drew ſome ounces of gold. But this metal being the very blood and ſpirit that ſupports life, a few of the firſt evacuations put him into ſuch a condition, that he reſolved to make uſe of no more of that phyſician's preſcriptions, but to diſmiſs her, or rather diſcard himſelf. To this purpoſe he hired a mule, as unlucky a jade as the other he had quitted; but that being uſed to the pranks of the former, he thought the latter more tollerable.

This mule having been hard wrought, and ill fed, had much ado to move, though the rider did not forget to put her in mind with his ſpurs. She ſtumbled every ſtep ſhe went, which ſeemed to forebode that he would not go far before he were down, and ſo it fell out; which might have been more fatal to him than it was, had he not been ſo frequently forewarned of what he was to expect. It was a bleſſing he was ſo well upon his guard againſt his fall, for he muſt have broke his neck, or not much ſhort of it, being like to tumble into a quarry, had he not thrown himſelf off on the other ſide. Getting up, like a good chriſtian, he uſed charity with his neighbour, helping his ſteed upon her legs, but renounced riding any more. He led her for a good league to an inn, to which he came juſt with the dawn of the day, having ſet out of Illeſcas about midnight, and travelling all the reſt of the night, in compliance with his old humour. Here he made a plentiful breakfaſt, or rather a ſupper, for he inverted times and ſeaſons, breakfaſting when others ſupped, then he went to bed and ſlept, as thoſe do who have nothing to trouble their mind, nor indiſpoſition in their bodies.

About four in the evening he was waked out of his ſleep by a poſt-boy's horn, who came along with a meſſenger, ſent by order of council, and reckoned a moſt ſharp-ſighted fellow at knowing a thief, though it is likely he was not ſo well ſkilled as imagined, ſince he knew not himſelf; but it is the ſureſt way to ſet a

thief

thief to catch a thief. This man was come poſt from Madrid, in purſuit of a parcel of cunning knaves, well ſkilled at making other mens goods their own; who had now given a ſufficient proof of their abilities, at the coſt of one of the richeſt perſons of quality about the court. He alighted at this inn, ſearched it narrowly, and then examined the hoſt, and all his gueſts very ſeverely. Don Diego was raiſed to be preſent at this examination, and being in a diſguiſe, had paid for all, but that the meſſenger happened to know him.

Having made a thorough ſearch and enquiry in the inn, he was very much concerned that he could hear no news of the criminals, nor ſo much as find any body to bring into trouble; for thoſe men deſire no more than to find a ſubject fitly diſpoſed, and they know how to give it a form. Not knowing whether he had better go on, or turn back, he ſtood at the inn gate, enquiring of all comers and goers; Don Diego bearing him company, and ſhewing him much complaiſance, in requital for the favour he had ſhowed him. Juſt as the day was ſhutting in, they diſcovered at a diſtance a funeral coming towards them, attended by four religious, and four laymen in mourners habits. Theſe came about a bier, carried by two luſty mules, on which was a coffin covered with rich black bayes. The four religious men, who came foremoſt, ſtopped as ſoon as they came into the hamlet, telling the others, they muſt reſt a little, and ſay there a ſhort prayer for the dead, that they might preſerve the living. The officer bleſſing himſelf when they came up to him, aſked, whether they had not met ſuch and ſuch people, ſo and ſo habited, who had committed a notable robbery at Madrid? *We have ſeen no body*, replied one of the religious men, *but here is a robbery committed by a famous female thief, ſhe alone was concerned in it. Where is that robbery*, anſwered the officer full of concern, *and who is that female robber? Alas, Sir*, ſaid the religious man, *the robbery is in the coffin, uncovering the bier, and ſhe that has committed it is death. This is a noble body, and as precious as gold.* Then taking the officer by the hand, and dragging him roughly towards the coffin, for he was very

very ſtrong. *Come, Sir,* ſaid he, *come and ſee this unaccountable robbery; come and ſee what mortals are ſubject to.* The officer, who was not uſed to converſe with the inhabitants of the other world, not liking that ſort of invitation, anſwered him in a very angry tone: *Pray let me go, father, I am not come hither to call in queſtion the actions of death; beſides, I have no ſtomach to look into a coffin; the fineſt creature in the world ſtinks within four and twenty hours after it is dead; and though you compare that body to gold, I do not think it as incorruptible as that precious metal, which alone has that privilege by nature.* This ſaid, he mounted a horſeback, and went his way.

Don Diego continued in the inn with his funeral retinue. The drivers unladed their mules under a great portal, they were carried into the ſtable, and a table covered near the coffin, which they watched very carefully, and there they ſupped, inviting our adventurer to keep them company, becauſe they ſaw he was alone. He ſate down among them without any ceremony, and they ſoon fell to down-right drinking of healths upon healths, which muſt have proved everlaſting, had they received any addition by their frequent hearty draughts.

The hoſteſs ſomewhat ſurpriſed, as well as Don Diego, to ſee theſe mourning companions ſo little mortified, whilſt they were attending death, very innocently ſaid to them, *Chear up, gentlemen, chear up, make much of yourſelves, and be merry; for I dare ſay there are others that lament for that poor body you bring, God give it reſt.* He that ſate at the upper end of the table, and dealt about the cups as he thought fit, anſwered her, *You have ſpoke ſuch a ſentence, ſweetheart, as I little expected would drop from that barren mouth. It is very certain, the houſe from which this rich body came, for it is no poor one, as you call it, is now under very extraordinary affliction and what grieves them the more, is, to conſider that this perſon was taken away ſuddenly, to their ſorrow: he died in my arms, and my hands buried him. Pray to God that we may carry him ſafe to the place appointed, and be not ſcandalized to ſee us take a little refreſhment; the trouble of attending him a*

foot

ſoot requires good nouriſhment. This ſaid, he drank the hoſteſs's health, and clapping a great glaſs of wine into her hand, deſired ſhe would pledge him; for men call the complying with their extravagances doing them reaſon. Amidſt this multitude of healths, one of the mourners found his indiſpoſition, his head proving too weak for the fumes of the wine he had drank. He began to ſtammer, and talk an unknown tongue, and at laſt dropt down in a trance, that made him look like the departed perſon, for he fell into a profound ſleep, the perfect image of death.

It was about ten at night, when ſuch of the company as were moſt in their ſenſes, thinking it time to depart, becauſe they would not lie there all night, laid the bier upon the mules, which had been as well fed as their maſters, and paid the hoſteſs very generouſly, who gave them a thouſand bleſſings, and made as many prayers for the departed. They deſired her to take care of the man that was aſleep, who would follow them when he awaked; and conſidering that the mourner's habit he had on was of no uſe for him to ſtay there, they ſtripped him of it, ſeeming deſirous to hire another man in his ſtead, to compleat their number.

Don Diego prompted by his helliſh curioſity, for we may well give ſuch a name to that which pretends to dive into thoſe things it is no way concerned with, and being very deſirous to be particularly informed whether that funeral was going, and who the dead perſon was, offered them to fill up that vacant place, and put on the mourning robe. They having found him to be a good companion at the ſupper, took another view of him, obſerving that he had the looks of a man of courage, and a good guard, and therefore received him with open arms, inſtead of the other that lay entranced under the power of Bacchus, and ſo they ſet out of the inn merrily.

No ſooner were they out of the village, but they left the high-way, ſtriking acroſs the country, at which our new mourner was not a little ſurpriſed, not knowing whether they did it through inadvertency or deſignedly, but durſt not aſk. They travelled in this manner about

two

two hours, till they came to a very uncouth mountain, all rocks and woods, the habitation of wolves, wild boars, and other ſavage creatures. When they were got far into the mountain they halted, and one of the gang, a very ill-looked fellow, in a very haughty tone, ſaid, So far good, brethren, it is now time to divide this body. Well ſaid, anſwered the reſt, you are in the right, this is a convenient place to divide it. Our adventurer was never ſo ſtartled in his life, as at the hearing of this propoſal, not able to imagine to what purpoſe they would uſe that body ſo barbarouſly. He drew a little aſide, and preſently perceived they were all falling at variance about ſharing the limbs of the dead body. From words they came to blows, drawing out ſhort hangers and piſtols they had under their long robes, as well the religious as the ſeculars, which Don Diego had not diſcovered before. They grew to ſuch a heat, that after much clattering of their ſwords, and many wounds given, they fired their piſtols, which put the mules into ſuch a fright, that they fell a ſnorting, braying, and running as faſt as their legs could carry them. Don Diego ran after to ſtop them, but they were ſo ſwift, that before he could overtake them they were got into a hollow way, and ſo narrow, that it was impoſſible to paſs by and come before them; ſo that he was forced to follow them with much trouble; for beſides that it was dark, there was ſcarce any ſign of a road, ſo that he ſtumbled at every ſtep, and very often fell down upon tufts of briars and brambles, which would have torn his legs but that he had boots on. However, ſtill hoping to get out from among thoſe buſhes, he travelled about a league, with the horrors of death always before his eyes, and thinking on the ſtrange and ſudden converſion of thoſe religious men into ſoldiers, wearing ſwords and piſtols about them inſtead of beads and breviaries. He was amazed at their wickedneſs and barbarity, in deſigning to cut in pieces a body which, if of the quality they repreſented, deſerved to be preſerved entire; for this he thought was a practice altogether unuſual among chriſtians, who allow of the opening of bodies to embalm them, but not of quartering them like cattle.

Whilſt

Whilſt he was taken up with theſe thoughts, he found himſelf near a ſhepherd's cottage, where providence ordered it that the mules ſtopped of themſelves, which if they had not, they would have fallen into a precipice with the dead body. The ſhepherds, alarmed by the barking of their dogs, came out of their cottage with light, and were ſomewhat ſtartled, ſeeing this diſmal funeral pomp. Then Don Diego muffled up in his mourning weeds, in as few words as he could, informed them that he had loſt his way in the dark, and was carrying a dead body, enquiring whether there was not ſome village hard by where he might reſt him till day. Thoſe good people, being willing charitably to aſſiſt that wandering mourner, conducted him to the village, where he found a reverend curate, who had formerly had his ſwing in the world, and was now by the frowns, or rather the kindneſs of fortune brought to this place, where he ſpent his days happily in his ſtudies and peace. He lodged the living in his own houſe, and the dead body in the church; and it was very good luck to meet with ſuch an hoſt, as had lodging both for the living and the dead. The ſexton and others belonging to the church were called, who carried the coffin and the travelling corps into the chapel belonging to the patron of the church, who was lord of the village. Don Diego took leave of the ſhepherds that had conducted him, and contented them both with good words and bounty, a ſort of payment not common, and uſed but by very few. Being left alone with the good curate, he gave him a relation of his ſtrange adventure; and his hoſt having given him a glaſs of wine, and ſome preſerved quinces, conducted him to a bed ſo good and ſo neat, that it added much to the inclination he had before to ſleep; ſo that though he had thought to have lain there only the remaining part of the night, he ſtuck by it ſo long, that when he got up he could go no farther a journey than from the bed to the table, living that day like a true courtier. The good prieſt was very well inclined to make much of Don Diego, who, as has been ſaid, was a very pleaſant companion, and therefore he deſired him to ſtay there till the next day, to ſee whether any body would come to

enquire after the corps. Don Diego liked his propoſal, and conſented to it. After dinner the curate, to divert our adventurer, carried him out a walking about the village, which was large and pleaſantly ſeated; and ſitting by a delightful ſpring, they fell into diſcourſe of what news were then freſheſt; by which Don Diego perceived that the curate had not been bred among peaſants. This obſervation, together with his own natural curioſity to enquire after every thing, moved him to deſire the prieſt to tell him how he came to ſettle his abode in that country dwelling. The other being of a complaiſant temper, to comply with his gueſt's requeſt, addreſſed himſelf to him as follows.

The CURATE'S STORY.

I Was born at Seville, the only kindneſs fortune would have me indebted to her for, that I might not call myſelf altogether unfortunate; but ſince it is below the character of a brave ſoul to blame the ſtars, let us proceed. My father was of noble extraction, and more famous for his virtue than for wealth. He cauſed me to be inſtructed in human and divine learning, that he might leave me a never-failing inheritance; and my genius ſuiting with the employment my father had choſen for me, I out-ſtripped moſt of my fellow ſtudents, and ſoon took my degree of doctor of the civil law. The fame of which I was thought to be endowed with, being ſpread abroad throughout the city, made many ambitious to marry me into their families. I had ſome beautiful maids, with good fortunes propoſed to me, ſufficient baits to allure ſenſuality and covetouſneſs; but having as yet no inclination to confine myſelf to the bounds of matrimony, I could not approve of any of the propoſals made to me; ſo that having rejected ſo much wealth, and ſo many beauties, as might have moved the moſt inſenſible to pleaſure and avarice, and having ſo often withſtood the perſwaſions of all thoſe that endeavoured to engage me in matrimony, it was generally concluded that I had ſome ſecret averſion to women; but the charms and perfections of a certain lady baniſhed the

notion

notion conceived of my being a woman-hater. Her perſonal beauty, and excellent wit, were irreſiſtible weapons, and indiſſoluble ſpells, that conquered and inſlaved all ſuch as could gain admittance to and be looked upon by her. Among the many that aſpired to this honour ſhe admitted of my addreſſes, and not many days after, with the joint conſent of her friends and mine, the knot of perfect union betwixt us was tied in the church. I lived with her two years in a happy condition, and conſidering the mutability of worldly affairs, I may ſay that was a long time; but I muſt not dwell upon thoſe thoughts, the remembrance of them would but refreſh the wounds which the loſs of that felicity has made in my heart.

This dear better half of me had a brother, whoſe youthful gallantries grew into ſuch ſcandalous extravagancies, that he became odious to all the inhabitants of Seville. He often fell into the hands of juſtice, and went through the diſgrace of a goal, whence my care, or rather my purſe, ſtill delivered him; for it is certain money is the ſureſt friend upon all occaſions. A ſcandalous diſorderly courſe of life was become ſo habitual to him, that inſtead of being checked or reſtrained by the conſideration of ſuch ſhameful puniſhments undergone, ſince virtue had no power over him, he ſtill gave himſelf up inordinately to vice. Perceiving that whatſoever courſe of mildneſs or ſeverity I took, it was impoſſible for me to overcome his vicious inclinations, I forbid him my houſe, and ordered all my ſervants to keep him out if he came, but my orders were in vain. A law-giver muſt proportion the power the ſubjects have to obey, to the laws he enacts; for if they cannot be obſerved, they make the law-giver contemptible, and are ſometimes the cauſe of diſturbing the public peace, and the ſource of many troubles. This was my caſe; and when I call to mind theſe things, I cannot forbear ſhedding tears. I ſhould be aſhamed to expoſe my weakneſs before you, were I not convinced that you will think me excuſable, when you have heard the cauſe.

My wife loved this young man, as nature obliged her, and as her only brother, ſo that his debauchery and lewd

life no way diminiſhed her affection, and therefore ſhe countenanced his coming into my houſe, and ſuffered him to viſit her in my abſence. He had ſpies that followed me continually, and carefully gave him notice of my return, that he might be gone, or at leaſt hide himſelf before I came home. But when ill fate purſues us, it overtakes us in thoſe very ways we take to avoid it, and our flight only ſerves to be the ſooner taken. They uſed to hide him in my chamber, in a corner behind the bed where my wife and I lay; and this contrivance having often proved ſucceſsful, they ſtill made uſe of it whenſoever they had occaſion. It happened that going home one day about the evening, and entering that chamber without thinking any thing, the young man, having been failed by his ſpies, was ſurpriſed, and thinking to hide himſelf haſtily, his foot hitched in a table, and he fell flat on the ground. I hearing the fall, without ſeeing who it was, for day was ſhut in, ran in ſwiftly, and laid hold of him as he was riſing to get into his hiding place. Unhappy haſte! I clapt my hand unfortunately on a dagger he wore by his ſide, and thinking he had been a thief, ſtabbed him three times with it, and he dropt down. At the ſame time I was ſenſible of my miſtake by his voice; and being ſtruck with horror at this misfortune, let him go, and drew back. He having ſtill ſtrength enough, got up with his ſword in his hand to revenge himſelf, and puſhing at random in the dark, thruſt my wife, who was come running in upon the noiſe, through the body, and then dropt down dead. If he deſigned that thruſt to kill me, he well knew where to give me my mortal wound, ſince I lived more in his ſiſter's life than in my own. By this time my ſervants came all in with lights, to increaſe the grief and horror of ſeeing one that held me ſo dear die in my arms. As ſoon as ſhe was dead, my ſorrow prevailed ſo far upon me, that to make ſome amends for my inconſiderate offence, I went to deliver myſelf up into the hands of juſtice, like one in deſpair, accuſing myſelf of the murder of my brother-in-law and wife. I was caſt into priſon till the buſineſs came to a trial; but my affliction ſwelled to ſuch an unlimited exceſs, that it

diſtracted

diſtracted me; ſo that from the common goal I was removed to the mad-houſe, where, for a long time, I was the ridiculous diverſion of my enemies, who came to ſee me for the ſatisfaction of making me their ſcorn. However, through God's mercy I recovered of that diſtemper, though it ſeemed incurable. I was then ſet at liberty, having ſuſtained a conſiderable loſs in my eſtate, which had been conſumed both in ſuing out my pardon, and defraying the charges of the law, amounting to a conſiderable ſum.

At that time an uncle of mine, threeſcore and ten years of age, who was curate here, fell ſick of a hectic fever, and being willing I ſhould ſucceed in this place, as knowing I was well enough diſpoſed for this profeſſion, he obtained of his holineſs to take off the irregularity I had incurred; after which I received holy orders, and ſo became capable of holding this beneſice, which he reſigned up to me. This is the occaſion of my coming to ſettle in ſuch a ſolitary country manſion, ſo agreeable to my temper, where my only care is to fulfil the duty of my function to the beſt of my power. What ſpare hours I have are ſpent in reading of good books, the better to enable myſelf to inſtruct thoſe ſouls committed to my charge and direction. Thus do I ſpend my days, expecting till it ſhall pleaſe God to call me to give an account of my actions.

The Sun only gilded the tops of the mountains when he ended his diſcourſe, which obliged both the hearer and relater to leave the ſpring, and repair towards the village: Don Diego by the way admiring that reverend curate's ſtrange fortune, and commending his reſolution of ſpending the reſt of his days in that ſolitary place. Thus diſcourſing together of the happineſs of a country life, they came to the curate's church, which they found open, and that being unuſual at ſuch a time of day, the curate went in, and found ſeveral perſons there in mourning, who had juſt brought the body of the patron of the church, and lord of the village, lately dead, and were in deep conteſt with the vicar and ſexton, becauſe they had laid a Coffin and ſtrange corps in the chapel,

which was reſerved only for that family. The curate diſcreetly pacified thoſe people, and Don Diego coming in at the ſame time, concerned that his dead body could find reſt no where, and that they were for turning it out, deſired thoſe gentlemen to allow him the term of eight days, in which time he offered to make out that his corps belonged to the perſon they had then brought, and in caſe of failure he promiſed to remove it. His requeſt was granted, upon the condition by him propoſed. I know not whether it was an enthuſiaſtic fit of propheſy or madneſs that made him talk ſo, for they ſay that madmen ſpeak prophetically ſometimes; the event will decide it. The truth is, he told the curate he had made uſe of that ſtratagem, believing that thoſe people would be gone the next day, and then they two might conſult where to bury that ſtray corps that was left upon his hands, and on which he would beſtow that laſt charitable act of chriſtian piety.

All the people of the village were concerned at their lord's death, which they ſaid was through too much grief, conceived on account of a robbery committed upon him, to the value of twenty-five thouſand ducats in ready money and jewels. This being a robbery in which ſeveral perſons muſt have a hand, all that were any ways concerned, in hopes of being heirs to the family, took ſpecial care for their own ends to have all poſſible ſearch made after the robbers; ſo that having ſent out officers and other people ſeveral ways, ſome of them, at the entrance of a wood, found a man whom they took upon ſuſpicion, as well on account of his ill look, as becauſe upon examination he gave no good account of himſelf. They preſently ſearched him upon the ſpot, and found about him ſufficient circumſtantial proofs for a farther trial; for in his pockets they found hooks, pick-locks, pincers, and wimbles. They that took him carried him to the next village, which happened to be the ſame where Don Diego was, and being put to the rack, he ſoon owned as much as they deſired, and diſcovered ſtrange ſecrets.

He confeſſed he was the eighth perſon concerned in the Mighty robbery committed at Madrid, of a cabinet full of jewels and gold of a very great value.

value. That for the better removing it out of Madrid without danger, they had contrived to diſguiſe themſelves, ſome in the habit of religious men, and others in the apparel of mourners that attend at funerals, then to put their booty into a coffin, upon a bier carried by two mules, all covered with black bayes, and to pretend it was a dead corpſe they were attending to the place of burial. That this contrivance had ſucceeded well enough, carrying them off at their eaſe, and even in ſight of ſuch as might be concerned in the loſs. That he, the deponent, falling aſleep through wearineſs at Xetafe, where the whole gang refreſhed themſelves, they had left him behind, and taken off his mourner's garb; but that when he awaked he run after them, knowing whither they were to go, to get his part of the booty. That before he could come up with them, his companions had fallen out about dividing the robbery, and had fought ſo furiouſly at ſword and piſtol, which they had under their habits, that he found two dead upon the ſpot, and the reſt mortally wounded. One had loſt an arm, another was ham-ſtrung, a third had his head cloven, a fourth half his face ſliced off. In ſhort, they were all ſo mortified, that every one had left ſome of his fleſh, and much blood on the field of battle. That beſides he left them half mad, and curſing one another bitterly, becauſe, whilſt they were in their fury murdering one another, a ſtranger, taken inſtead of the deponent, had drove away the mules with the theft, ſo that they knew not what was become of it, and he was then going to hear ſome news of the mules.

By this ample confeſſion, the examiner plainly perceived this was the robbery committed on the lord of the village, for grief whereof he was dead. He run immediately to the curate, and told him all this wonderful news in the preſence of Don Diego, at which both he and his gueſt were ſo ſurpriſed and aſtoniſhed, that for ſome time they could move nothing but their eyes and hands, ſo much were they overjoyed at this ſtrange adventure. Being recovered from this tranſport, they went together to the church, and to the chapel where the two coffins were, the one of the lord, and the other of his

treaſure,

treaſure, which providence had ordered he ſhould follow when dead as well as living, ſince his heart was in it. They preſently opened it in the preſence of ſeveral witneſſes, every one admiring how ingeniouſly thoſe thieves had diſtributed their prize, conſiſting in three ſorts of things of value, ſilver, gold, and precious ſtones.

Then Don Diego plainly underſtood the riddle of the falſe religious man, when he told the officer, who met them at Xetafe, that it was a precious body, as noble as gold and ſilver from head to foot, &c. He might alſo boaſt that he once in his life had the gift of prophecy, when he ſaid before, that his dead corps was near a-kin to the patron of the church, which he ſufficiently made out; and might have added, that it was the relation he loved beſt, ſince he died for love of it. The news was immediately ſent to the gentleman that was heir to the party deceaſed, who came with the meſſenger to take poſſeſſion of that treaſure. He being willing to ſhew mercy to the thief that was taken, as the cauſe of his recovering ſo much wealth, ordered the goaler to contrive that the malefactor might eſcape, as if it had been by want of care in ſecuring him, which was accordingly put in execution.

All the gentleman now wanted was to ſatisfy the earneſt deſire he had of being acquainted with our adventurer, that he might make him a preſent, or at leaſt to return him thanks, for that through his means, and the good fortune that attended him, the robbery was conducted to ſuch a place of ſafety; but Don Diego, who had a generous ſoul, deſiring no acknowledgment of this ſort, ſhunned all occaſions of meeting that gentleman, who paid all the charges very nobly, and gave the two muſes to the curate, who durſt not refuſe the preſent coming from his lord, though they were none of his. This done, he returned to Madrid, taking along with him the precious corps to be buried in another tomb.

Don Diego was ſatisfied with his intention of going to Toledo, without proceeding any farther, and at the requeſt of that good man the curate, ſtayed a week longer with him, paſſing the time in diſcourſe of man's ſovereign good, and the peace and tranquillity of ſuch as are free

from

ſrom worldly paſſions, and the true bleſſings of this life. When our adventurer took his leave, he was forced to admit of half the preſent the lord had made the curate, that is, of one of the mules, in regard he had been the cauſe of that bounty. Don Diego, whoſe heart was haughty, could ſcarce be prevailed on to take it, but was conſtrained at length to ſubmit, rather out of complaiſance than covetouſneſs. They embraced, and parted with ſincere affection, Don Diego promiſing to write to him often, and to ſend to him the news of the court, as the moſt agreeable and diverting preſent to thoſe that have known the world, and are acquainted with the things that are ſpoken of. The hopes of this correſpondence alleviated the curate's trouble for this ſeparation; and the deſire of returning to Madrid, made our adventurer try whether his mule had any ſhare of heels.

The CONNOISSEUR: By Mr. *Town*.

——— *Nullâ virtute redemptum—*
A vitiis. HOR.

I MENTIONED in a former paper, that a friend of mine was writing *A New Treatiſe on Ethics*, or, *A Syſtem of Immoral Philoſophy*, compiled from the principles and practice of the preſent age; in which the extraordinary modeſty of the moderns would be enlarged on, which has induced them to comprehend all the vices, inſtead of virtues, in their idea of a fine gentleman. The work is now finiſhed; and the author has ſent me the following letter concerning the dedication, with leave to ſubmit it to the public.

DEAR TOWN,

THE flatneſs and fulſom inſipidity of dedications has often been the ſubject of our converſation; and we have always agreed, that Authors have miſcarried in theſe pieces of flattery, by injudiciouſly affronting, when

when they meant to compliment their patrons. The humble Dedicator loads his great man with virtues totally foreign to his nature and diſpoſition, which ſit as aukwardly upon him, as lace or embroidery on a chimney-ſweeper: and ſo overwhelms him with the huge maſs of learning, with which he graciouſly dubs him a ſcholar, that he makes as ridiculous a figure as the Aſs in the *Dunciad*. After having thus bepraiſed his patron, till the new *Mæcenas* is heartily aſhamed of himſelf, he wonders that no notice is taken of ſo pompous an eulogium, and that a Dedication ſhould be as mere a drug as a ſermon.

Lory in the *Relapſe* adviſes *Faſhion* to get into the good graces of Lord *Foppington* by falling in love with his coat, being in raptures with his peruke, raviſhed with the genteel dangle of his ſword-knot; and, in ſhort, to recommend himſelf to his noble elder brother, by ſeeming to be captivated with his favourites. In like manner, the author, who would make his Dedication really valuable, ſhould not talk to his patron of his honour, and virtue, and integrity, and a pack of unfaſhionable qualities, which only ſerve to diſgrace a Fine Gentleman, but boldly paint him what he really is, and at the ſame time convince him of his merit in being a fool, and his glory in being a ſcoundrel. This mode of Dedication, though proper at all times, will appear with a particular good grace, before a *Syſtem of Immoral Philoſophy*: wherefore, as my book is now finiſhed, I have here ſent you a rough draught of the Epiſtle Dedicatory, and ſhall be glad to hear your opinion of it.

May it pleaſe your Grace! or, *My Lord!* or, *Sir!*

You are in every point ſo complete a Fine Gentleman, that the following treatiſe is but a faint tranſcript of your accompliſhments. There is not one qualification, requiſite in the character of a man of ſpirit, which you do not poſſeſs. Give me leave therefore, on the preſent occaſion, to point forth your ineſtimable qualities to the world, and hold up to the public view ſo glorious an example.

You

You diſtinguiſhed yourſelf ſo early in life, and exalted yourſelf ſo far above the common pitch of vulgar Bucks, that you was diſtinguiſhed, before the age of twenty, with the noble appellation of STAG. And when I conſider the many gallant exploits you have performed, the number of raſcally poltroons you have ſent out of the world, the number of pretty little foundlings you have brought into it, how many girls you have debauched, how many women of quality you have intrigued with, and how many hogſheads of *French* wine have run through your body, I cannot help contemplating you as a STAG of the firſt head.

What great reaſon have you to value yourſelf on your noble atchievements at *Arthur*'s! the ſums you formerly loſt, and thoſe you have lately won, are amazing inſtances of your ſpirit and addreſs; firſt in venturing ſo deeply before you was let into the ſecret, and then, in managing it with ſo much adroitneſs and dexterity, ſince you have been acquainted with it. Nobody cogs the dice, or packs the cards half ſo ſkilfully; you hedge a bet with uncommon nicety; and are a moſt incomparably ſhrewd judge of the odds.

Nor have your exploits on the Turf rendered you leſs famous. Let the annals of *Pond* and *Heber* deliver down to poſterity the glorious account of what plates you have won, what matches you made, and how often the Knowing Ones have been taken in, when, for private reaſons, you have found it neceſſary that your horſe ſhould run on the wrong ſide of the poſt, or be diſtanced, after winning the firſt heat. I need not mention your own ſkill in horſemanſhip, and in how many matches you have condeſcended to ride yourſelf; for in this particular it muſt be acknowledged that you cannot be outdone even by your groom or jockey.

All the world will witneſs the many inſtances of your Courage, which has been often tried and exerted in *Hyde-Park*, and behind *Montague-houſe*: nay, you have ſometimes been known to draw your ſword moſt heroicly at the opera, the play, and even at private routes and aſſemblies. How often have you put to flight a whole army of watchmen, conſtables, and beadles, with

with the juſtices at their head! You have cleared a whole bawdy-houſe before you, and taken many a tavern by ſtorm: you have pinned a waiter to the ground, and have beſides proved yourſelf an excellent markſman, by ſhooting a poſt-boy flying. With ſo much valour and firmneſs, it is not to be doubted, but that you would behave with the ſame intrepidity, if occaſions called, upon *Hounſlow-Heath*, or in *Maiden-head-Thicket*: and, if it were neceſſary, you would as boldly reſign yourſelf up to the hands of *Jack Ketch*, and ſwing as genteely as *Maclean* or *Gentleman Harry*. The ſame noble ſpirit would likewiſe enable you to aim the piſtol at your own head, and go out of the world like a man of honour and a gentleman.

But your courage has not rendered you inſuſceptible of the ſofter paſſions, for which your heart has been ever inclined. To ſay nothing of your gallantries with women of faſhion, your intrigues with milliners and mantua-makers, or your ſeducing of raw country girls, and innocent tradeſmens daughters, you have formerly been ſo conſtant in your devoirs to Mrs. *Douglaſs*, and the whole ſiſter-hood, that you ſacrificed your health and conſtitution in their ſervice. But above all, witneſs that ſweet delicate creature, whom you have now in keeping; and for whom you entertain ſuch a ſtrong and faithful paſſion, that for her ſake you have tenderly and affectionately deſerted your wife and family.

Though from your elegant taſte for pleaſures you appear made for the gay world, yet theſe polite Amuſements have not called off your attention from the more ſerious ſtudies of Politics and Religion. In Politics you have made ſuch a wonderful proficiency, both in theory and practice, that you have diſcovered the good of your country to be a mere joke, and confirmed your own intereſt, as well as eſtabliſhed your conſequence in the proper place, by ſecuring half a dozen Boroughs. As to Religion, you ſoon unravelled every myſtery of that, and not only know the Bible to be as romantic as the Alcoran, but have alſo written ſeveral volumes to make your diſcoveries plain to meaner capacities. The ridiculous prejudices of a fooliſh world unhappily

unhappily prevent your publiſhing them at preſent; but you have wiſely provided that they ſhall one day ſee the light, when I doubt not they will be deemed invaluable, and be as univerſally admired as the poſthumous works of Lord *Bollingbroke*.

I am,

May it pleaſe your Grace,
or, *My Lord,*
or, *Sir,*
in humble admiration of your excellencies,
&c. &c. &c.

Epitaph on TURNCOAT.

Paſſenger, Stay, Reade, Walke. Here Lyeth,
ANDREW TURNCOAT, WHO WAS NEITHER SLAVE, NOR SOULDIER, NOR PHYSITIAN, NOR FENCER, NOR COBLER, NOR FILCHER, NOR LAWYER, NOR USURER, BUT ALL. WHO LIVED NEITHER IN CITY, NOR COUNTRY, NOR AT HOME, NOR ABROAD, NOR AT SEA, NOR AT LAND, NOR HERE, NOR ELSEWHERE, BUT EVERY WHERE. WHO DIED, NEITHER OF HUNGER, NOR POYSON, NOR HATCHET, NOR HALTER, NOR DOGGE, NOR DISEASE, BUT OF ALL TOGETHER. I. I. H. BEING NEITHER HIS DEBTOR, NOR HEIRE, NOR KINSMAN, NOR FRIEND, NOR NEIGHBOUR, BUT ALL, IN HIS MEMORY HAVE ERECTED, THIS NEITHER MONUMENT, NOR TOMB, NOR SEPULCHER, BUT ALL. WISHING NEITHER EVIL, NOR WELL, NEITHER TO THEE, NOR TO ME, NOR HIM, BUT ALL UNTO ALL.

BAGGATELLES: or, TRIFLES.

By CHARLES CONUNDRUM, *Esq.*

THE following verse we leave for the INGENIOUS Bridegroom to read to his faithful Bride: to a person of the least ingenuity, it will not remain long behind the veil of obscurity.

If U 2 me, as I 2 U
am true,
I
U must lye, and U.

HUMOROUS QUESTIONS.

Q. WHAT is a man like that is in the midst of a great river, and can't swim!

A. *Like to be drowned.*

Q. What kind of book would most married men wish their wives were like?

A. *An almanack; for then he might have a new one every year.*

Q. What kind of water is most deceitful?

A. *A woman's tears.*

Q. What is the best trade for men to learn?

A. *To die well.*

Q. What is that which G— never made, and commanded not to be made, and yet was made, and has a soul to be saved?

A. *A Cuckold.*

Q. Why is a f—t like a double entendre?

A. *Because taken in two senses.*

On

On the Letter O.

RUN round my lines, whilſt I as roundly ſhow
The birth, the worth, th'extent of my round O.
That O which in the indigeſted maſs
Did frame itſelf, when nothing framed was.
But when the world's great maſs itſelf did ſhow,
In largeneſs, fairneſs, roundneſs a great O.
The heavens, the element, a box of O's,
Where ſtill the greater doth the leſs incloſe.
The imaginary center in O's made,
That ſpeck which in the world doth ſtand or fade.
The Zodiac, colours, and Equator line,
In Tropic, and Meridian O did ſhine;
The lines of breadth, and lines of longitude,
Climate from climate, doth by O ſeclude:
And in the ſtarry ſpangled ſky the O
Makes us the day from night diſtinctly know;
And by his motion, round as in a ring,
Light to himſelf, light to each O doth bring.
In each day's journey, in his circle round,
The framing of an O by ſenſe is found.
The moon hath to the O's frame moſt affection:
But the ſun's envy grudgeth ſuch perfection.
Yet Dian hath each month, and every year,
Learned an O's frame in her front to bear:
And to requite Sol's envy with the like,
With oft eclipſes at his O doth ſtrike.
In our inferior bodies there doth grow
Matter enough to ſhew the worth of O.
Our brains and heart, either in O doth lie,
So that the neſt of O's the ſparkling eye:
The ribs, in meeting, faſhion an O's frame,
The mouth and ear, the noſtrils bear the ſame.
The Latins honouring the chiefeſt parts,
Glory'd to make our O the heart of hearts;
Fronting it with three words of deepeſt ſenſe,
Order, opinion, and obedience.
Oft have I ſeen a reverend dimmed eye,
By th' help of O to read moſt legibly.

Each drop of rain that falls, each flower that grows
Each coin that's current doth reſemble O's.
Into the water, if a ſtone we throw,
Mark how each circle joins to make an O.
Cut but an orange, you ſhall eaſily find,
Yellow with white and wat'ry O's combin'd.
O doth preſerve a trembling conjurer,
Who from his circling O doth never ſtir.
O from a full throat crier, if it come,
Strikes the tumultuous roaring people dumb.
The thund'ring cannon from this dreadful O,
Ruin to walls, and death to men doth throw.
O utters woes, O doth expreſs our joys,
O wonders ſhews, O riches, or O toys:
And O ye women which do faſhions fall,
O ruff, O gorget, and O farthingal,
And O ye ſpangles, O ye golden O's
That art upon the rich embroidered throws
Think not we mock, though our diſpleaſing pen
Sometime doth write, you bring an O to men.
'Tis no diſparagement to you, ye know,
Since Ops the gods great grandam bears an O:
Your ſexes glory (Fortune) though ſhe reel,
Is ever conſtant to her O, her wheel,
And your gay coaches through the ſtreet that glide,
By art of four great O's do help you ride.
When tables full, and cups do overflow,
Is not each cup, each ſalt, each diſh an O?
What is't that dreadful makes a prince's frown,
But that his head bears golden O, the crown?
Unhappy then th'arithmetician, and
He that makes O a barren Cypher ſtand.
Let him know this, that we know in his place,
An O adds number, with a figure's grace;
And that O which for cypher he doth take,
One daſh may eaſily a thouſand make.
But O enough, I've done my reader wrong,
Mine O was round, and I have made it long.

SONG

SONG 74.

To the Tune of, The Roaſt Beef of Old England.

BOATSWAIN.

SINCE again bold defiance appears in proud France,
Ye ſtaunch Britiſh tars, let us boldly advance;
And now, in our turns, let us teach them to dance.

CHORUS of Jolly Tars.

O! the brave Tars of Old England;
And, O! the Old Engliſh brave Tars.

Tho' furious at firſt, yet we know they'll ſoon fly O;
But brave Engliſh Tars, they will conquer or die O;
From the ſhores of old Thames, to the banks of Ohio.
O the brave Tars, &c.

As ſoon as juſt vengeance ſhall take up her whip,
From the head to the ſtern they will tremble and ſkip;
For they live on Soup Maigre, while we drink good ſlip.
O the brave Tars, &c.

Our commanders tho' wiſe, will give valour due ſcope,
As the ſhip is impell'd, or reſtra n'd, by a rope;
Fair caution's our helm, and our anchor is hope.
O the brave Tars, &c.

As ſoon as our glorious commander embarks,
In ſpite of the threats of ten thouſand mon---archs:
We are gudgeons, they think; but they'll find we are ſharks.
O the brave Tars, &c.

The genius of Britain behold on the deck,
And old Engliſh faith without blemiſh or ſpeck;
For either, or both, I'd venture my neck.
O the brave Tars, &c.

Behold naval glory preſents her own crown t'ye;
Come hither, brave boys, from each town and each county,
And joyous partake of his majeſty's bounty.
O the brave Tars, &c.

No more ſhall the French, with their Gaſcoinades
brave ye,
But each fop in armour ſhall cry out Peccavi;
Sing huzzah! to king GEORGE, and his brave royal
navy.

CHORUS of Jolly Tars.

O! the brave Tars of Old England;
And, O! the Old Engliſh brave Tars.

CONSTANT POLLY.

MY POLLY'S moſt divinely fair,
Soft, tender, lovely, ſweet and young,
How delicate her ſhape and air?
And what enchantment arms her tongue!
Her ſwimming eye! her ſwelling breaſt!
From her the Graces ne'er are ſunder'd,
This charm too add, which crowns the reſt,
She can be conſtant——to a hundred.

SONG 75.

GAY FLORIMEL.

GAY FLORIMEL of noble birth,
The moſt engaging fair on earth
To pleaſe a blithe gallant,
Has much of wit and much of worth,
And much of tongue to ſet it forth,
But then ſhe has an aunt.

How oft, alas! in vain I've try'd
To tempt her from her guardian's ſide,
And trap her on love's hook;
She's like a little wanton lamb
That friſks about the careful dam,
And ſhuns the ſhepherd's crook.

Like

Like wretched Dives * am I plac'd
To ſee the joys I cnnot taſte,
Of all my hopes bereaven;
Her aunt's the diſmal gulph betwixt,
By all the powers of malice fixt,
To cheat me of my heav'n.

* For the ſtory of DIVES, the rich-man, ſee the New Teſtament, Luke 16.

Epitaph on a TAYLOR.

DEATH without warning was, I think, as bold as brief,
When he kill'd *two* in *one*, a taylor and a thief.

SONG 76.

The DUST-CART, *a favourite* Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

AS tink'ring Tom the ſtreets his trade did cry,
He ſaw his lovely Sylvia paſſing by;
In duſt-cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cynders round her lovely waiſt;
Tom, with up-lifted hands th' occaſion bleſt,
And thus in ſoothing ſtrains the maid addreſt.

AIR.

Oh Sylvia, while you drive your carts,
To pick up duſt, you ſteal our hearts,
You take our duſt and ſteal our hearts.

That mine is gone, alas! is true,
And dwells among the duſt with you,
And dwells among the duſt with you,

Oh lovely Sylvia eaſe my pain,
Give me the heart you ſtole again,
Give me my heart out of your cart,
Give me the heart you ſtole again.

RECIT-

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting, roll'd her ſparkling eyes about;
She heav'd her ſwelling breaſt as black as ſloe,
And look'd diſdain on little folks below;
To Tom ſhe nodded as the cart drew on,
And then, reſolv'd to ſpeak, ſhe cry'd, ſtop John.

AIR.

Shall I, who ride above the reſt,
Be by a paltry croud oppreſt?
Ambition now my ſoul does fire,
The youths ſhall languiſh and admire;
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride, long to ride, long to ride, in my duſt cart;
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my duſt cart.

A ſmart Reply.

AS the D——n of St. Patrick's was riding abroad,
He met a poor man and his wife on the road:
And having a mind for a joke, thus began;—
"Pray who wears the breeches?" Aſk my A—— ſaid the man.

RIDDLE XXI.

WHEN the warm ſun withdraws its genial rays,
And longer nights ſucceed declining days:
I to my winter's bed with haſte repair,
Shunning th'inclemencies o'th' frozen air.
Within the hollow of a rock immur'd,
From all th'attacks of northern blaſts ſecur'd;
In pleaſing ſleep I paſs whole months away,
Nor ſee the ſetting ſun nor riſing day;

No

No thirſt diſturbs me in my long retreat,
Nor keener hunger dictates when to eat.
Whilſt in the fetters of long ſleep I'm bound,
My lazy blood ne'er circulates around;
No ſpirits take their flight thro' ev'ry pore,
Inanimate I lie and am no more,
'Till Phœbus does with active heat return,
And calls me from my ſolitary urn;
To intimate the blooming ſpring is near,
And introduce the verdure of the year.
When, near ſome ſtately ſeat I fix my ſtay,
And ſport and ſing the merry hours away.
The ſage philoſopher, who all things knows,
Shall tell my ſtory and my name diſcloſe.

RIDDLE XXII.

MOST lovely ſituate on a riſing ground,
A pleaſant city ſtands whoſe walls are round,
Built for a fence againſt both foes and cold;
With but one entring port, like Troy of old:
Within ſuch curious ſtreets and houſes are,
So uniformly built, and regular,
As might with wonder and amazement ſtrike
The beſt of architects to do the like.
Their government's a glorious monarchy,
Where all the ſubjects free allegiance pay.
Whether from royal anceſtors their prince
Derives his tokens of pre-eminence;
Or whether from his noble ſtature, he
Like goodly Saul, gains ſuperiority;
His perſon's ſuch as ſpeaks him born to rule,
And all obey his laws without controul.
Here all the citizens well armed are,
And yet they ſeem more prone to work than war.
Tho' as we find in Nehemiah's days,
Thoſe zealous Jews who did the temple raiſe,
Wore weapons at their work; ſo muſt they here,
Or elſe be exil'd, as the ſlothful are.
Their ſprightly youth are very often found
To ſally out, and ſtorm the ſpacious round:
With ſuch tumultuous noiſe they fill the ſkies,
As ſets th' adjacent dwellers in ſurpriſe:

Who

Who, finding that they can't by force ſubdue
This inſurrection have recourſe unto
Perſuaſive ſtratagem, and forthwith beat
A parley: and of peace reſolve to treat;
Nay gladly yield to this capitulation,
To grant new cities for their habitation.
But mark th' inconſtancy of ev'ry ſtate!
For this, like others, muſt ſubmit to fate,
And that a diſmal one; much like what we
Of Sodom read in ſacred hiſtory:
Oh! ſad cataſtrophe! in flames of fire,
And ſulphurous ſmoke, they all at once expire,
But as from pious ſouls, ſo here we find
They ſweet memorials leave, in all their works behind.

Anſwers to all the Riddles in this vol. will be inſerted in the contents.

ANECDOTES.

CLXXIX.

SOME fiſhermen being got out to fiſh, and ſeeing they were not able to get any thing, fell to louſe themſelves: at length returning, and being aſked what they had caught? anſwered, What they had caught they had left behind them, and what they could not catch they had brought with them.

CLXXX.

OF military bravery, the following inſtance is very great. The Marquis d'Entreyve's gallant defence of Verua againſt the French in the laſt war, is ſufficiently known. The Allies having a camp near the Po, the preſent King of Sardinia uſed often to throw bomb-ſhells filled with louis-d'ors into Verua, for the encouragement of the garriſon; but want of proviſions at laſt obliged them to ſurrender. When the ſoldiers marched out of the garriſon, d'Entreyve had an ammunition-loaf carried before him upon a pike, and as he paſſed by the

the French General, ſaid to him, " This piece of bread " was all the proviſions left in the place; had it been " provided with two days more ſubſiſtence, it ſhould " have coſt you dearer."

CLXXXI.

I Cannot forbear adding one inſtance more, which muſt appear the more extraordinary, and intitle the author to the greater praiſe, as his birth and education were but mean, which ſeldom produces thoſe ambitious views to which ſo many daring or heroic actions, as they are called, are owing. At the ſiege of Turin, in 1706, the French had broke into one of the largeſt ſubterraneous galleries belonging to the citadel, and the French engineer was rewarded with two hundred louis-d'ors for diſcovering this paſſage. The French now concluded that they ſhould make their way into the citadel, by means of this ſecret paſſage, and accordingly poſted two hundred grenadiers there. One Micha, a Piedmonteſe peaſant, who had been compelled to ſerve as a pioneer, and by his good natural parts, and long practice, had acquired ſuch a ſkill in it as to be made a corporal of the pioneers, was then working at that place with about twenty men, in order to complete a mine. But hearing the French buſy over his head, in ſecuring themſelves in the gallery, it immediately occurred to him, that his work was now become uſeleſs, the enemy being poſſeſſed of a place which would be of infinite detriment to the beſieged; he was alſo convinced that it would coſt him his life to hinder it, his mine having no *ſauciſſon*, with which he might ſpring it with leſs danger. There was no time for deliberation, he therefore immediately formed this brave reſolution: To ſave his companions, he ordered them immediately to withdraw out of the mine, and fire a muſket as a ſignal when they were in a place of ſafety; adding, that they ſhould go and acquaint his Majeſty, that Micha implored a ſubſiſtence for his wife and children. Upon hearing the ſignal he immediately ſet fire to the mine, and thus ſacrificed his own life, and blew up the two hundred French grenadiers into the air.—The King

provided

provided not only for Micha's widow and children, but ſettled a perpetual annuity of ſix hundred livres a year upon his deſcendants.

CLXXXII.

The Amours of the King of Sardinia *and the Counteſs* de Verüe.

THE character of the King of Sardinia, and his amour with the Counteſs de Verüe, are extremely entertaining. As his intrigue with the Counteſs is extraordinary, I ſhall make no further apology for the length of this anecdote, which takes up ſomewhat more room than thoſe I uſually inſert in this miſcellany.

What happened to the Count de Verüe, in relation to his wife Johanna Baptiſta, daughter to Lewis Charles d'Albert, Duke de Luynes, was in a great meaſure owing to himſelf, for he was continually crying up, in the King's hearing, the extraordinary beauty * of his ſpouſe, and undervaluing all other ladies. In ſhort, he offered of his own accord to bring her to Court. On her arrival, ſhe ſo inſinuated herſelf into the Queen's favour, as to become her Majeſty's chief confidant and inſeparable companion. The King in the mean time entirely gained the good graces of the Counteſs: and not long after, ſhe had a particular houſhold appointed for her, with a chamberlain, and a guard: the King likewiſe preſented her with a part of the crown jewels, Things

* This beauty reigned a long time; when ſhe was in the height of favour, the Lorrain Miniſter, Baron F. fell ſo paſſionately in love, that his mind was totally taken up with her. At one time going from court about midnight, his chairmen aſked him whither they were to go, he told them to the Counteſs de Verue's. Thither they accordingly went, and knocked at the door; but the family being gone to bed, it was ſome time before the door could be opened. In the mean time this Miniſter, who otherwiſe did not want parts, recovered from his abſence of mind, but was not a little uneaſy upon recollecting where he was, and accordingly thought it beſt to make off. My Lord Galloway, ſome time after, gave him this candid reproof. "Sir, on "what account are you here? is it not about your maſter's affairs? "you ſpoil them by fancying yourſelf in a thick foreſt where no "body can ſee you, whereas you may take my word for it, you are "expoſed on an open plain."

were

were carried on in this manner for three years, before the Queen, then Dutcheſs of Savoy, knew any thing of it; and no body was ſo indiſcreet as to incur the King's diſpleaſure, by diſcovering an affair which was a ſecret to the Queen alone. She even accompanied the King to an entertainment given at Valentin, on account of the birth of the Marquis of Suſa, of whom the Conteſs de Verüe had been lately delivered; and here ſhe certainly muſt have received ſome intimation of the intrigue, which ſhocked her ſo, that ſhe roſe from table with ſome indignation, and went away. Three ladies, whom the King ſuſpected of having betrayed him, were baniſhed the court. A certain Colonel made his eſcape, under the diſguiſe of a cook; but he got a regiment in the Imperial ſervice, and was afterwards permitted to return to his country. As to the Count de Verüe, he was unqueſtionably one of the firſt who obſerved the unhappy effects of his lady's boaſted beauty; and in the heigth of his impatience he relinquiſhed a penſion of two hundred thouſand livres a year in the Duke's dominions, and entered into the French ſervice. He was there made Marechal des Camps and Armées du Roy, and afterwards Commiſſaire-Generel de la Cavallerie; but ſome years after he loſt his life in an engagement. His two ſons were not more fortunate than the father: one of them dying in the field of battle, and the other, if I miſtake not, broke his neck by a fall. The preſent Count de Verüe is in very affluent circumſtances, though he has recovered but a ſmall part of the Verüe eſtate.

From this time the King's amour was no longer a ſecret, and the Queen was oblged to ſuffer many mortifications, which affected her very ſenſibly, particularly the following.

The Queen had a ſprig of diamonds which ſhe uſually wore on her boſom, which took the fancy of the Conteſs de Verüe: the King, one day at table, the Conteſs being preſent, demanded it of the Queen, and preſented it to the Conteſs. This was the more mortifying, as theſe jewels were either preſented to her by her father, or part of her own fortune, and, as ſuch, were her

independent property. At length the Counteſs de Verüe reflecting, that either by a change in the King's affection, or by his death, things might take a very unfavourable turn, and ſhe be forced into a cloyſter, a life which little ſuited with her temper, ſhe began to conſider of ways and means to diſengage herſelf in time, and be beforehand with ill fortune. The matter was concerted by letters between her and her brother, who ſoon after came out of France to Turin in diſguiſe. This happened in the year 1707, when the King had withdrawn from Turin to Chamberry. The Counteſs de Verüe uſed to go to a wood near Turin every aſternoon, attended by her woman and chamberlain. Here, after ſpending about half an hour in reading, ſhe uſed to walk by herſelf, leaving her attendance at a diſtance, and pretended to find an extraordinary pleaſure in meditation. In the mean time ſhe was buſy packing up in her palace, and ordered her fine paintings to be taken down, under pretence, that for their better preſervation curtains were to be made for them; but they were privately conveyed to her brother, together with gold medals, curious manuſcripts, jewels, &c. On the day appointed for their flight, ſhe went as uſual to the wood, read, and then pretended to take her ſolitary walk; ſhe flew to her brother, who, having prepared poſt-horſes and carriages for the journey, waited for her at an appointed rendezvous near the wood; from thence they made for France with all poſſible ſpeed. An hour and a half being elapſed, the Counteſs's woman began to look about for her lady; but not hearing any news of her, ſhe began to apprehend ſome misfortune had befallen her. Hereupon the Counteſs's retinue diſperſed themſelves in the wood in queſt of her, but all to no purpoſe. When it was known at Turin that ſhe was not to be found, an expreſs was ſent to the King at Chamberry, who was juſt going to ſit down to table; but on this news, he immediately ſet out out for his palace at Turin. There he found a letter from the Counteſs, wherein ſhe excuſed her flight, from the apprehenſion of a change in his affections, and the misfortune in which ſhe would in ſuch a caſe be involved. The King had part of the jewels again; and confiſcated

an

an annuity of twenty thouſand livres a year, which ſhe had from the town-houſe of Turin, together with the capital. His Majeſty was heard to ſay on this occaſion, that he never was engaged with any woman who did not deceive him; and ever ſince this adventure the King ſeldom ſpeaks with any ladies, whether old or young, but avoids them as much as poſſible. This elopement produced a happy reconciliation between the King and Queen, and ever ſince they have lived in perfect harmony and mutual confidence. Some are of opinion, that the King was not ſorry in his heart to be rid of the Counteſs; but that he could not ſo well digeſt the manner of her departure, eſpecially on account of the travelling carges with which ſhe abundantly furniſhed herſelf. As to any ſubſequent reconciliation between them, all I can ſay is (and I have it from unqueſtionable authority) that, when in the year 1717, the Allies intended to deprive the Duke of Savoy of the kingdom of Sicily, he was adviſed of it by the Counteſs ſooner than they could have wiſhed. The Regent had truſted the Duke of Bourbon with the ſecret of this tranſaction, and he was the channel through which it came to Madam de Verüe. The Count de Verüe was living when his lady came to Paris; and it happened, that he once carried her in his coach from a maſquerade without knowing her. However ſhe knew him, and unmaſqued juſt as ſhe was going to alight, to which overture the Count made no other anſwer, than by a low bow. It is not long ſince I was at her houſe in the Fauxburg St. Germain, which for richneſs of furniture, and number and beauty of the paintings, is exceeded by few in Paris.

CLXXXIII.

FOR the conveniency of trade, there was built near Alexandria, in an iſland called Pharos, a tower which bore the ſame name. At the top of this tower was kept a fire, to light ſuch ſhips as ſailed by night near thoſe dangerous coaſts, which were full of ſands and ſhelves; from whence all other towers, deſigned for the ſame uſe, have been called, as Pharo di Meſſina, &c. Th. famous architect Soſtratus built it by order of Ptolemy

lemy Philadelphus, who expended eight hundred talents upon it *. It was reckoned one of the ſeven wonders of the world. Some have commended that Prince, for permitting the architect to put his name in the inſcription which was fixed on the tower inſtead of his own †. It was very ſhort and plain, according to the manner of the ancients. ‘ *Soſtratus Cnidius Dexiphanis F. diis ſerva-*
‘ *toribus pro navigantibus. i. e.* “ Soſtratus the Cnidian, “ ſon of Dexiphanes, to the protecting Deities, for the “ uſe of ſea-faring people.” But certainly Ptolemy muſt have very much undervalued that kind of immortality which Princes are generally very fond of, to ſuffer, that his name ſhould not be ſo much as mentioned in the inſcription of an edifice ſo capable of immortalizing him. What we read in Lucian concerning this matter, deprives Ptolemy of a modeſty, which indeed would be very ill placed here. This author informs us that Soſtratus, in order that the whole glory of that noble ſtructure might be aſcribed to himſelf, cauſed the inſcription with his own name to be carved in the marble, which he afterwards covered with lime, and thereon put the King's name. The lime ſoon mouldered away; and by that means, inſtead of procuring the architect the honour with which he had flattered himſelf, ſerved only to diſcover to future ages his mean fraud and ridiculous vanity.

* Eight hundred thouſand Crowns.

† Magno animo Ptolemæi regis, quod in ea permiſerit Soſtrati Cnidii architecti ſtructuræ nomen inſcribi. PLIN.

Story of Doctor DANIEL DOVE *and his Horſe* NOBS.

DOCTOR Daniel Dove of Doncaſter, in England, was an exceeding good ſort of a man, and he had a nag called NOBS, who was an exceeding good ſort of an horſe, and he ſet up at the ſign of the George, where there is exceeding good entertainment both for man and horſe.—But being in a great hurry, he would not ſuffer the hoſtler to put up NOBS in the ſtable, but ordered his bridle

bridle to be faſtened to the brew-houſe door. Now (as fortune would have it) within NOBS's reach there was a tub full of wine lees, which he without ſo much as ſaying *here's to you*, or uſing any other ceremony, fairly ſwigged off in a trice; the conſequence of which was, that he fell down dead drunk: nay, in ſhort, he acted death ſo much to the life, that the Doctor, upon inſpection, concluded him to be abſolutely defunct, and had him flead, and ſold his ſkin to a tanner, who was then drinking in the kitchen. Upon which he walks quietly home, and communicates this melancholy affair to his lady, who wept bitterly, for (except her Monkey, her Cat, and her pug-dog) ſhe loved NOBS better than any other animal, though ſhe had many Children.

But leaving her to wipe her eyes, let us return to NOBS, who, the weather being cold, and having loſt his cloathing, was by this time reſtored to the moſt perfect ſobriety, and very prudently trots home to the Doctor's door, at which he whinnied with great emphaſis.—Bleſs me, ſays Mrs. Dove, my dear NOBS's ghoſt is come to the door, for I know him by his *whinnies*. Upon which the Doctor gets up, ſtrikes a light, and runs down with great impetuoſity, and ſure enough there was NOBS in *propria perſona:* no ghoſt, but all himſelf, except his ſkin. Upon this Doctor Dove ordered ſix ſheep to be killed inſtantaneouſly, and covered NOBS with a woolen garment. To make ſhort of my ſtory, the nag recovered, and bore two tod of wool every year, as many thouſand perſons can teſtify.

A ſerious propoſal for improving the woollen Manufactory. The hint taken from the above true *ſtory.*

IN this place, it is humbly propoſed to the people in power, that an eſtimate be immediately made of the quantity of ſheep annually ſlaughtered in theſe kingdoms.

Secondly, That certain officers be conſtituted and appointed to collect them into commodious ware-houſes, to be erected for that purpoſe.

Thirdly, That ſuch a number of horſes, mares and geldings may be flea'd without loſs of time, as the ſheepſkins aforeſaid will conveniently cloath.

A Catalogue of beneficial Conſequences deducible from the above ſcheme.

EVERY horſe, mare or gelding, whoſe ſkin was of ſervice only once, and that after death, will now be of annual utility to its owner and the public, without any detriment to the tanner or ſhoe-maker, who muſt in the nature of the thing have as many hides as before.

Again, The health of that uſeful animal, which is ſubject to more diſorders than any other creature, except the human ſpecies, will be much better preſerved by a woollen than an hairy covering.

Again, There will be no occaſion to be at the expence of ſaddles, the ſoftneſs and the warmth of wool being infinitely preferable to any leather, or in ſhort any thing that can be placed under the human poſteriors.

Laſtly, There will be an yearly acquiſition to the nation from this procedure, of forty-five millions Sterling, of which pleaſe to accept the following

Algebraical Demonſtration.

Let x be the unknown quantity, plus a, plus b, minus y, plus tods, plus ſheepſkins, equal one thouſand. Minus horſes, plus wool, equal tods, plus one million, plus a, plus b, plus c, plus tods, plus wool, plus ſheepſkins; in all, equal to forty-five million Sterling.

Quod erat demonſtrandum,

There's Demonſtration for ye. *

* In order to make the above demonſtration general to all our readers, the algebraical Signs and difficult Expreſſions are omitted.

The

The CONNOISSEUR: By Mr. *Town.**

Quo patre ſit natus, num ignotâ matre inhoneſtus?
HOR.

THE notices in the public papers that the Foundling Hoſpital will be open for the reception of all infants in general under a certain age, have, I find, given univerſal ſatisfaction. The conſequences of a big belly do not appear ſo dreadful as heretofore: and it was but yeſterday that a young fellow of intrigue told me, he was happy that his children would no longer be thrown out of the hoſpital, as he himſelf was out of *Arthur*'s, by black balls. For my part, though I have no lady in keeping, no child by my houſe-keeper, nor any other affair of gallantry on my hands, which makes me wiſh to ſwell the number of infants maintained by that charity, I muſt own myſelf to be exceedingly rejoiced at the extenſion of ſo benevolent a deſign. I look upon it as the certain preſervation of many hundreds in embryo: nor ſhall we now hear of ſo many helpleſs babes birth-ſtrangled in a neceſſary, or ſmothered by the ditch-delivered drab. As a baſtard is accounted in law, *quaſi nullius filius*, the child of nobody, and related to nobody, and yet is bleſt with as fair proportions, and capable of an equal degree of perfection with an "honeſt madam's iſſue," it is ſurely an act of great humanity thus to reſcue them from untimely deaths and other miſeries, which They do not merit, whatever may be the guilt of their parents.

Though it is obvious, that this Hoſpital will be made the receptacle of many legitimate children, it is no leſs certain that the rich, as well as the poor, will often ſend their baſe-born bantlings to this general nurſery. The wealthy man of quality, or ſubſtantial cit, may have their private family-reaſons for not owning the fruits of their ſecret amours, and be glad to put the little living witneſs of their intrigues out of the way. For this reaſon, an hiſtory of the Foundlings received

* A paper publiſhed in London.

there

there would be very curious and entertaining, as it would contain many anecdotes not to be learned from any Pariſh Regiſter. The reflections that paſſed in my mind on this ſubject, gave occaſion the other evening to the following Dream.

Methought, as I was ſtanding at the private door of the Hoſpital, where a croud of females (each of them with a child in her arms) were preſſing to get in, an elderly gentleman, whom from his white ſtaff I took to be a governour of the charity, very courteouſly invited me to come in. I accepted his offer; and having ſeated myſelf next him—"Mr. TOWN, ſays he, I am conſcious "that you look upon moſt of theſe little infants as the "offſprings of ſo many unmarried fathers and maiden-"mothers, which have been clandeſtinely ſmuggled into "the world. Know then that I am one of thoſe guar-"dian Genii, appointed to ſuperintend the fortunes of "Baſtards: therefore, as this Hoſpital is more immedi-"ately under my tuition, I have put on this diſguiſe; "and, if you pleaſe, will let you into the ſecret hiſtory "of thoſe babes, who are my wards, and their parents."

I aſſured him, his intelligence would be highly agree-able; and ſeveral now coming up to offer their children, he reſumed his diſcourſe—— "Obſerve, ſaid he, that "jolly little rogue, with plump cheeks, a florid com-"plexion, blue eyes, and ſandy locks. We have here "already ſeveral of his brethren by the mother's ſide; "ſome fair, ſome brown, and ſome black: and yet "they are all ſuppoſed to have come by the ſame father. "The mother has for many years been houſekeeper to "a gentleman who cannot ſee that her children bear the "marks of his own ſervants, and that this very brat is "the exact reſemblance of his coachman.

"That puling whining infant there, with a pale face, "emaciated body, and diſtorted limbs, is the forced pro-"duct of viper-broth and cantharides. It is the offspring "of a worn-out buck of quality, who at the ſame time he "debauched the mother, ruined her conſtitution by a fil-"thy diſeaſe; in conſequence of which, ſhe with much "difficulty brought forth this juſt picture of himſelf in "miniature.

"The

" The next that offers is the iſſue of a careful cit; who, " as he keeps an horſe for his own riding on Sundays, " which he lets out all the reſt of the week, keeps alſo " a miſtreſs for his recreation on the ſeventh day, who " lets herſelf out on all the other ſix. That other " babe owes his birth likewiſe to the city, but is the " joint product, as we may ſay, of two fathers; who " being great œconomiſts in their pleaſures as well as " in their buſineſs, have ſet up a whore and a one " horſe-chaiſe in partnerſhip together.

" That pert young baggage there, who ſo boldly " preſſes forward with her brat, is not the mother of it, " but is maid to a ſingle lady of the ſtricteſt honour and " unblemiſhed reputation. About a twelve month ago " her miſtreſs went to *Bath* for the benefit of her health; " and ten months after, ſhe travelled into *North Wales* " to ſee a relation; from whence ſhe is juſt returned. " We may ſuppoſe, that ſhe took a fancy to that pretty " babe while in the country, and brought it up to town " with her, in order to place it here; as ſhe did a few " years ago to another charming boy, which being too " old to be got into this Hoſpital, is now at a ſchool " in *Yorkſhire*, where young gentlemen are boarded, " cloathed, and educated, and found in all neceſſaries, " for ten pounds a year.

" That chubby little boy, which you ſee in the arms " of yonder ſtrapping wench in a camblet gown and " red cloak is her own ſon. She is by profeſſion a bed- " maker in one of the univerſities, and of the ſame col- " lege, in which the father (a grave tutor) holds a fel- " lowſhip under the uſual condition of not marrying. " Many ſober gentlemen of the cloth, who are in the " ſame ſcrape, are glad to take the benefit of this charity: " And if all of the ſame reverend order, like the prieſts " abroad, were laid under the ſame reſtrictions, you " might expect to ſee a particular Hoſpital, erected for " the reception of the Sons of the Clergy.

" That next child belongs to a ſea-captain's lady, " whoſe huſband is expected to return every moment " from a long voyage; the fears of which have happily " haſtened the birth of this infant a full month before

" its

" its time. That other is the poſthumous child of a " wealthy old gentleman, who had married a young " girl for love, and died in the honey-moon. This his " ſon and heir was not born till near a twelve-month " after his deceaſe, becauſe its birth was retarded by the " exceſſive grief of his widow; who on that account ra- " ther choſe to lye-in privately, and to lodge their own " child here, than to have its legitimacy and her only " honour called in queſtion by her huſband's relations."

My companion pointed out to me ſeveral others no leſs extraordinary; among which I remember he told me, one was the unhallowed brood of a Methodiſt teacher, and another the premature ſpawn of a Maid of honour. A poor author eaſed himſelf of a very heavy load of two twin-daughters, which in an evil hour he begot on an hawker of pamphlets, after he had been writing a luſcious novel: but I could not help ſmiling at the marks ſent in with theſe new Muſes, ſignifying, that one had been chriſtened *Terpſichore*, and the other *Polyhymnia*. Several bantlings were imported from *Iſlington*, *Hoxton*, and other villages within the ſound of *Bow Bell:* many were tranſpl nted hither out of the country; and a whole litter of brats were ſent in from two or three pariſhes in particular, for which it is doubtful whether they were moſt indebted, to the parſon or the 'ſquire.

A modeſt-looking woman now brought a very fine babe to be admitted; but the governors rejected it, as it appeared to be above two months old. The mother on the contrary perſiſted in affirming, that it was but juſt born, and addreſſing herſelf to me, deſired me to look at it, I accordingly took it in my arms; and while I was toſſing it up and down, and praiſing its beauty, the ſly huſſy contrived to ſlip away, leaving the precious charge to my care. The efforts which I made to bawl after her, and the ſqualling of the brat which rung piteouſly in my ears, luckily awaked me; and I was very happy to find, that I had only been dandling my pillow inſtead of a bantling.

SONG

SONG 77. *The* WOUNDED LIVER.

AH! me, well a day!
Ah what ſhall I ſay,
For Cupid has pluck'd from his well furniſh'd quiver;
A ſharp pointed dart,
Which he aim'd at my heart,
But it glanc'd as it paſs'd, and has pierc'd thro' my liver.
Oh! my liver, oh! my liver,
What a wound the young urchin has made in my liver.

When firſt, oh the ſmart
I felt from this dart,
How ſtrangely my fleſh did all ſhudder and quiver.
Oh! tell me but where
I may meeet with the fair,
That can heal the deep wound he has made in my liver.
Oh! my liver,
With the fair that can heal the deep wound in my liver.

Thus again, and again,
I bewail'd in this ſtrain,
When a nymph, who ſat on the bank of a river,
Kindly came to my aid,
And in ſoft whiſpers ſaid,
I'll give you ſome balm for the wound in your liver,
Oh! my liver,
What ſweet balm they pour'd to the wound in my liver.

The wound was ſoon cur'd,
No more pain I endur'd,
Then ſure ſhe deſerv'd what returns I could give her;
So the charmer I preſt
To my full raptur'd breaſt,
While the balm ſweetly trickled all thro' my liver.
Oh! my liver,
How ſweetly the balm trickled all thro' my liver.

An EPIGRAM.

The PHYSICIAN *and the* MONKEY.

A Lady ſent lately to one Doctor *Drug*,
To come in an inſtant and clyſter poor Pug—
As the fair one commanded, he came at the word,
And did the grand-office in tie-wig and ſword:
The affair being ended, ſo ſweet and ſo nice!
He held out his hand with—"You know ma'm my price."
Your price! ſays the lady—Why, Sir, he's a brother,
And doctors muſt never take fees of each other.

SONG 78. TOBY Reduced.

DEAR Tom this brown jug that now foams with mild ale,
(In which I will drink to ſweet Nan of the vale,)
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirſty old ſoul,
As e'er drank a bottle or fathom'd a bowl.
In boozing about 'twas his praiſe to excell,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.——
Bell, he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he ſat at his eaſe,
In his flow'r-woven arbour as gay as you pleaſe;
With a friend and a pipe puffing ſorrow away,
And with honeſt old ſtingo was ſoaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a ſudden were ſhut,
And he died full as big as a Dorcheſter butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had reſolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert ſo ſnug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug;
Now ſacred to friendſhip, and mirth and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely ſweet Nan of the vale.
Vale, ſweet Nan of the vale.

THE

THE FAKEER: A TALE.

PREFACE.

IT ought to be acknowledged, that the plan of the following lines is borrowed from M. VOLTAIRE, who evidently took his hint from a paſſage in PERE LE COMPTE's hiſtory of CHINA, which it is thought neceſſary to prefix, in order to ſupport and illuſtrate the facts on which the tale is founded.

It is to be wiſhed, that there was a general reformation of the abſurd practice of ſpelling the *Eaſtern* words after the manner of the *French*, which muſt lead the mere *Engliſh* reader who ſpeaks his vowels ſo very different from the *French*, extremely wide of the pronunciation of the natives.

The *Orientals* moſt commonly throw the accent on the laſt ſyllable: we differ not only from them, but from moſt *European* nations in removing the accent back.

For the above-mentioned reaſons, I have ſpelt the word *Fakeer* in ſuch manner as to lead the pronunciation, and direct the laying of the accent on the laſt ſyllable. Had I ſpelt it *Faquir*, as Voltaire has done, the accent would have been laid by many readers on the

firſt, as it is commonly done with equal impropriety, in *Vizir*, *Nadir*, and *Nabob* I have ſeen the ſame words ſpelt *Chiagia* and *Kia*, *Chiaoux* and *Zaus*; and could by many more inſtances ſhew the inconveniences of ſpelling after the *French*, but ſhall take a more proper occaſion, being ſenſible that this ſhort tale is already too much loaded with a length of preface.

An Extract from LE COMPTE's MEMOIRS *and* REMARKS, *&c.* Octavo, 1737. Page 335.

THE * BONZES get a great deal of money by doing acts of penance publickly, which the people eſteem them mightily for. I have ſeen them dragging after them a long chain of iron as thick as one's arm, about thirty feet long, faſtened to their neck, waiſt or legs. Thus it is, ſay they, at every door as they paſs, that we expiate your faults, ſure this deſerves ſome ſmall alms. Others in public places knock their pates with all their force with large bricks, till they are almoſt covered with blood. They have ſeveral other † penitential actions; but what I was moſt ſurpriſed at, was this:

One day I met a Bonze in a ſort of ſedan, very cloſe ſhut, the inſide of which was like an harrow full of nails very thick, with their points ſticking out towards the man in the chair, ſo that he could not bend either one way or the other without wounding himſelf. Two fellows were hired to carry him from houſe to houſe, where he begged the people to have compaſſion on him.

* BONZE is the general name for a prieſt. The proper term for the poor begging Derviſe is FAKEER; which both in the Turkiſh and Indian language, ſignifies POOR. Thoſe of this ſect who retire to deſert places, and practiſe the utmoſt auſterity of faſting and meditation, are called Jauguis; that is, united with God. They ſeem for hours together abſorbed in extacy, ſeeing, as they fancy, the divinity in the appearance of a clear and vivid light at the end of their noſe, which they endeavour to effect by fixing both their eyes equally to that point, with inflexible conſtancy.

† Some keep a fire always burning on their heads: Others tie their heels to a tree, and leaning downwards, are continually ſupplying a fire with wood, that the flame may riſe to their breaſts.

He

He told them he was ſhut up in that chair for the good of their ſouls, and was reſolved never to go out from thence, till they had bought all the nails (of which there were above two thouſand) at the rate of ſix-pence a-piece. If you buy any of them, ſays he, you will do an action of heroic virtue, and your alms are not beſtowed on the Bonzes, to whom you may take other opportunities of beſtowing your charity, but to the God F O, in whoſe honour we are going to build a temple. I told him, that he was very unhappy to torment himſelf thus in this world for no good, and did counſel him therefore to come out of his priſon, to go to the temple of the true God, to be inſtructed in heavenly truths, and ſubmit to penance leſs ſevere, but more ſalutary. He was ſo far from being in a paſſion with me, that he anſwered me calmly and courteouſly, that he was much obliged to me for my god advice, and would be more obliged to me ſtill, if I would buy a dozen of his nails, which would certainly make me have a good journey.

Here, hold your hand, ſays he, turning on one ſide, take theſe; upon the faith of a Bonze, they are the very beſt in all my ſedan, for they prick me the moſt, yet you ſhall have them at the ſame rate at which I ſell the others.

The TALE.

A Fakeer (a religious well known in the Eaſt
Not much like a parſon, ſtill leſs like a prieſt)
With no canting, no ſly jeſuitical arts,
Field-preaching, hypocriſy, learning or parts;
By a happy refinement in mortification,
Grew the oracle, ſaint, and the pope of his nation.
But what did he do this eſteem to acquire?
Did he torture his head or his boſom with fire?
Was his neck in a portable pillory cas'd?
Did he faſten a chain to his leg or his waiſt?
No. His holineſs roſe to this ſovereign pitch
By the merit of running long nails in his breech.

A wealthy young Indian, approaching the ſhrine,
Thus in banter accoſts the prophetic Divine:
This tribute accept for your int'reſt with FO,
Whom with torture you ſerve, and whoſe will you muſt know;
To your ſuppliant diſcloſe his immortal decree;
Tell me which of the heav'ns is allotted for me.

FAKEER.

Let me firſt know your merits.

INDIAN.

I ſtrive to be juſt:
To be true to my friend, to my wife, to my truſt:
In religion I duly obſerve ev'ry form:
With an heart to my coun'try devoted and warm:
I give to the poor, and I lend to the rich———

FAKEER.

But how many nails do you run in your breech?

INDIAN.

With ſubmiſſion I ſpeak to to your rev'rence's tail;
But mine has no taſte for a ten-penny nail.

FAKEER.

Well! I'll pray to our prophet and get you prefer'd;
Though no farther expect than to heaven the third.
With me in the thirtieth your ſeat to obtain,
You muſt qualify duly with hunger and pain.

INDIAN.

With you in the thirtieth! you impudent rogue!
Can ſuch wretches as you give to madneſs a vogue!
Though the prieſthood of FO on the vulgar impoſe,
By ſquinting whole years at the end of their noſe,
Though with cruel devices of mortification
They adore a vain idol of modern creation,
Does the God of the heav'ns ſuch a ſervice direct?
Can his mercy approve a ſelf-puniſhing ſect?
Will his wiſdom be worſhip'd with chains and with nails?
Or e'er look for his rites in your noſes and tails?
Come along to my houſe and theſe penances leave,
Give your belly a feaſt, and your breech a reprieve.

This

This reas'ning unhing'd each fanatical notion;
And ſtagger'd our ſaint in his chair of promotion.
At length with reluctance he roſe from his ſeat:
And reſigning his nails and his fame for retreat;
Two weeks his new life he admir'd and enjoy'd:
The third he with plenty and quiet was cloy'd.
To live undiſtinguiſh'd to him was the pain,
An exiſtence unnotic'd he could not ſuſtain.
In retirement he ſigh'd for the fame-giving chair:
For the crowd to admire him, to rev'rence and ſtare;
No endearments of pleaſure and eaſe could prevail;
He the ſaintſhip reſum'd, and new larded his tail.
Our FAKEER repreſents all the vot'ries of Fame;
Their ideas, their means, and their end is the ſame:
The ſportſman, the buck; all the heroes of vice,
With their gallantry, leudneſs, the bottle and dice;
The poets, the critics, the metaphyſicians,
The courtier, the patriot, and all politicians;
The ſtateſman begirt with th' importunate ring,
(I had almoſt compleated my liſt with the king)
All labour alike to illuſtrate my tale;
All tortur'd by choice with th' inviſible nail.

RIDDLE XXIII.

SAY who I am, bright nymphs, for ſurely you,
Or none, nan prove ſuch paradoxes true,
As in the ſubſequent diſcourſe you'll find,
No mortal is more conſtant to his friend
Than I; and yet on t'other hand, 'tis ſtrange.
There's none more wav'ring, or more apt to range.
All known parts of the world I travel o'er,
Tho' a recluſe and ne'er ſtir out of door.
By ſea and land to ev'ry coaſt I come,
Tho', like the quack, I travel much at home.
To ſtand on picket, which the ſoldiers dread,
Enlivens me, who otherwiſe am dead.
Hanging's the laſt courſe does to ſome befall;
But I unhung, can ſhape no courſe at all;

Yet ſoon as hung, I ſcamper to and fro,
Looking out ſharp quite round me as I go,
Although I have no eyes; nor can I reſt,
Till I the object find I fancy beſt,
Whom I reſpect ſtill with my nobleſt part,
Although he is but of a ſtony heart.
I am remarkable for conſtancy,
Yet fickle mortals learn to rove from me.
Without doors, I in houſes am confin'd;
And tho' I am myſelf opaque and blind,
I ſo enlighten others that they know
By me, tho' ſenſeleſs, where they ought to go.
Thus I by flat abſurdities made clear,
Shall, tho' conceal'd, to the fair ſex appear.

RIDDLE XXIV.

IN vain we ſtretch our thoughts to find
Subjects to puzzle human kind;
When common objects ſeem to me
Ænigmas paſt diſcovery.
Within my body ſmall as 'tis,
Lurks many curious myſteries;
Few can my genial atoms trace,
Or how I propagate my race;
Tho' num'rous beings owe to me,
Themſelves and their poſterity.
Of diff'rent ſize and colour too,
Cameleon like of ev'ry hue,
Brown, ſpeckled, yellow, black or blue.
What's yet more ſtrange, can make't appear,
I ramble almoſt ev'ry where;
On earth, in air, at random play,
And o'er the boundleſs Ocean ſtray.
Of old a valuable gueſt,
Set uppermoſt at ev'ry feaſt.
From whence a proverb I became,
For ever ſhall preſerve my name.
Some ancient learned *Myſtæ* tell
I repreſent the world ſo well,

No

No livelier ſymbol can be ſhown,
Of its duration, than my own.
Within my body central heat
Is fix'd, my ruin to compleat,
With diff'rent ſtrata cover'd o'er,
Which muſt in time the whole devour.
So at the laſt tremendous day,
When ſick'ning nature ſhall decay,
When boiling ſeas inflam'd ſhall roar,
And ſtreams of ſulphur ſcorch the ſhore;
Volcano's rend the hills in twain,
Convulſions heave the tott'ring plain,
The found'ring earth from her foundation's tore,
Abſorpt in her own womb ſhall be no more.

ADVENTURE XVI.

The NIGHT ADVENTURER, *continued.*

IT had been happy for Don Diego to have made a longer ſtay with that reverend churchman *; his pleaſing and virtuous converſation might in time produce ſome change in his extravagant manners. The company of good people often excites us to follow their example; but his libertine temper was not to be contained within the bounds of modeſty, nor be ſatisfied with orderly ſociety, though he behaved himſelf well enough when he was in it; for beſides ſome little learning he had, his excellent memory, and his good diſcourſe and polite language, made his converſation agreeable. However, he had ſuch a natural averſion for decent ſociety, that he ſhunned all perſons pretending to it, and only loved to have to do with with wild young fellows like himſelf, or rather mere ſprights or hobgob-

* See Adventure XV.

lins,

lins, who had no other employment but ranging the ſtreets at night, to diſturb thoſe that deſired to take their reſt. As ſoon as he returned to Madrid, he ſent to acquaint all his gang, deſiring them to meet at a certain uſual place of rendezvous, to renew their acquaintance, and drink a glaſs together. Eight of this mad gang, who loved to grope out their fortune in the dark, met at the place appointed; where they ſupped together by way of club, that every man might be at his full liberty, not obliged to another, and have no occaſion to make any compliment at parting.

When they had performed the ſolemnity of his welcome home, and had offered ſacrifice to Bacchus and Comus, the two deities they particularly honoured, they all ſally'd out in a body with their guitarres, to ſerenade their miſtreſſes, and ſound a reveille to ſome, that had rather have devoted their eyes to Morpheus, than their ears to Orpheus. Among theſe was an apothecary, whom they made their ſport, and had in him ſubject enough for laughter, in lieu of another perſon, whoſe reſt they had combined to diſturb; but underſtanding that he was then out of town, they vented their extravagancy upon this wretched clyſterpipe, only becauſe they unexpectedly found themſelves by his ſhop, and Don Diego remembered he owed him a good turn. He had lived very near our adventurer when he fell ſick after the death of Leander, and Sirena's becoming a religious; and becauſe he made uſe of another apothecary this man, out of envy to his brother tradeſman, or to be revenged on Don Diego, never ceaſed rattling his mortar, and made more noiſe with flouriſhing his peſtle, and chiming on the ſides of the mortar, than with pounding his powders; and the ſhrilneſs of the ſound gave ſufficient cauſe to ſuſpect that there was nothing, or but very little in it; ſo that the ſick man being very much diſturbed with this ringing, ſent ſeveral times to intreat him to make leſs noiſe; but he anſwered, that he might do what he pleaſed in his own houſe, ſince he paid for it; that he muſt work for his living; that if he wanted a dinner, Don Diego would not give it him; and much more to this purpoſe, no leſs inſolent than fooliſh; ſo that Don

Diego

Diego was fain to make uſe of all his intereſt, friends and money, to make him remove from thence, as he did at laſt, becauſe he was but a quarterly tenant, and yet he had not this ſatisfaction till towards the end of his ſickneſs, and after he had endured very much by him. So that not thinking himſelf ſufficiently revenged of him for his impertinency, being then accidentally upon the ſpot, he had a fancy to play him ſome prank.

Our brave adventurer being at this time highly inſpired by the fumes of Bacchus, whence moſt of thoſe wonderful conceits proceed, which we commonly attribute to Apollo, he deſired his companions to halt. Then advancing eight or ten paces, he fell a knocking furiouſly at the apothecary's door, who was going to bed, and had the following dialogue with him.

Apothecary. Who is there? Who is it that knocks at my gate ſo audaciouſly, and ſo late? Sure there are ſome lunatics, or night-magiſtrates; for no others durſt do ſo at ſuch an unſeaſonable hour. How now!

Don Diego. Pray, Sir, do me the favour to tell me whereabouts lives a certain apothecary and half-doctor, whoſe name is maſter Robert?

Apoth. Maſter Robert? he is certainly a whole doctor; and as for you, Sir, he lives here, in this very place, and is the ſame that is talking to you in perſon; be brief, ſpeak what you would have with me, for I have more mind to ſleep than to talk.

Don Diego. Sir, I beg your pardon with all my heart. Is it poſſible you are the very man. Pray, good Sir, let me intreat you, do not deceive me, I am in more haſte than you imagine, and I muſt needs ſpeak with himſelf. Alas! poor gentleman, he'll die this bout, if he has not help immediately. Pray, good Sir, open the door for God's ſake.

Apoth. Neſcio vos: I do not open my doors at unſeaſonable hours, but tell me what it is you want; deliver yourſelf with more clarity, for I do not hear half your locutions, though if I did, I ſhould not underſtand one half.

Don

Don Diego. O good lord! why, muſt he die then without help. I perceive you have not prepared that medicine the phyſician ſaid he had preſcribed, and left the bill here.

Apoth. God-a-mercy, thanks to my ſtars, now I begin to comprehend. Is it for the Neapolitan gentleman, that is troubled with the pain in his ſtomach?

Don Diego. The very ſame, by the lord Harry.

Apoth. Why, is he in ſuch danger? my ſervant told me, the phyſician had not ordered it till Thurſday, which is not till after to-morrow.

Don Diego. For Thurſday! lord, Sir, what do you talk of? your man is miſtaken, and the poor gentleman will pay for it at the expence of his life and health.

Apoth. My friend be not impatient, and do not fret, I will put on my cloaths with much celerity and diligence, and aſſure yourſelf the compoſition will be ready in leſs than a quarter of an hour, which will be time enough to eaſe the diſtemper, if God ſo pleaſes.

Don Diego. Make haſte then in the name of God; but not with ſo much precipitation, as to miſtake *quid pro quo*; you know the gentleman is a perſon that will requite your trouble. Adieu, Sir; I am going to tell them you are coming after me.

Apoth. Go, go, no man queſtions my ability beſides yourſelf; but I pardon your ignorance.

Don Diego making as if he were going home very haſtily, and trampling hard on the ſtones to be heard, went off five or ſix paces, and then returning ſoftly, drew near the ſhop, and heard the apothecary calling his man, and ſaying, *Hey, boy, where is that laxative potion I made the day before yeſterday, for the patient that died as I was carrying of it; that ſame may be good for this man, the diſeaſe is almoſt the ſame, you need only pour it out into a little mortar, and there make an infuſion of a little* granus ſimpliciſimus, *and a dram of* cerebroſion, *then* fiat mixtio, *&c. Quick, quick, let us have done.*

Don

Don Diego hearing this diſcourſe, was fain to quit the place for fear of ſpoiling his deſign, for he could no longer forbear burſting out into laughter. He returned to his companions, who had been liſtening to his dialogue, admiring what ſudden fancy it was that took him, without ſpeaking a word to them, to go beat up the a apothecary, and banter him; wondering at his readineſs to lay hold of the apothecary's own words to put the trick upon him. Don Diego told them what orders the apothecary had given his man about the compoſition of the medicine, and the terms of art he uſed, at which they bleſſed themſelves a thouſaud times, and beſtowed as many curſes on him.

To ſee the event of the jeſt, they reſolved to watch his coming out, at the corner of the ſtreet, that they might follow him, and know the unfortunate perſon the potion was deſigned for, to be ſacrificed to their frolick. They had not watched above half a quarter of an hour before they ſaw that executioner come out of his houſe, with the viol of the poiſonous potion in his hand, and a diſh to drink out of, charging his man to take care of the houſe. They followed him cloſe at his heels for a conſiderable way, and ſaw him go into the Neopolitan gentleman's houſe he had ſpoke of, after knocking a long time before they heard him. That gentleman was of a very weakly diſpoſition, above ſixty years of age, and wholly in the hands of the doctors and apothecaries; but though ſickly, he was worſe in conceit than in reality, which was a great trouble to thoſe that had him in cure. He was of a melancholy temper, which had ſo far the predominancy over him, that it led him into ſuperſtition, ſo that he did not ſtick to ſeek eaſe by charms and ſpells. His friends deſiring to divert him from ſo great a crime, prevailed with him to have one more conſult of two able phyſicians beſides his own, where it was reſolved that he ſhould take a purge three days after, which was on the Thurſday following. The patient was ſo eager to be cured, that he followed all their preſcriptions; and the implicit faith he had in the medicines, hoping in them to find eaſe from his miſery, made him reliſh the moſt loathſom and unſavoury potions,

tions, as if they had been Nectar and Ambroſia. And being extremely nice in obſerving all rules preſcribed by the phyſician, and in taking the medicines exactly at the hour appointed, he kept a *valet de chambre*, in whoſe care and fidelity he confided, and who had no other buſineſs but to take the doctor's bills, and carry them to the apothecary; ſo that the other ſervants had nothing to do to concern themſelves in it. This man perceiving that the laſt conſultation of phyſicians gave his maſter ſome ſmall reſpit, and that he was to take nothing in three days, made uſe of that time to go viſit a young maid he was in love with; and it fell out unluckily, that the apothecary brought his choice medicine juſt after this nurſing-ſervant was gone abroad; ſo that the other ſervants, and the patient himſelf, believed the phyſician had thought fit to give him ſome potion beforehand, to prepare his body for purging, and that the ſervant had gone to acquaint the apothecary with it. So the courteous Neapolitan, without enquiring any farther, took the cup, and doured down the drench.

All this while our adventurer and his gang were in the ſtreet, full of different thoughts. Some laughed at the action, while others were much concerned, as foreſeeing the ill conſequences that might happen; inſomuch, that the wiſeſt of them prevailed upon the reſt to withdraw, and reſt ſatisfied for that time, referring it to the next day to enquire after the ſucceſs of that helliſh purge which vented Don Diego's revenge upon the life of an innocent perſon. As they went out of the ſtreet, they obſerved their number was not compleat, there being but ſeven left out of eight that were at the apothecary's houſe, which ſomewhat perplexed them; but one of them, who was better acquainted with the abſent party's ſecrets, told them they need not be concerned, for he was gone to a place where there was no need of a guard.

The reader, for his better information, is to obſerve, that maſter Robert, our famous apothecary, had a daughter ſo beautiful, that ſhe might vie with the moſt celebrated ladies in Madrid. The knowledge of theſe favours heaven had beſtowed on her, made her ſo vain and conceited, that ſhe valued herſelf much above her quality;

for

for though but of mean parentage, yet ſhe had a haughty ſpirit, and aſpired to ſome great fortune. ſhe ſcorned the addreſſes of ſuch as were not above her rank, though they were very rich, and only delighted in being courted by gentlemen, ſtill retaining ſuch an abſolute command over her paſſions, that, without wronging her, none of all her admirers could boaſt that he had gained the leaſt upon her inclination. She maintained herſelf in this freedom a long time; but at laſt Riodan, that companion of Don Diego's who had ſlipt away from the reſt of the company, being overcome by her perfections, was ſo dexterous, or rather ſo fortunate, that he gained admittance to Dorothy, ſo this beauty was called, by the means of maſter Robert's maid, whom he had gained by the preſents he continually made her. The truth is, he was ſo well qualified, ſpeaking after the manner of the world, as might excuſe the amorous frolicks a maid might be guilty of for his ſake.

This man being one of the perſons invited to the meeting made to welcome our adventurer, was in complaiſance obliged to go a walking with them after ſupper, as he did, but with a reſolution to leave that inſipid diverſion, and ſlip away from the company, to repair to that which was much more delightful to him. This was the beautiful Dorothy, whom that maid he ſo bountifully rewarded had put him in hopes of enjoying that very night; ſo that ſeeing them make towards that quarter of the town where his buſineſs lay, he followed them with the better will. He was overjoyed when Don Diego fell upon that frolick againſt his miſtreſs's father, and accordingly gave the greateſt commendations of any in the gang to our adventurer for his wit and contrivance. In ſhort, it looked as if that whimſy had been put into his head on purpoſe to favour his good fortune, and the medicine he aſked for ſo earneſtly, deſigned to cool his amorous flame.

He ſeeing the apothecary go abroad, let his companions follow him, and ſtaid behind upon the watch, expecting the ſignal the maid was to give; for to add to his good fortune, the aſſignation made him was juſt at the very time the maſter went out, as if he had con-

tributed towards compleating Riodan's felicity. He was ſcarce got to the corner of the ſtreet, before the confident, by the conſent of the amorous Dorothy, came to the door, and taking Riodan by the hand, led him, as if he had been blind and dumb, into her miſtreſs's chamber, obſerving ſtrict ſilence, for fear of awaking her mother. There Riodan found a candle burning, and Dorothy ſitting at the feet of her bed, half undreſſed. At his firſt coming in, ſhe pretended to be ſurpriſed, fell a railing at her maid, and ſtarting up deſignedly, let fall her nightrail, which covered her breaſt, and ſhowed her lover wonders of beauty, though ſhe pretended to clap her hands before her to hide them. Riodan was not ſo much a ſtranger to theſe affairs, but he could ſee through her artifice, but ſhe did it with ſo good a grace that it charmed him. He drew near in moſt reſpectful manner, endeavouring to excuſe his boldneſs, and oblige her to grant him ſome favour; but ſhe acting much coyneſs and reſervedneſs, deſired him to be gone the ſame way he came, telling him, her honour was too dear to her to part with at ſo eaſy a rate, and that whatever he thought of her, he muſt expect nothing of her but in a lawful way.

Riodan ſeeming to approve of her virtuous reſolution, made her all the moſt obliging compliments that could be imagined, for he had a ready wit, and was very well ſpoken; offering to give her what aſſurances ſhe could deſire of the ſincerity of his affection; and if promiſe of marriage would ſatisfy, he was ready to make it. Dorothy being well diſpoſed towards him, and wanting only a good pretence to give way to her inclination, took him at his word, and laid paper before him to perform what he had ſaid. The maid, at the ſame time, ſet a great, heavy, leaden ſtandiſh on the table, which ſeemed to prognoſticate the heavy burden he was going to lay on his ſhoulders. He readily took the pen, and with his own hand writ the ſentence of his condemnation; and being juſt ready to ſign it, he looked upon Dorothy, who ſmiled for joy to ſee him ſo forward; but as he turned his head towards her, he laid his hand on the ſtandiſh,

which

which unluckily fell down on a great braſs mortar that ſtood by the leg of the table.

This was a ſtab that pierced Dorothy's heart, giving a ſound like the clapper of a great bell, which waked her mother, and mad. her ſit up in her bed to obſerve whence it came. Seeing a light in her daughter's chamber, ſhe called to her, and at the ſame time got out of her bed with much difficulty, for ſhe was diſabled with age. Dorothy fearing ſhe ſhould ſee Riodan, was thruſting him out of the room juſt as her mother was coming in, which put the old woman into ſuch a fright, that ſhe dropt down, crying, *Help, help.* Her daughter diſturbed at this accident, and fearing her father's return, whom ſhe dreaded more than death, immediately reſolved to quit the houſe, and relying on Riodan's fidelity and diſcretion to put herſelf into his cuſtody, and run all hazards with him.

The maid, who had carried on the intrigue between them, fled in their company, leaving her miſtreſs on the ground, crying out, till ſhe was hoarſe, for help, which was all ſhe could do. At length ſhe awaked all the neighbours, and among the reſt a croney of her huſband's, who was the firſt that came in, repreſenting Adam and Mars, quite naked, with his ſword in one hand, and his target in the other. He ſearched and peeped into all the corners, holes and crannies of the houſe; but all the pains he took, only ſerved to fright the cats and tear the cobwebs.

Dorothy's father having drenched the Neapolitan gentleman with his curſed potion, came home and found all in confuſion, his wife half dead, and his friends ſtanding about, endeavouring to comfort her. Being told the cauſe of theſe ſtrange alarms, it touched him ſo near, that he ſtood awhile as if he had been ſenſeleſs, and void of motion. Let us leave them awhile to recover themſelves in the arms of their kindred and friends, and go ſee what was the effect of the extravagant purge compoſed by the malicious ingenuity of Don Diego, and ſo innocently taken by the poor Neapolitan gentleman.

It happened that the medicine being ſtale, made up of decayed drugs, and adminiſtered before the body was any way prepared for it, beſides that the patient's ſtomach was loaded with the ſupper he had eaten at night, it put the poor gentleman into ſuch anguiſh, as if he had live dogs within him tearing his bowels. He cried out inceſſantly for mercy, and ſometimes added, *O my God, this falſe dog has murdered me!* He continued all the remaining part of the night in that grievous anguiſh, and about eight in the morning in came his *valet de chambre*, who was to look to him in his ſickneſs. He found his maſter groaning in a moſt diſmal manner, and all the ſervants condoling him; and enquiring into the cauſe of it, the whole blame was laid at his door, for having ſent the apothecary, who put him into that condition. He ſwore and proteſted he knew not what they ſaid; that certainly this misfortune had happened either through the malice or ignorance of the apothecary, who always condemned the phyſicians, ſaying, they did not preſcribe proper medicines for the patient, and that it was likely he had prepared this medicine of his own head, without the advice of the phyſician; fancying he might work ſome wonder, in hopes of a conſiderable reward. This notion was thought to be well grounded, and whilſt they were diſcourſing of it, in came the phyſician, who often viſited this patient, becauſe he gave better fees than others. They aſked, whether he had given any new preſcription for the ſick man? he anſwered, he had not, felt his pulſe, and being told what had happened, was in a ſtrange conſternation. He preſently gave the gentleman ſomething to carry off the poiſon he had in his body, and by degrees eaſed him of his pains, This done, he went with the *valet de chambre*, and acquainted the college of phyſicians with the apothecary's offence, who complained to the magiſtrates, repreſenting to them how much the public was concerned, whereupon they inſtantly iſſued out a warrant for apprehending of the unfortunate apothecary. Let us now go back and ſee what condition he is in.

When the firſt violent pangs of his affliction were over, he began to take heart, and reſolved to uſe the utmoſt means

means for retrieving of his honour, and revenging the affront he had received. After ſeriouſly reflecting on the whole affair, he concluded that Agrimont had done him this wrong, this was the name of the Neapolitan gentleman's *valet de chambre*, and that the better to compaſs his deſign, he had ſent him word to make haſte and carry the medicine to get him out of his houſe, whereas it ought not to have been adminiſtered that day. He called to mind that he had often heard him commend his daughter, declaring he had a great mind to offer her his ſervice; beſides, that he was not at his maſter's when he gave him the medicine, contrary to the duty of his place, and the care he always had at other times; ſo that upon all concurring circumſtances, he could no longer doubt but it was Agrimont who had done him this wrong.

Upon this conceit he went away to a lawyer, to whom he told the whole matter, and what ſtrong preſumptions he had againſt Agrimont, and it being natural for thoſe people to make a mighty crime of a ſmall conjecture, and to conclude thoſe guilty againſt whom there is but a ſlight ſuſpicion; this lawyer repreſented the ſtory ſo lively with his bloody pen, and interſperſed it with ſo much ſhew of ſcandal, that upon view of it, the judge iſſued out his warrant for apprehending of the party accuſed, to anſwer the crime laid to his charge. Maſter Robert followed his buſineſs ſo cloſe, and beſtowed his money ſo freely in the purſuit, that before many hours were paſt he had ſerved his warrant. He employed ſeveral officers after Agrimont, and had him ſeized with a great deal of noiſe and diſturbance, though he could not imagine the cauſe of this hard uſage. However, he had his revenge at the ſame time; for the phyſician, who had informed againſt him, took no leſs care to ſee his warrant ſerved, and he knowing as little as Agrimont why he was ſecured, imagined they took him for another; he made his proteſtations, and threatened to ſue all that were concerned againſt him; but all availed nothing, for he was clapt into goal. His friends came to ſee him, and told him the cauſe of his confinement, and at whoſe ſuit he was impriſoned, whence he concluded it was only a piece

of revenge of the Neapolitan's, to clear his *valet de chambre*, and get him out of priſon. The poor clyſter-pipe broken with ſo many diſaſters in his old age, and having ſuch a powerful adverſary to contend with, was caſt down, and fell into a burning fever, which had like to have turned his brain, as it waſted his body.

In the mean while Agrimont finding himſelf accuſed of houſe-breaking, and raviſhing a virgin of reputation, was in as fair a way to run mad as his adverſary. His maſter was much concerned at his troubles, which went the nearer to his heart, becauſe he knew not how to live without him. He ſpared no money to get him at liberty, and to puniſh the apothecary at the ſame time. In ſhort, for four days they were in ſtrange confuſion and trouble, during which time, madneſs and death were ſtruggling whether ſhould lay hold of their perſons; but at laſt all theſe riddles were expounded by one of thoſe that were the contrivers of them.

The amorous Paris, raviſher of the beautiful Dorothy, was with her at Toledo, where he had generouſly performed the promiſe he left behind him unſigned, when the unfortunate fall of the ſtandiſh happened, he had given his hand and heart to Dorothy as her huſband; and having notice ſent him by a friend he confided in at Madrid, how many were in trouble upon his account, he wrote to maſter Robert, calling him father-in-law, and gave him an account of the happy ſucceſs of his rape, and how great a value he had for his daughter, whoſe beauty and diſcretion made him love her more than himſelf, and honour her as if ſhe had been a princeſs; and to conclude, that in a very few days he hoped to bring her to his preſence, to beg his pardon, and at the ſame time his approbation of what ſhe had done.

The apothecary was ſo overjoyed with this letter, that as the grief for the loſs of his daughter had like to have been the death of him, ſo was he now in no leſs danger of loſing his life through exceſs of pleaſure for having found her. He preſently diſcharged Agrimont, ſtopped all proceedings againſt him, offering to pay all coſts and charges, and to make him ſuch amends for his reputation as he ſhould require. This done, Agrimont

mont came out of priſon, but maſter Robert ſtill continued to be reſponſible, as a falſe cook, for the dangerous meſs he diſhed the Neapolitan gentleman. Yet, after much examination, his ſimplicity was made to appear; and there having been too many witneſſes to Don Diego's actions, he was ſoon diſcovered to be the contriver of all that diſorder. Riodan came to town in the interim, and having been a party concerned in all the offence, made uſe of all his intereſt, and laid out much money to clear his father-in-law, and at the ſame time put a ſtop to the proceedings againſt Don Diego.

He ſoon got off the apothecary, by virtue of a little ointment of Peru, wherewith he greaſed the phyſician that proſecuted him; but he found more difficulty in delivering our adventurer from the hands of juſtice, for it was a hard matter to excuſe him, after ſo many follies and extravagancies as he had been accuſed of, to the diſturbance of ſeveral perſons. So that all the favour he could obtain, through the mediation of powerful interceſſors, and the much greater authority of many double piſtoles beſtowed among the officers, was to confine him to be at home at ſeven o' clock in winter, and eight in ſummer, with a ſtrict prohibition not to go abroad before day, under pain of being looked upon and puniſhed as a night-walker, common felon, and diſturber of the public peace.

Thus our adventurer was compelled to endeavour to grow wiſer, and to obey this decree for fear of farther ſhame; and this order being yet but of freſh date, he hitherto obſerves it exactly; but it is to be feared he will not be long kept within bounds, but that he will be led away by his natural inclination, and inveterate ill habits, which may perhaps afford matter for a continuation of his life and wonderful exploits.

ANECDOTES.

CLXXXIV.

SOON after Dr. Swift was made dean of St. Patrick's, he was loitering one Sunday in the afternoon at the houſe of Dr. Raymond, with whom he had dined, at Trim,

Trim, [of which the doctor was vicar;] the bell had rung; the parishioners were assembled for evening prayers; and Dr. Raymond was preparing to go to church, which was scarce 200 yards from his house. *Raymond*, says the dean, *I'll lay you a crown I will begin prayers before you this afternoon. I accept your wager*, replied Dr. Raymond: and immediately they both ran as fast as they could towards the church. Raymond, who was the nimbler man of the two, arrived first at the door, and when he entered the church walked decently towards the reading desk; Swift never slackened his pace, but running up the isle, left Dr. Raymond behind him in the middle of it, and stepping into the reading-desk, without putting on a surplice, or opening the prayer-book, began the liturgy with an audible voice, and continued to repeat the service sufficiently long to win his wager.

CLXXXV.

DR. South, when he lived at Caversham in Oxfordshire, was called out of bed one cold winter's morning by his clerk, to marry a couple, who were then waiting for him. The doctor hurried up, and went shivering to church, where, when he came, seeing nobody there but an old man of 70, a woman about the same age, and his clerk, he asked in a pet, where the bridegroom and bride were, and what that man and that woman did there? The old man replied, *they came there to be married.* The doctor looking sternly at him, *Married! Yes, married*, said the old man hastily: *better marry than do worse.—Go, get you gone, you silly old fools*, said the doctor, *get home and do your worst*: and accordingly hobled out of church in a great passion, raving at his clerk for calling him out of bed on such a sleeveless errand.

CLXXXVI.

LORD V—, who is a nobleman abounding with good-nature, had the misfortune (if it may be counted a misfortune) to be married to one of the finest ladies in Europe, but being of too sprightly a turn of

mind

mind to bear the reſtraints of matrimony, ſhe had more than once made what is called the Grand Tour without the knowledge, at leaſt without the conſent of her huſband. As often, however, as ſhe returned to her duty, ſo often was ſhe kindly received by her indulgent lord; and ſome time after one of theſe excurſions, being aſleep in her cloſet, with the *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* before her, her lord happened to ſtep in, and looking over the book without waking her, took the liberty to change it for the *Practice of Piety*, and ſo left her. When ſhe waked, ſhe preſently perceived the trick; and his lordſhip entering while the book was yet in her hand, took occaſion to compliment her on her ladyſhip's reformation, *Nay, nay*, anſwered my lady, *let our reformation go hand in hand, I beſeech you; when you, my Lord, practiſe the* whole duty of man, *then I'll read the* Practice of Piety.

CLXXXVII.

THERE were ſome time ſince a kind of enthuſiaſts who infeſted the pulpits of Scotland; a ſpecimen of whoſe preaching may not unaptly be here introduced. The reverend Mr. Brodie, at a kirk in Edinburgh, took his text from theſe words, *Reſiſt the devil and he will flee from you*; and began in this manner: My beloved, ye are all here to-day, but wot ye wha is among ye, even the mickle horn'd de'l. Ye canna ſee him. But by the eye of faith I can ſee him. But ſome of you will ſay, What ſhall we do with him now we have him here? How ſhall we deſtroy him? We will haung him. Alas, my beloved, there are not ſo many tows in the pariſh as will haung him; he's as light as a feather. Then ſome of you will ſay, we will drown him. Ah! my beloved, there is too much cork in his a—ſe; he will not ſink. Others of you will ſay, we will burn him: Na, na, Sirs, you may ſcald your fals but ye canna burn him; for all the fire of hell could never yet ſinge a hair of his tail. Now, Sirs, you canna find a way among ye all to kill him, but I'll find it. What way will this be, Sirs?—We ſhall even ſhoot him. But wherewith ſhall we ſhoot him? We ſhall ſhoot him with the Bible. Now, Sirs, I

ſhall

ſhall ſhoot him preſently. [*So. preſenting the Bible as ſoldiers do muskets, he cries out.*] Toot, toot, toot; now he is ſhot; there lies the foul thief as dead as a heron,

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A Journey to PARIS: In a Letter from an *Engliſh* Country 'Squire to his Papa.

Paris *in* France, *this* 16*th of* June, *annoq. Domini*, 1749, *in the* 22*d. year of King* George *the Second.*

Ever-honoured Sir, Mon Pere,

AFTER my humble duty remembered to you, hoping you are in good health as I am at this preſent writing: this is for to let you know, that we left Dover laſt Tueſday was three weeks, to ſail upon the main ocean ſea; and having a bloody ſtrong gale of wind, we got to Calais in four hours: but I did not half like it, for I was moſt conſumed ſea-ſick; and our Dick was ſo abominations bad, that I thought he would have been *vivat Rex*, and died upon the ſpot: he had a growling and grumbling in his griſking, and muted and caſt to that degree, as if he would have brought up his very pluck and harſlet. We had no ſooner landed, but we were hurried to the governor's, and then to the cuſtom-houſe, where we had a mortal deal of trouble with my portmanteau; and Dick had like to have loſt the bag where was all my clean linen and old ſhoes. And as neither Dick nor I underſtood then one word of French, we had like to have been bamboozled; but by the help of a well-ſpoken Engliſh gentleman, a very handſome-body'd perſon in the face, (whom I found was a drawer at the Silver-Lion there) we got out of the ſcrape, and he very civilly carried us to the houſe where he had the honour to ſerve, There we lived in clover; and there I found two Engliſh travellers going to Paris: the one a humming young ſpendthrift, with a blue purple ſcarlet coat on, all bedizened with lace; a ſilly puppy!

that

that could neither play at putt nor all-fours; but wanted me, forſooth, to play at quadrille, which I knew no more of than the pope of Rome: ſo I ſmelt the lay, and ſhunned him. The other was an Oxford ſcholar educated at Cambridge, a mere ninny: his firſt queſtion was, if I was acquainted with the Claſſicks? and I, in return, aſked him, if he was acquainted in Eſſex? and let him know, you was of the Quorum, and that I was your ſon and heir: but as for the family of that Claſſicks, I was ſure there was no ſuch in our county, or none of any note; upon this he grinned, and turned away upon his heel, and ſo I found the fellow was a fool. And I was glad I got ſheere of him; and reſolved to keep no Engliſhmen company; becauſe, firſt and foremoſt, they ſpend their money at no rate, and I do not deſire ſuch converſation, becauſe I know it argues nothing, and their pretences to friendſhip is no hing but blandation. And I reſolving to live within compaſs (do you ſee Sir,) deſigned to go to Paris in the waggon. But when I called for a reckoning (blood and thunder) I may ſay, there was the devil to pay—but as the ſaying is, *neceſſitas non habet leggs*; ſo I paid it with as good a will, as if I had ſwallowed a hedge-hog.

We ſet out early one morning in company only with three Frenchmen (very cliver gentlemen indeed!) one of them ſpoke pretty good, bad Engliſh, and had been footman to a half-pay officer; the ſecond was a rope-dancer; and the third taught dogs to ſet, and the like, but ſurely they were the moſt complaiſant gentlemen that ever were born or chriſtened. Whatever I ſaid, they ſaid ſo too: if I ſneezed, they bowed; if I laughed, they did the ſame; if I yawned, they ſtretched their jaws, and ſo forth. We were ten days in getting to Paris, and paſſed through many towns and cities: but I knew better than to puzzle my brains to remember their names, which would argufie nothing at all, if ſo be I came for improvement, and the like of that. My fellow travellers were ſo mortal civil to me, that I could do no leſs than to bear their expences; however I loſt nothing by it, for in return they taught me French as faſt as hops, ſo that by the time we got to Paris, I could ſay, *we Mounſeer*, and

non Mounſeer, as well as the beſt of them, and ſo could our Dick too. But they all ſaid, that they never knew any body that ever learned ſo much in ſo ſhort a time, and I am of the ſame mind too, though I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay it, and that's a proud word; but mum for that—*tace* is Latin for a candle.

At Paris, by advice of my friend the footman, I took lodgings at a friend's of his, at a ſix-ſouſe ordinary up two pair of ſtairs in a back lane, becauſe of cheap living. For thinks I to myſelf, as I am here only to ſee faſhions, I may as well do that out of a window up two pair of ſtairs, as out of a parlour: and to ſave charges Dick lies with me, but is diſmally afraid of ſpirits, and of things walking, becauſe he cannot ſpeak a bit of Latin.—And for my own part, I reſolve (as the ſaying is) to keep only the beſt of company: ſo I found a ſufficient number of very polite gentlemen that lodged in the ſame houſe: that is to ſay, two journeymen taylors (natives of Ireland) two Italian fidlers, and the chief toad-eater to a very noted mountebank! but ſure, and ſure! had you but ſeen how they all honoured, bowed to, and complimented me, you would have taken your corporal oath, that they were men of quality, and knew that I was ſomebody.

I have been at court but once, and I will inſure you, I will never go twice; for I think in my heart, that it is as fine a ſight to ſee our quarter ſeſſions. But it ſeems my merit could not be hid there: for I am told by one that heard it from the king's corn-cutter, that he was informed by one of the pages in waiting, that he thinks he heard the Cardinal ſay, as how, as he almoſt thought, that I was ſomebody of diſtinction if the truth was known, and the like of that.

I muſt not forget to tell you, that they are all here, either Papiſhes, or Roman Catholicks, and I like them at no price: ſo that when I have ſeen faſhions one week more, I deſign to return from beyond ſea, in order, Sir, to make you a grandfather, if I live and do well, as the ſaying is. The whole city have their eye upon me, eſpecially the ladies, who I am told are all in love with me: and every one ſays I am vaſtly improved by travelling;

travelling and that I am ſo witty and ſo wiſe, that they never ſaw the peer of me in all their born days. And as I have now ſeen the world, I hope the gentlemen of the county will be ſo wiſe as to put me up for one at the next election. So no more at preſent, but my love to Tom Jackſon, and Goodman Hickumbottom, and to the parſon, and his aunt, which is all from,

Dear Papa,

Your ever loving Son till death,

W. Boobykin.

P. S. Here is a vaſt cunning man lives at the very next door, he proffers for a luidore (as they call it) to learn me to make ſpells and charms, and love-powders, and will teach me to raiſe the devil into the bargain: which I think may be of great uſe to me at Elections, and in fox-hunting, and ſo forth. And as I have a capacity for any witty thing, I have a huge mind to learn: and he ſays, If I will turn Papiſh, he will give me the true receipt to make the Philoſopher's ſtone, which will turn every thing I touch to gold, and ſilver, and money, and the like: but I ſhall beg his diverſion for that, for I han't a mind to be damn'd at preſent, and hope I never ſhall, if I live and do well, and ſo forth, as the ſaying is.

W. B——.

An EPIGRAM.

On a certain SCRIBBLER.

WORLD-valiant wight, thou great he-ſhrew.
That wrangles to no end;
Since nonſence is nor falſe nor true,
Thou'rt no man's foe or friend.

I am favoured with the following fable, from a perſon, whoſe name, were I permitted to mention it, would do ſingular honour to this, or any other work of wit and humour: it is written profeſſedly in imitation of Mr. *de la Fontaine*, a genius, who was as great in his particular walk, as *Homer* and *Virgil* were in theirs. The wit and ſpirit of the original are entirely preſerved, and the peculiar irregularity of the metre, which greatly heightens the humour in the French, is now, for the firſt time, happily copied in the Engliſh. I have ſome reaſon to hope for other favours from the ſame hand, on which occaſion I ſincerely congratulate my readers.

The FISHERMAN *and the* LITTLE FISH.

Imitated from *La Fontaine*.

THE ſmalleſt fry grow fiſh in time,
If not cut off before their prime;
But he that throws them in the ſtream,
In hopes when grown to take again,
Will very likely loſe his aim,
And bait his hook in vain.
A little carp from ſpawn juſt hatch'd,
Once on a luckleſs day was catch'd:
The fiſher ſmiling at his prey;
Quoth he, 'tis ſomething to begin,
Into my wallet ſhew the way,
For greater to go in.
The Carpling ſaw th' impending fate,
And ſtrove with all his little prate,
To ward the fatal blow;
Alaſs! he cry'd, in me
A puny, ſcanty thing you ſee,
Not worth a ſhrimp or grig;
Indeed you'd better let me go,
And catch me when I'm big.

I then

I then may prove a noble fiſh,
To grace my Lord Mayor's board;
Thus he will have a dainty diſh,
And you encreaſe your hoard.
I'm not a mouthful for a child;
A hundred ſuch as I
Might on a ſaucer lie,
Unfit for eating, fry'd or boil'd;
Why then you ſhall be broil'd,
Our angler made reply,
And that this very night.
The fiſherman was in the right.

This leſſon can never too often be conn'd,
A fiſh in the pan is worth two in the pond.

SONG 79. *Young* PATTY.

YOUNG Patty was wanton, young patty was gay,
She'd dance and ſhe'd ſing with the nymphs all the day:
Yet ſhe was afraid, though for why ſhe knew not,
Afraid of a man—but no matter for that.

Briſk Colin, who long had the maid in his eye,
And ſaw how determin'd ſhe was to be ſhy,
Approach'd her, reſolv'd her ſweet lips to be at,
But from him ſhe flew—tho' no matter for that.

With all the wing'd ſpeed that a lover could make,
The ſhepherd purſu'd her, his heart was at ſtake?
He caught her and ſigh'd, thou'rt an angel, dear patt;
The nymph ſtopp'd him ſhort—with no matter for that.

He preſs'd her ſoft hand while he kneel'd at her feet,
He ſpoke ſuch kind things in a manner ſo ſweet,
That Patty conſented to ſit down and chat,
No longer afraid—but no matter for that.

Let fancy paint next what I muſt not declare,
But take with my ſong theſe inſtructions, ye fair;
Fear guards you from all that the men would be at,
'Till wedded, fear man—then no matter for that.

Epitaph on William Slater, *a Waterman.*

HERE ſleeps Will Slater, who by Death's command,
Hath left the *water* to poſſeſs the *land.*

SONG 80. *The* NOVICE.

CONFIN'D to the houſe 'till the age of fifteen,
Nor man, but the clowns of our pariſh, had ſeen.
An aunt to inſtruct me, a formal old maid,
And I, ſilly I, ſtill believ'd all ſhe ſaid.

My aunt in the grave, to the town ſtraight I flew,
And inſtantly fond of each pleaſure I grew;
The ſparks waited round me where-ever I went,
And I, ſilly I, could not gueſs what they meant.

They call me a goddeſs, and ſighing declare,
The toaſts of the town are not like me ſo fair;
They vow and they kneel, and my pity invoke,
And I, ſilly I, ſtill believ'd all they ſpoke.

They tickled my pride, but my heart ſtill was free,
Not one of them all was a conqueſt for me,
'Till young Strephon advanc'd, and quickly he taught
What I, ſilly I, till that moment had fought.

With good breeding and ſenſe his love he declar'd,
Not like the vain fops who before had appear'd;
His expreſſions were ſweet, and ſprung from his mind,
And I, happy I, to my Strephon was join'd.

At the requeſt of ſeveral of our Readers the following Song is inſerted.

SONG 81.

IT was in July forty-five,
When mirth and good company join, ſir,
To honour the day that Naſſau did drive
All Popery into the Boyn, ſir:
At Johnny Adairs thoſe bucks were met
To drink the toaſts of the day, ſir;
Our hoſt and St. Leger, (my Muſe is in debt)
There was alſo the ſm— wit of Bray, ſir.

The Proteſtants all, the toaſt-maſter began,
With ſucceſs to the lads that fought for 'em;
Old Glorious we drank, and likewiſe the man
Who fir'd the cannon at Aghrim:
Juſt as we had drank our two bottles, or more,
In ſtagger'd Jack Gore half merry,
Who ſwore he'd been with us three hours before,
But he ſtay'd to equip little Perry.

In joy and mirth the day we ſpent,
For grief we'd no reaſon to fear it,
While Gore ſhew'd how pleaſant an ev'ning went
With a friend and a bottle of claret:
There was nothing but laughing at ſm— wit of Bray,
Who to ſhew us the true-born ſon, ſir,
Did quibble the words that all others did ſay,
With his father's damn'd itching for puns, ſir.

Jack Adair ſaid ſo fleet were his horſes and dogs
That nothing could match his old bay, ſir,
For leaping o'er ditches and ſcamp'ring thro' bogs,
And hanging by heath upon Bray, ſir.
St. Leger by laughing, and drinking pell-mell,
Soon put the whole man in a blaze, ſir;
Tho' unus'd to be conquer'd, he now broke the ſpell,
And the bottle did ſtand in a maze, ſir.

Ye Fland'rikins ſtout may boaſt of your war,
May kill all the French, ſir, and ſpare none;
But ſhew me the man wou'dn't rather by far,
Be drinking with Jack at Kilternan.
Ye Trinity drones with your logick ſo ſtale,
May plod over Burgers to learn on,
But who wou'd prefer college mutton and ale
To the claret and beef of Kilternan.

Were I poſſeſs'd of all the chink
That was conquer'd by Cortez (Hernan)
I'd part with it all for one good drink
With Johnny Adair of Kilternan.
The ſoldiers may drink to their Cumberland brave,
The ſailors may drink to their Vernon,
Whilſt all merry mortals true happineſs have
With Johnny Adair of Kilternan.

For the ſake of rhime, we have taken ſome liberties with the above ſong, particularly in the 1ſt, 2d, and 4th verſes.

SONG 82. SYLVIA'S SMICKET.

Occaſioned by ſeeing a young Lady at work upon a Shift.

SPINSTERS divine, ye Muſes nine,
Teach me to ſing like cricket,
Nor deem me bold, while I unfold
The charms of Sylvia's Smicket.

Her needle darts quite through my heart's
Core——with the pain how ſick it!
I feel it twitch at ev'ry ſtich,
That's ſet in Sylvia's Smicket.

Thoſe threads ſo fine of ſlender twine,
(Than ſmalleſt hairs leſs thick it,)
Reſiſtleſs prove, the links of love,
That tye me to her Smicket.

But oh! the thimble on her nimble
Neat finger, leſt ſhe prick it!
O could it yield as firm a ſhield,
To ſave me from her Smicket.

So

So nice, ſo neat, and ſo compleat,
(With tears alas! I ſpeak it)
Muſt it be torn, to rags be worn,
Like any common Smicket.

To burn for tinder, ſome dirty cinder-
Wench will to pieces pick it——
Like me each match the flame ſhall catch,
And kindle at her Smicket.

Its ſnow-white hue it may renew
In paper, card, or ticket
And I, fond ſwain, may tell my pain
To Sylvia on her Smicket.

To hunt the hare be others care,
And beat the field or thicket;
A ſweeter game ſhall be my aim,
That burrows in her Smicket.

In damaſk fine let others ſhine,
The moment could I nick it)
I'd rather preſs—a fig for dreſs—
My Sylvia in her Smicket.

But ſhould ſhe frown, in pond I'll drown,
Or hang me at her wicket——
Then, maiden proud, inſtead of ſhroud,
O wrap me in your Smicket.

SONG 83. COMUS's COURT.

COME hither, come hither, ye languiſhing ſwains,
Here's a balm that will cure, and relieve all your pains
To the fountain of pleaſure, with raptures reſort;
'Tis the ſummons of humour to Comus's court.
'Tis Comus invites, then the ſummons obey:
A while leave your cares, and to pleaſure away.
'Tis Comus invites, &c.

Here Phæbus ſhall ſing, and old Momus ſhall laugh,
And his bottle of nectar brave Bacchus ſhall quaff;
When Time, honeſt time, for a while ſhall be ſtill,
And ſit down like a ſoul, till he tipples his fill.
Nor care nor miſtruſt ſhall intrude on our joys,
For 'tis Comus invites, then away my brave boys.
Nor care nor miſtruſt, &c.

Should

Should loſſes or croſſes perplex you, be ſure
Ply the glaſs briſkly round, for misfortune's a cure:
Æſculapius of old had recourſe to the bowl,
And the doctor, you know, was a ſpecial good ſoul.
While health, roſy health, fills the bumpers around,
For without 'em he ſwears there's no bliſs to be found.
While health, roſy, &c,

Then away, ye brave fellows, to Comus's ſhrine,
Where friendſhip and humour inceſſantly join;
Where freedom and mirth with the bottle unite,
To beguile all your care, and with rapture delight.
Then hark to the call, and no longer delay,
For 'tis Comus invites, to his temple away.
Then hark to the call, &c.

To the PUBLIC.

THE compiler originally intended, that whatever might be the ſucceſs of this work, not to continue it through the ſummer, but to enjoy that ſeaſon as a vacation; and though from the favourable reception he has already experienced, it be contrary to his intereſt to diſcontinue his publications, yet, in order to recruit his forces for the better entertainment of his readers, he now informs them, that the 27th Numb. of this magazine will not be publiſhed till the laſt week in September next, when he purpoſes to take the field with that Numb. being the firſt of the Third Volume. In the intermediate time, he hopes to inliſt ſuch a ſtore of entertaining matter as will enable him to purſue his plan with the ſame ſucceſs, and general approbation, that the two volumes now completed have met with, which he moſt gratefully acknowledges; and in particular, returns his thanks to thoſe whoſe aſſiſtance has contributed to that reception.

The two volumes which this Number concludes, may be had of Mr. Hoey at the MERCURY in Skinner-Row, price 5s. 5d. neatly bound and lettered, or 4s. 4d. ſewed in blue paper. Each volume contains thirteen Numbers, to which are added copious Tables and Indexes.

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AN

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